THE ARTS
Saturday Review
MARCH 25, 1972 50¢

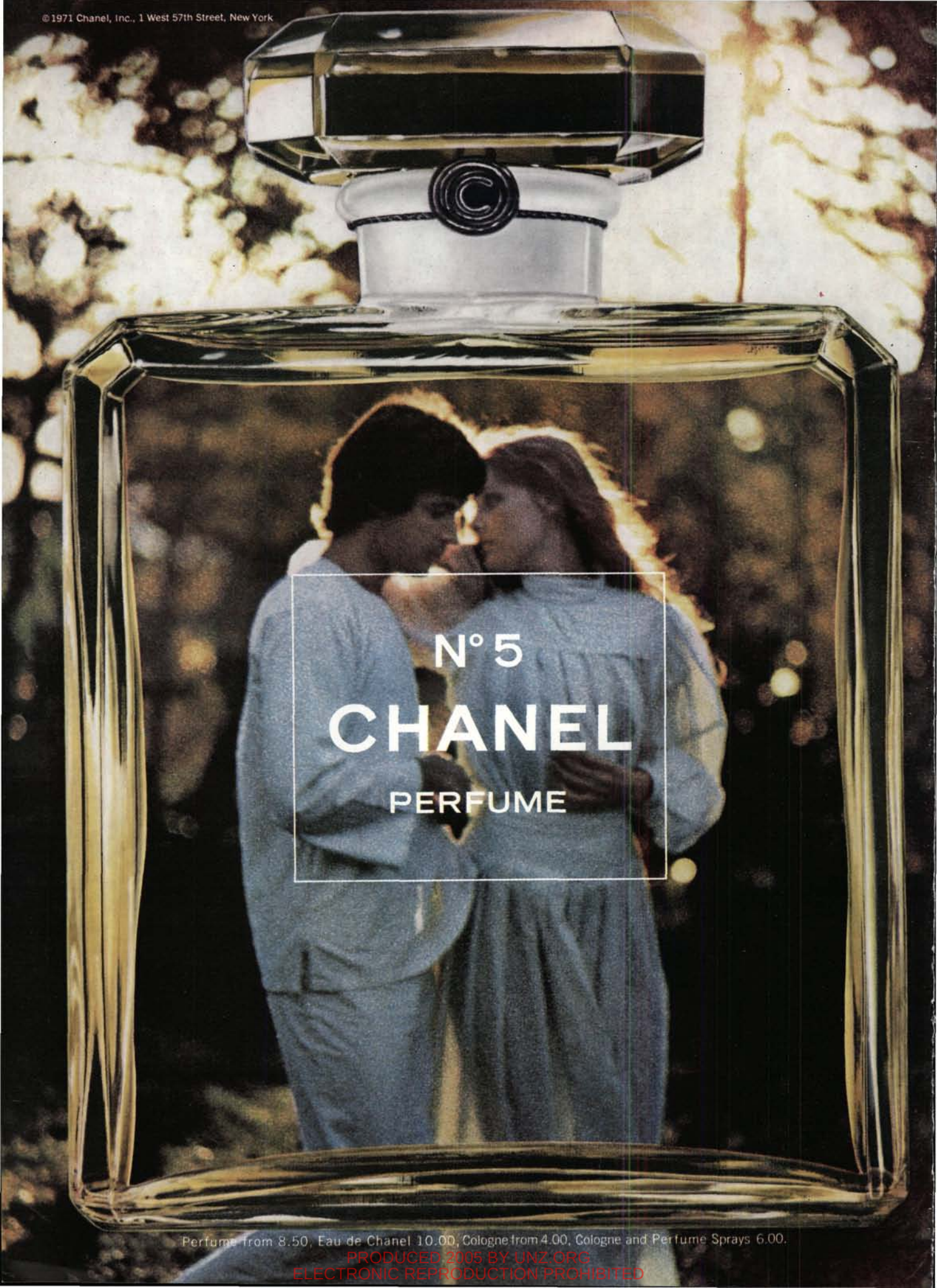
THE SUMMER OLYMPICS

MUNICH AND THE GERMAN WORLD

William L. Shirer
Joseph Wechsberg
Lotte Lenya
Irving Kolodin
Horace Sutton

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

©1971 Chanel, Inc., 1 West 57th Street, New York



Perfume from 8.50, Eau de Chanel 10.00, Cologne from 4.00, Cologne and Perfume Sprays 6.00.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is better to invent the wheel than the whitewall.

Variations on existing products are fine, but coming up with basic new ideas is what we strive for at 3M.

This isn't always easy. But it's worth the struggle. 3M inventions like pressure-sensitive masking and cellophane tapes and the first commercially successful dry copier have started whole new industries.

Without 3M inventions like these, some 3M customers might be in different businesses today.

How does 3M come up with so many breakthroughs?

Partly because of striving. But mostly because of an environment.

At 3M, a way has been found to give the maximum encouragement to the creative process. It starts with recognizing the importance of the individual.

And really, that's the whole secret. Once we learn that we're respected as individuals, we're more likely to contribute. We're more likely to take risks. We're more likely to work late. And ultimately, we're more likely to invent basic ideas.

We don't know how the man who invented the wheel worked. But that's how we work.

3M COMPANY

People still count here.

Be sure to watch Harry Reasoner on 3M's ABC-TV special *Humboldt, Iowa* on March 27th. Consult local listings for time and channel.

3M Co., 3M Center, St. Paul, Minnesota 55101

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John J. Veronis
President
Editor-in-Chief

Nicolas H. Charney
Chairman
Editor-in-Chief

EDITOR Nicolas H. Charney

EXECUTIVE EDITOR Ronald P. Kriss

SENIOR EDITORS
Irving Kolodin
John Lear
Horace Sutton
James Cass

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Rochelle Girson
Peter Nichols
Sally Lindsay
David Butwin
Sheila Canning

ASSISTANT EDITORS Judith Bentley, Robert Boylan, Dena Kaye, Barbara King, Naid Sofian, Caroline Stevens, Jon Swan, Suzanne Weiss

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS Goodman Ace, Cleveland Amory, John Ciardi, Henry Hewes, Arthur Knight, Martin Levin, Rollene W. Saal, Peter Schrag, Robert Lewis Shayon, Zena Sutherland, Walter Terry

EDITORIAL SERVICES Elizabeth Cox, *Librarian*, Peggy Penuel, Roberta Craig, *Permissions*

EDITORIAL STAFF Kay Gildersleeve, Anne Horn, Edith Lorillard, Dorothy Murray, Tierney Picardal, Sylvia Joyce Taylor, Ardeane Tratzki, JoAnne White, Elaine Winters

DESIGN AND ART PRODUCTION
Neil Shakery

ART PRODUCTION STAFF Harrie George, *Art Assistant*, Vincella Gover, Henrietta Lizewski, Patricia Rappaport, Charles Warren

PUBLISHER Robert J. Moore

Nathan Cohn, *Treasurer*
Philip Broselofsky, *Controller*
Allen Roberts, *Personnel Director*
Sandy Bernstein, *Assistant to the Treasurer*
Dorothy Francoeur, *Personnel Assistant*

STAFF Rodolfo Alandy, Lorraine Albritton, Theresa Contrada, Nancy Gruber, Barbara Levasseur

STAFF SERVICES Irving Armstrong, Adele Bradley, Vincent Hollins, Patricia Morin, Raymond Nine, Humberto Ramirez

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR Peter Veronis

Martin A. Blum, *Promotion Director*
Richard Morton, *Eastern Sales Manager*
Robert Kimmel, *Associate Sales Manager*
William Lieberman, *Associate Sales Manager*
Marilyn Hiris, *Advertising Prod. Coordinator*
Eleanor McAvoy, *Classified Advertising Manager*

NEW YORK SALES STAFF Roberta Adams, Langdon Caskin, P. Ben Howard, Walter Koontz, William Pearson, William Rosen, Helene Slaght, Duane Spong

NATIONAL SALES STAFF Richard Sullivan, *Chicago Mgr.*, Littrell Clark, *Chicago Assoc. Mgr.*, Bruce Miller, *Detroit Mgr.*, Sanford Heckinger, *San Francisco Mgr.*

STAFF Gail Barnet, Barbara Belsky, Gale Downs, Edna Fillmann, Lenore Friedman, Joan Grant, Susan Lehman, Barbara Levitt, Mary O'Shea, Frederica Plotkin, Lyola Puin, Francine Stack, Lynne Sward, Mary Thielo, Nancy Weston

CIRCULATION
George Reeves, *Director*, Thomas Carollo, *Mgr.*

STAFF Marie Alves, Susan Caravello, Beatrice Goldberg, Ray Karpel, Barbara Keglowitz, Rose Kubovic, Karen LoBianco, Berneice MacGregor, Diana Pototscher, Allane Rodrigues, Jean Winters

PUBLISHING DIRECTOR William D. Patterson

Saturday Review

MARCH 25, 1972

THE ARTS

COLUMNS AND REVIEWS

4	Top of My Head	*Goodman Ace*
6	Phoenix Nest	*Martin Levin*
8	Trade Winds	*Cleveland Amory*
16	Movies	*Arthur Knight*
20	Letters to the Editor	
27	Theater	*Henry Hewes*
32	Music to My Ears	*Irving Kolodin*

IDEAS

30	Editorial: The Failure of Political Language	*Peter Schrag*

THE ARTS AND TRAVEL

12	The Art of Maxine Kumin	*John Ciardi*
14	Four Poems	*Maxine Kumin*
34	Jazz Report	*Stanley Dance*
83	Who's Who in Rock	*Ellen Sander*

A Special Section on Munich and the German World

40	From Jesse Owens to the Summer of '72	*William L. Shirer*
49	Munich: Joie de Vivre with an Umlaut	*Horace Sutton*
54	It Isn't Whether You Win or Lose but How You Stage the Games	*David Butwin*
58	The Hills Are Alive with the Sound of Munich	*Irving Kolodin*
61	The Cultural Olympiad: Munich/Augsburg/Kiel, May-September 1972	
63	The Literary Merchants of Light	*Robert J. Clements*
65	The Lively Ghost of Leni	*Hollis Alpert*
68	The Tingel-Tangel of the Political Cabaret	*Werner Finck*
70	Lotte Lenya Remembers the Cabaret	*Dena Kaye*
73	A Loaf of Leberkäse, a Jug of Löwenbräu, and Thou	*Joseph Wechsberg*
77	Through Darkest Bavaria in a Gumdrop on Wheels	*Richard Atcheson*
80	Putting the Starch in the German Press	*Adolph Schalk*

BOOKS

88	Lenny Bruce: Case Continued . . .	*Benjamin DeMott*
88	Index of Books Reviewed	
104	Criminal Record	*Haskel Frankel*
109	Books for Young People	*Zena Sutherland*

GAMES

29	Wit Twister
29	Literary Crypt
99	Your Literary I.Q.
118	Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1981

COVER: Neil Shakery

SATURDAY REVIEW is published weekly at $12.00 per year by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Volume LV, Number 13. © 1972 Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved. Send all correspondence about subscriptions and remittances to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tell us what you want in a tour.

Below is Air-India's sensational Summer tour program to London and Europe. Not only do we give you the places you'd most like to go, we give you a choice of exciting ways to enjoy them. All the tours include our kind of select accommodations. Plus breakfasts. Plus Avis cars with unlimited mileage. Or coach-master tickets for unlimited bus travel. Or lots of theatre tickets. Plus sight-seeing, tea-and-biscuit or wine welcome parties and other great extras. Plus Air-India's beautiful round-trip flying. Now you tell us. Which ones sound like what you want in a tour? All you have to do is check the coupon, mail to us, and we'll send you the brochures. Or simply take it to your travel agent.

AIR-INDIA
Over 38 years of flyihg experience.

SR-325

- ☐ Two weeks. London, Dublin, Edinburgh show tour. A real theatre feast. *In English.* $357.
- ☐ Two weeks. London, Dublin, Edinburgh by car. The indomitable isles. At your speed. $357.
- ☐ Two weeks. Britain by car. A joyride for Anglophiles and Scotland lovers. $341. Also a 3 week bargain, based on the lower 22-45 day excursion economy fare. $375.
- ☐ Two weeks. London, Paris plus theatre and nightlife. What is there to add? $362.
- ☐ Three weeks. London, Paris and their surrounds with a car for each. Catch the churches, pubs, cafes you missed last time. Based on 22-45 day excursion economy fare. $396.
- ☐ Two weeks. London and the continent with a car for each. You at the wheel and all Europe in your lap. $352.
- ☐ Two weeks. Britain by bus. 5 London nights, 8 days to roam where you like without having to drive. $341.
- ☐ Three weeks. Britain by bus. 7 London nights, 15 days free-wheeling by bus. (A super bargain because it's based on the lower 22-45 day excursion economy fare.) $340.
- ☐ Two weeks. The Bard and the Bolshoi. London, Moscow, Leningrad, with performing arts. Should give you months of conversation. $549.
- ☐ Three weeks. The Bard and the Bolshoi. Same as above with Paris, too. Add another month of conversation. $624.

Air-India,
666 Fifth Avenue,
New York, New York 10019.
(212) 751-6200

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Telephone _____

I plan to leave about _____

Prices quoted are for each of 2 people traveling together, sharing a twin-bedded room and including GIT or 22-45 day excursion economy air fares round trip from New York, subject to high season supplement during June, July and August. Bard & Bolshoi tours subject to land portion surcharge May through Sept. One self-drive car provided for 2 persons traveling together. Available April 1 through October 31, 1972.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review Industries

John J. Veronis, *President, Editor-in-Chief*
Nicolas H. Charney, *Chairman, Editor-in-Chief*

SRI CORPORATE OFFICE
Jon M. Stark, *Vice President*
Alan Stamm, *Vice President*
Herbert L. Williams, *Dir. of Management Services*
CORPORATE STAFF
Carol Ash
Anne M. MacClave
Josephine Amalbert
Page Cole
Veri Sweete

CORPORATE PLANNING
Nicholas Listorti
Mark Edmiston
John Ahrens
Milton J. Block, Jr.
Penny Ertelt
Carole R. Aiello

STAFF
Carol Andrie
Margaret Carmichael
Karen Barnard
Carol Deer

SATURDAY REVIEW PRESS
Irving Goodman, *Publisher*
Charles Sopkin, *Editorial Director*
Susan Stanwood, *Senior Editor*
Nancy Uberman, *Senior Editor*
Robert Gales, *Sales Director*
Thomas Casserly, *Business Manager*

SATURDAY REVIEW BOOK CLUB
Neil Zelenetz, *Director*
Steven Frimmer, *Managing Editor*

SATURDAY REVIEW SPECIAL PROJECTS
Ralph Cohen, *Director*

EDITORIAL PLANNING
Mary Jo Bane, David Bourdon, Jack Boydston, Thomas Davis III, Barbara Ford, Sandra Forrest, Lillian Foster, James R. Gaines, Peter Hauck, William P. Hopkins, Frank Kendig, Marilyn Kendig, Margaret McGlynn, Charles E. McLaughlin, Rosita Sarnoff, Harriet Shapiro, Jack Taromina, Brian Vachon, Shirley Watler, Ellen Weber, Edmund White, Lynne Williams, Donald K. Wright

Saturday Review

SATURDAY REVIEW PROGRAMS
William D. Patterson, *Publishing Director*
Herbert J. Teison, *Associate Publisher*
Irving Kolodin, *Editorial Director*
Robert Jacobson, *Managing Editor*
Suzanne Oppenheimer, *Production Director*
Joseph Gasparino, *Production Manager*
Roanne Alpert, *Dailies Editor*
Louise Remmey, *Assist. Editor, Washington*
Rima Calderon, *Coordinator, Washington*

PROGRAMS STAFF
Katina Athanasopoulos
Carol Corcoran
Shirley Rosenberg
Kathleen Stone
Sandra Bersch
Ellen Kaufman
Judith Sterling
Lee Warner

SALES STAFF
George Ferron
Edward Goodstein
Joseph McCarthy
Michael Wyler
Maggie Freeman
Paul Kwartin
Henry Ohrtman

Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The President's Pajamas

After a week of China-watching on TV, and having digested the joint communiqué finally served up by the two newly found friends, this viewer, a half-hour after it was all over, was hungry for a heaping helping of fortune cookies foretelling what it's going to be like during the promised "generation of peace."

As I look back through my notes made during the week that "changed the world," I find I can't make them out. But two high spots keep coming back, because they were shown repeatedly on our screen. One was our attractive First Lady buying a pair of Chinese silk pajamas for her husband and measuring them for size against a photographer who stood nearby. Not only could every housewife in America identify with the scene, but it should put to rest for all time the snide comments by some Democrats that our President is so antediluvian in his thinking that he still wears the old nightshirt. It was the warmest and most appealing touch of family togetherness since the early, very early days in our President's checkered career.

The other episode—a small but significant hands-across-the-sea gesture of universality—happened on a street in Peking when the President offered his hand to a small Chinese boy. The youngster extended his left hand. Someone quickly told the boy to offer his right hand. The tot seemed hesitant, but finally, with a "well, you asked for it" shrug, transferred the remnant of a Hershey bar, or the Chinese equivalent, a kumquat, from his right hand to his left, and the handshake was completed. As a historical footnote to the week that changed the world, it must be noted to the President's credit that he didn't flinch from the soggy little paw he clasped.

Network newscasters must also be credited with having performed herculean jobs. Since there was no news to cast, the talks having been held in private (China doesn't launder its linen in public), the reporters had to content themselves with showing and talking about the ancient wonders of China. It was a Burton Holmes travelogue all the way, but it was of the moment, with our President in the middle, climbing steps, crossing bridges, walking on the Great Wall, and verbalizing that in time there should be no walls to separate nation from nation, peoples from peoples, no matter how disparate their ideologies, their cultures, their historical traditions, and their peculiar eating habits.

For me the big surprise of the week was the day the Peking newspaper appeared on the streets with page after page of news and photographs of the meetings, showing informal shots of their leaders hoisting toasts to the President of a capitalistic country. Crowds lined up to grab copies off the newsstands. The looks on their faces as they avidly read their papers were not of disbelief but of wonderment.

The citizens of the People's Republic of China are indoctrinated from birth that their leaders will never lead them astray. They fear no double-talk diplomacy. They are certain no news in the papers that meets their eyes is slanted—unlike the citizen of our free society who reads his leaders' pronouncements with a jaundiced eye.

The week began quietly. There were no crowds at the airport, hardly anyone turning to watch the limousines or the reporters scurrying through the streets. But before the week was over, the 800 million Chinese began to sense that history was being made.

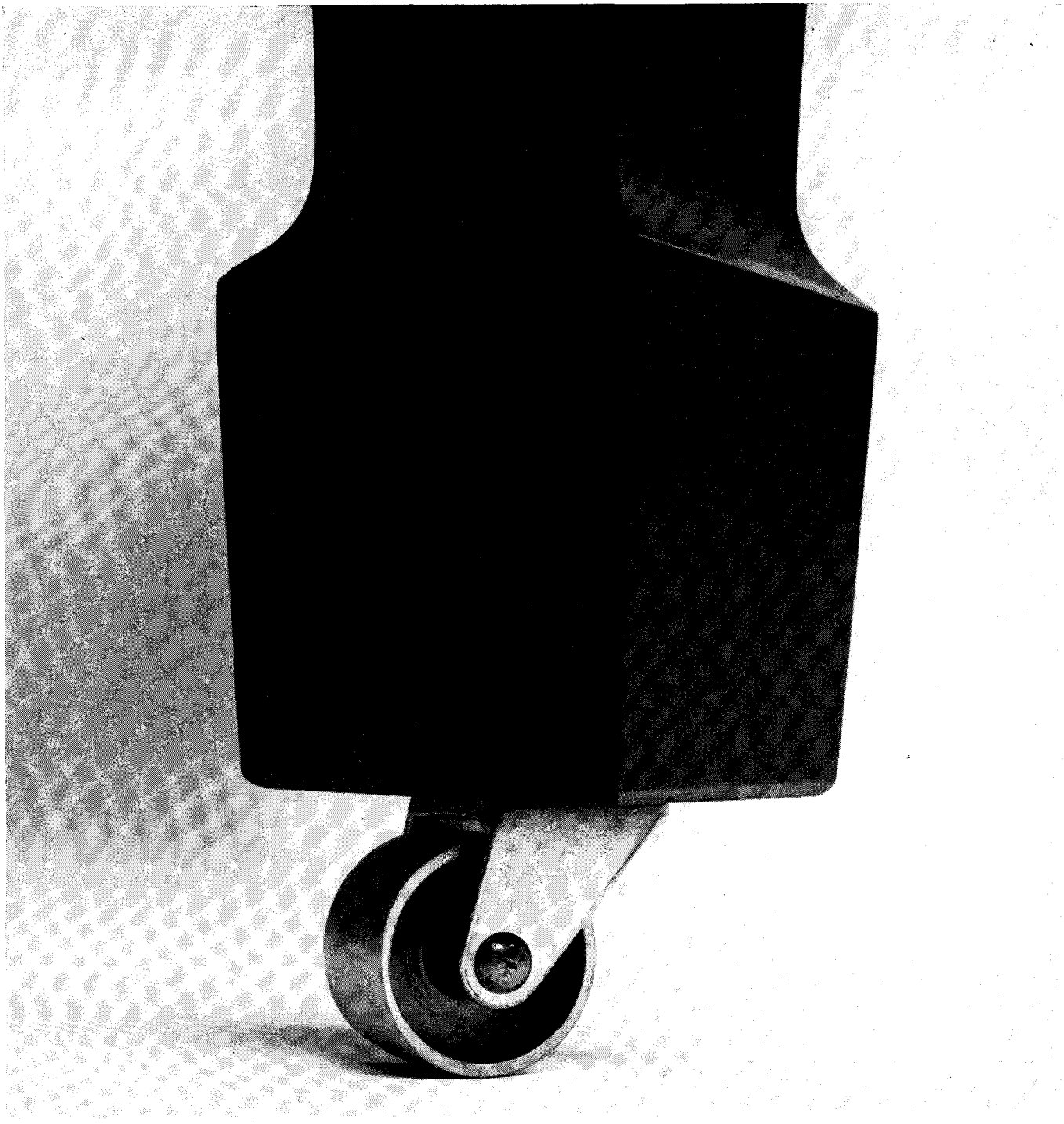
It was only when, according to the ground rules, the communiqué was issued in Peking that they knew the results of the week of wheeling and dealing between the two countries. Results: America promises a gradual withdrawal of our troops from Taiwan, and in return we also promise to let China ship and sell their cheaply made goods to America.

However, even your most nonfan of Nixon must confess that our President has finally torn aside the bamboo curtain, and now, in our time, without even a single acupuncture, Mr. Nixon has eased the pain and allayed the malaise of some international tension. Rest, Mr. President, on your laurels and sleep warm these nights in your new Chinese silk pajamas.

Now in this buddy-buddy climate, wouldn't it be a nice gesture, at an opportune time, to invite Mao Tse-tung to visit our country? Not only would he benefit diplomatically, but, with all the talk shows he could visit, what a golden opportunity to plug his little red book! And as for sight-seeing, though we have no Great Wall to marvel about, no ten-course dinners from won ton to lichee, he might be amused at our quaint custom of eating with knife and fork.

As for a Forbidden City—a tour could be arranged for him to visit New York City after 8 p.m. Any night. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Our simplest part.

We don't even make it ourselves.

It's so simple that we can entrust it to someone else.

This isn't anything unusual, especially when you consider the fact that there are over 12,000 parts in a single Steinway grand. Many of them standard enough that we can have them made for us, and still expect them to measure up.

But there are some things that no one but a Steinway craftsman can touch. Things like our intricate and patented Accelerated Action*. Or the soundboard. Or just about anything that we consider critical to sound and tone.

Because when all is said and done, it's our name that goes on each piano.

For more information, please write John H. Steinway, 109 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019.

Steinway & Sons

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NUMBERS, PLEASE!

ATTACH LABEL HERE

The numbers and letters on the label that brings Saturday Review your way each week may not mean much to you at first glance. But they are essential in helping our Subscription Department quickly identify your records. That is why it is important to include your address label whenever you write Saturday Review about your subscription.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Please let us know *at least four weeks before you plan to move.* For fastest service, clip or paste your current mailing address in space provided, fill in your name and address, and mail to Saturday Review's Subscriber Service Division.

NEW OR RENEWAL SUBSCRIPTION

Check here to enter or extend your subscription

☐ One year $12.00 ☐ Two years $20.00
☐ Three years $25.00

Outside U.S. and Canada, add $3 per year

☐ New subscription ☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Renewal ☐ Bill me

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP

Saturday Review

SUBSCRIBER SERVICE DIVISION
380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

PHOTOGRAPHIC AND ART CREDITS:
p. 27 (left) Martha Swope, (right) Van Williams; p. 28 Friedman-Abeles; p. 41 Bettmann Archives; pp. 42, 43 (top) Bettmann, (bottom) Brown Brothers; p. 44 Roy Blumenthal International Associates; pp. 49, 50, 52 Marvin Newman; pp. 54-56 German Information Center; pp. 58, 59 (top) Culver, (left) Bettmann Archives, (right) Culver; p. 60 German Tourist Office; p. 62 Fritz Henle, Monkmeyer; p. 64 Brown Brothers; pp. 65, 66 The Museum of Modern Art/Film Stills Archive; p. 68 (top) New York Public Library Picture Collection, (bottom) Bettmann Archives; pp. 70, 71 Alan Pappe, Lee Gross; p. 72 Will McBride; p. 77 German Information Center; pp. 78, 79 German Tourist Office; pp. 80, 81 Marvin Newman; p. 82 Wide World; p. 100 G. Arvid Peterson
CARTOON CREDITS:
Robert Censoni, Herbert Goldberg, S. Gross, Robert Hageman, Sidney Harris, Charles Healy, William P. Hoest

Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Two New Board Games

Rumor has it that a famous game manufacturer plans to introduce two new board games based on the ups and downs of rail service and of power-tower construction projects here in my home state of New Jersey.

In the latter game, each player acts as the representative of an electric utility company. The object is to advance, or sneak, a marker all the way across the board without being shot by irate rural landowners. The markers are little steel towers—gray, black, rust, or mottled.

The game is exciting, and you never know exactly where you stand. For example, if you roll a seven at the start, you advance to a green block that says: "Take Progress Card." There are five progress cards in the game. You might take one that says: "Superior Court Appellate Division affirms right to condemn land. Advance three spaces."

You advance three spaces and land on a red square that says: "Take Penalty Card." You might draw one that says: "Citizens discover your sneaky little stakes with yellow flags. Go back nine spaces." Or: "Your surveyor fails to convince newspaper reporter that he is working for the State Highway Department. Go back five spaces."

Other cards contain frustrating surprises. One directs you to "Minimize appearance of your towers so they look like trees; otherwise, go to Jail." Another says: "You failed to get local construction permit. Stop work for three turns." And: "Hunters shoot off insulators. Go back six spaces."

The board has little detour paths that hold up your progress. Roll a double and you go up a dead-end street and enter a large building. "You are recognized while attending an anti-power-tower meeting disguised as a commuter. Go back to Start after losing one turn to clean off tar and feathers."

The game calls for purchase of property as you go along. But, as is not so in Monopoly, you are issued an unlimited amount of money. The trick is to get somebody to take it.

Each player has the option of purchasing either 150-foot or 200-foot rights-of-way. On the narrower path the little tower-token legs stick over into private property and you are in danger of getting citizen-lawsuit penalty cards. The tower tokens fit on the wider path, but purchase of a 200-foot right-of-way classifies you as a land-grabber and you are in danger of getting citizen-lawsuit penalty cards.

If more than two electric utilities land on the same spot with their half-million-volt towers, a Grid Failure is declared. All players must draw cards from the Blackout pile and follow instructions spelled out by various editorial writers.

Tentative name of the game is "High Tension Headache."

In the railroad game the object is to get passengers or freight from one end of the board to the other before the railroad declares bankruptcy.

Throughout the game, as the players try to go forward, the railroad tries to go backward.

Players have an opportunity to draw Chance cards. Most of them direct you to attend an Interstate Commerce Commission hearing and wait around for the next ten turns. Other Chance cards tell you to go back a certain number of spaces because of no heat in cars, hotboxes, faulty signal systems, loose track ballast, or the locomotive's failure to show up.

The game reportedly will be called "Track or Treat?"

Commuters and shippers neither pass Go nor collect money. They hop madly around the board in circles, hopping mad.

Players who elect to be commuters use tokens shaped like passenger cars. The cars are of different shades of grime, with opaque windows.

Freight-shipper players have a choice of tokens—little leaking tank cars, flatcars without springs, or boxcars containing incorrect bills of lading.

Moves are also determined by labels on certain squares. Example: "Railroad has received ICC permission to change from Agency Passenger-Freight Station to Non-Agency Station. Wait outside in cold."

Another square directs the player to "Walk to Newark. Train no longer stops here."

As in the power-tower game, rolling a double puts you off on a siding. But the penalty is more severe. You must remain there for the rest of the game, watching trees grow among the ties.

The game ends when all the commuters and shippers give up and turn to other means of transportation. The last player to quit the game must open a tattered little envelope and extract a dog-eared Railroad Statement card.

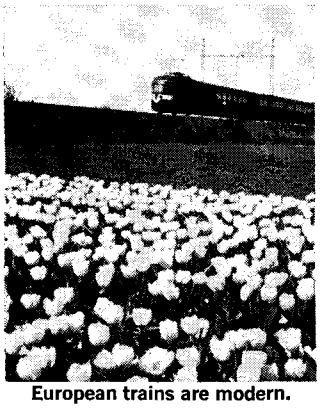
It reads: "How can the railroad survive if nobody uses it?"

Dereck Williamson

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

See Europe for only $125. 3 weeks unlimited First Class rail travel in 13 countries.

That's what the three-week version of Eurailpass buys you. Unlimited First Class travel on the 100,000 mile railroad networks of Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Luxembourg, Norway, Portugal, Spain, Sweden and Switzerland.



European trains are modern.

It adds up to rather too much for your money. And if you'd like more of the same, there's our one month Eurailpass for $160, the two month one for $210, and the three month edition for $250. What's more, there's our new Student-Railpass for bona fide students between 14 and 25, which gives them two months of unlimited Second Class rail travel for just $130.

And as if all this were not enough, your Eurailpass and Student-Railpass entitle you to free or reduced fares on certain river and lake ferries and steamers. And certain motor coach routes.

You'll find that First Class on the European railroads is just that. First class. The trains are spotlessly clean, and very comfortable. Long-distance trains have dining cars, bar cars and sleeping cars. And some of the crack Trans European Expresses also have Vistadome cars and telephone facilities.

Enjoy fine meals on your train.

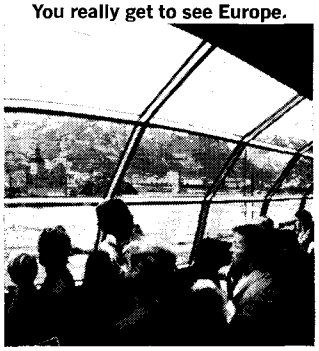
European trains will whisk you, often at speeds in excess of 100 miles-an-hour, from city center to city center. So that in many cases train travel is faster than flying—and the scenery a definite improvement! And European railroad stations are wonderfully helpful, with multi-lingual information booths, information signs, banks, dining rooms and bookstores among their many friendly facilities.

Sleep comfortably en route.

Train travel in Europe is completely civilized and very convenient. And with Eurailpass, it is very inexpensive. So see your Travel Agent for details and your Eurailpass or Student-Railpass—for they are *not* available in Europe—you must get them before you leave. And ask your Travel Agent for details of Eurailgroup for groups of ten or more, and Eurailtariff for specific individual itineraries. Meanwhile, send in the coupon for your free Eurailpass folder with map.

Enjoy cocktails at 100 mph!

You really get to see Europe.



EURAILPASS The way to see Europe without feeling like a tourist.

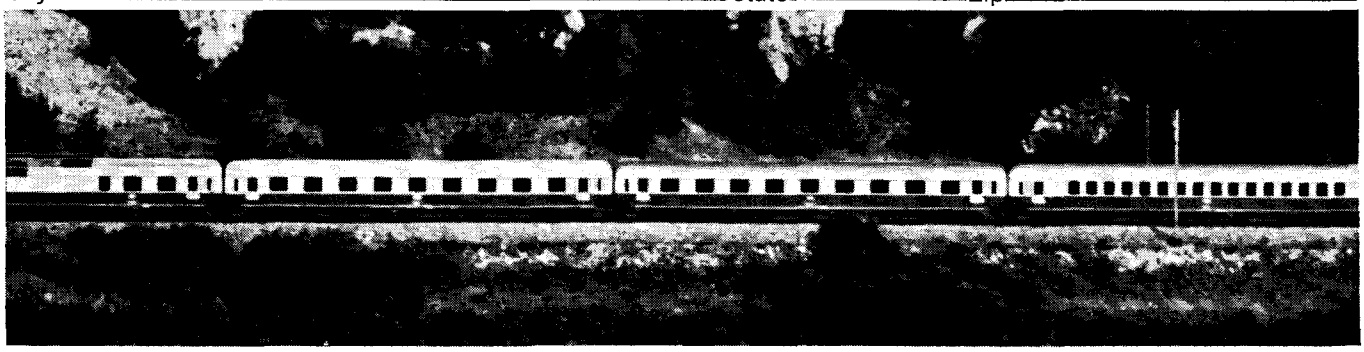
Eurailpass is valid in Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Luxembourg, Norway, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland.

Eurailpass, Box 90, Lindenhurst, New York 11757

Please send me your free Eurailpass folder with railroad map. ☐ Or your free Student-Railpass folder order form. ☐

Name_____ Street_____ 168C

City_____ State_____ Zip_____



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Editorial of the Week—as found by Ruth Kelly of Ellisville, Mississippi, in the *Clarion-Ledger* and the *News* of Jackson, Mississippi:

Here's a fine tribute for the delightful community of Ocean Springs on our Mississippi Gulf Coast.

A story in last week's "National Observer" cites Ocean Springs as one of 47 relatively safe places to live in as the result of a nationwide scurvy.

Those nationwide scurvies give us a pain.

Our News Item of the Week also concerned a town. It was spotted in the *Hickory* (North Carolina) *Daily Record* by a correspondent who preferred only the identification "a lady in North Carolina."

LYNDON, Ill. (AP)—The village broad has proclaimed Lyndon the "Crow Capital of the World."

We can't wait to hear from the town drunk.

Our Job Description of the Week was located by Thomas J. Carlyle of Ohio. He favored us with a paragraph from an official brochure sent out by Antioch College, which is apparently searching for a new dean.

The Dean of the College will be responsible for the creation of processes wherein policies and goals related to formulated educational strategies are legitimatized and will formulate evaluative mechanisms whereby existing and new relationships are judged relative to legitimatized educational goals.

The way we figure it, they must have had an awful lot of *il*legitimate trouble.

John Houseman, author of *Run-through* (Simon & Schuster), is one of the legendary figures of the theater—a man whose career runs from the WPA Negro *Macbeth* and Mercury Theatre's *Julius Caesar* through *Citizen Kane* and *The Men from Mars* (the "Martian invasion" radio broadcast) to today. Now, still active in producing, he is also head of the drama division of the famed Juilliard School. Breakfasting with him at The Plaza, we asked him how he explains the fact that nowadays even rave notices cannot keep a serious play open. Witness, we pointed out, a play called *Moonchildren*, which got not one but two rave notices—and in *The New York Times*, too.

"It's a scandal about *Moonchildren*," he told us, "a real scandal. I didn't happen to like it as well as Clive and Walter, but that's not the point. The point is that here is a play done in London at the Royal Cort Theatre—and which does very nicely. It then is brought over here by that admirable woman, Mrs. Zelda Fichandler, who with her husband runs the oldest and most successful of the regional theaters—the Arena Stage Theater in Washington. Again it runs very successfully, and so now word gets around to the Broadway operators—such as they are. So down they go, and the number one of them, Mr. David Merrick, grabs it. Even the same cast is retained. Only a new set has to be built—because the Arena obviously is circular. And so it opens on Broadway."

Mr. Houseman finished his omelet. "Of course," he said, "it is difficult to create an advance sale when you have an unknown playwright and no big-name stars. But still, the fact is you open to two raves in the *Times*, and a week later the notice goes up, and the play closes. Here is the leading Broadway producer and he has a play with rave notices and he closes the show. There is something terribly wrong and unsound about it. I think it's a disgrace. If you don't do business and do business right away, you close."

We told him that there was bad weather that first week. Mr. Houseman smiled. "That reminds me of a story they used to tell about Arthur Hopkins. He had just opened a show at the Plymouth, and it wasn't doing business, and someone explained it by saying that it was because of the rain. Mr. Hopkins didn't think much of the explanation. 'It's raining,' he said, 'at the Music Box, too.' "

Was the theater of the Thirties, which he wrote about in his book, any better?

"Yes," Mr. Houseman said, "it *was* better, even though the times were terrible. Of course, we were broke. Absolutely broke. But remember, you didn't have the feeling that everybody around you was making a fortune. So you really could concentrate."

On art? we asked.

"I prefer the word 'work,' " he said. "If art came out of it, so much the better. But take a look at it. When we did *Four Saints in Three Acts*—the longest continuous run ever enjoyed by an American opera—it was the worst winter of the Depression. And do you know what our competition was?"

We shook our head. He ticked them off. "*Ah, Wilderness! All the King's Men, As Thousands Cheer, Dodsworth, The Green Bay Tree, Mary of Scotland, Men in White, Roberta, Richard of Bordeaux, She Loves Me Not, Tobacco Road, Yellow Jack, They Shall Not Die.*

"They were *interesting* times," he continued, "even if they were bad times. Sixty-six Fifth Avenue, where I lived, for example, was an interesting building. We had Macmillan there, we had one of New York's first movie art houses in the basement, and at street level we had one of New York's oldest book stores. But the upper floors were really special. Martha Graham had her dance studio on one, the Boni Brothers had their distinguished publishing firm on another, and so on. Carl Van Doren had a *garçonnière* on the roof, and a well-known author of travel books was reputed to keep his mistress manacled and chained to a post."

Those were the days, we agreed. But was the theater, then, better in bad times than in affluent ones? "I don't think affluence itself," he said, "is good or bad. Right now you have regional theater, an entire new form that is displacing New York's centralized commercial theater. I applaud that. I would not attempt to run Juilliard's Drama School without it. With it—well, put it this way, I sincerely believe that it's easier for a well-trained actor or actress to get a job in the theater today than it ever has been since talking pictures came in and the demise of the stock company. It's not so easy, unfortunately, for the mature actor or for the one who's got a family."

How, we asked, do you get into Juilliard? "Out of six hundred applicants," he said, "we take about thirty-five. You don't have to have experience, but you have to have imagination. I ask them to prepare one classical thing and one contemporary. But we really make the selection much more from what they do in their improvisations."

Would his students have as interesting a life in the theater as he had had?

"No," he said quickly. Then he smiled. "No," he said again, "but some of them will still have wonderful lives, just the same. Different lives, but wonderful." □

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1980)

(MAURICE) CHARNEY:
HOW TO READ SHAKESPEARE

Shakespeare and his contemporaries could still think of English as a fluid, changing, developing language that had not yet been fixed. Writers felt free to make up words from Latin roots and to introduce slangy, jargon expressions from daily life.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Audition important new recordings months before they are available to the general public.

Begin today—Send for deluxe Advance Edition of **Beethoven's MISSA SOLEMNIS** superbly conducted by EUGEN JOCHUM

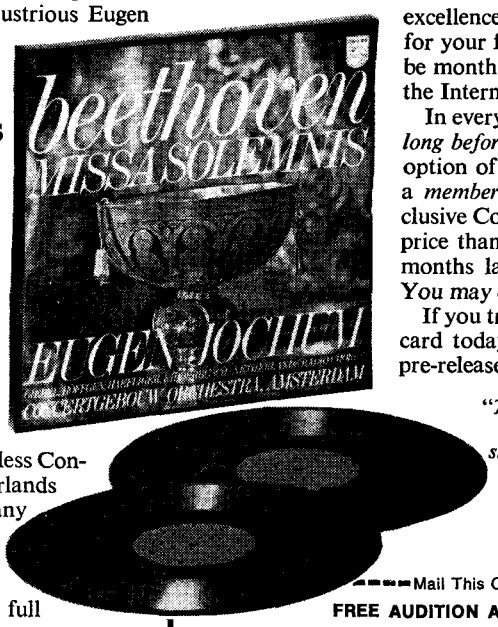
Yours for Half Price if you decide to keep it!

MISSA SOLEMNIS, called by Beethoven himself "the most successful of his intellectual products," has just been given its definitive modern recording, conducted by the illustrious Eugen Jochum. This Philips album will not be available to the American public for many months, but you may preview it now for ten days, without charge and without obligation. Furthermore, should you decide to keep it, you may do so for only *half* the suggested list price at which it will eventually be sold in stores!

Try it for ten days FREE

No obligation to keep it.

The Carnegie Hall Selection Committee's fascinating report which accompanies the album points out why this performance was singled out for the Committee's recommendation: Jochum's devout, meticulously prepared interpretation . . . the self-effacing artistry of famous vocal soloists Agnes Giebel, Marga Höffgen, Ernst Haefliger and Karl Ridderbusch . . . inspired music-making by the peerless Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam and Netherlands Radio Chorus. Plus the truest, warmest sound of any *Missa Solemnis* yet recorded. The two stereo discs themselves are superior, silent-surfaced European pressings, in the International Preview Society's *exclusive* deluxe edition: elegant slipcase, full text, notes and Committee report.



Our preview offer of the *Missa Solemnis* cannot be repeated! So please mail the attached postpaid card today. Listen for ten days. Then either return the album and pay nothing, or keep it for only $5.98 complete (plus sales tax where applicable). This is a *50% saving* off the suggested retail price when the regular edition is finally released (we'll even pay postage ourselves).

How you can be first to enjoy the greatest new recordings!

By replying now, you assure yourself of the privilege of receiving, for future ten-day free previews, special *advance editions* of major new albums . . . chosen *exclusively* for the International Preview Society by the Carnegie Hall Selection Committee. Since the Society is *not* a record "club", you will never be required to buy any album, nor will you receive a "record-of-the-month" like clockwork. Only when the Committee discovers a new album of the most extraordinary musical interest, artistic excellence and technical quality will it be sent for your free audition, so that there will often be months when no album at all is offered by the International Preview Society.

In every case, you will preview these records *long before* they reach the stores . . . with the option of purchasing any album you wish, in a *members-only* deluxe edition including exclusive Committee report . . . never at a higher price than the ordinary edition will retail for months later, and frequently at *big savings*! You may cancel this arrangement at any time.

If you truly love great music, please mail the card today for your exciting *Missa Solemnis* pre-release audition.

"This is an admirable choice for a limited edition album. A major performance of such a masterwork belongs in the library of every devotee of serious music."

Julius Bloom
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR/CARNEGIE HALL

---Mail This Coupon if Postpaid Card is Missing---

FREE AUDITION AND HALF-PRICE PRIVILEGE SR-3

THE INTERNATIONAL PREVIEW SOCIETY
333 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60601

Please send, for my free preview, the two-record deluxe limited edition of *Missa Solemnis* by Eugen Jochum. I may return it after ten days and owe nothing, or keep it and pay only $5.98 complete, postage included (sales tax extra, where required). This is *50% off* the suggested list price of the regular edition, when it becomes available months from now. I will also receive, at intervals of *one or more months, free ten-day* previews of albums chosen by the Carnegie Hall Selection Committee, in exclusive *pre-release* editions. I may keep any album for no more, and often for far less, than suggested list price. *I am not obligated to buy any minimum number of albums and I may cancel this arrangement at any time.*

NAME _____
(please print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Poetry

The Art of Maxine Kumin

Maxine Kumin once trained to be a competitive swimmer. The summers of her adolescence were spent by a New England lake, and her morning workouts there included a mile-long pre-breakfast swim in which she paced herself, as she recounts in one of her poems, by singing hymns.

Because poetry is a way of meaning more than one thing at a time, that poem is also, of course, about poetry—about the swimmer as a formality in a clear medium, about the body's rhythm and the mind afloat, and about deep water under the singing.

In addition to this pulse commitment to her poetry, Maxine Kumin knows how to see things. She teaches me, by example, to use my own eyes. When she looks at something I have seen, she makes me see it better. When she looks at something I do not know, I therefore trust her. I cannot verify from my own experience every detail of the water things in "Creatures"; yet I am convinced that if a knowledgeable friend one day shows me some mayfly eggs, for example, I will see them as she shows them to me, squirted in rows as straight as corn on the cob. My faith is that no poet who could play "nipple" against "pocked" as exactly as she does in the poem's eighth stanza could be guilty of slovenly observation.

It is possible, to be sure, that a thing precisely observed can be poorly rendered. Or that it may be poorly received by the reader. When I showed this poem to a friend, he objected to "kindergarten blue," because "it sounds good but doesn't really say anything." He was being insensitive (as I perhaps will be when I object to a few points in these poems). "Kindergarten blue," I submit, is drawn with crayon on grainy drawing paper, and it not only does for the color of dragonflies but stands as a precision.

It is merely bland, however, to admire individual details while failing to register the fact that a good poem comes to more than the sum of its parts. "Creatures" not only looks at ephemera with a master eye; it builds to an implicit realization that the poet herself—and all of life—is only a longer moment than the whirligig's. As a matter of poetic management, "pass," in the last line, is an exactly achieved and exactly turned ambiguity, meaning both "to pass through" and "to pass away" (ephemeral among ephemera).

Need one ask what to make of that "black horseleech" that attached itself to the "entering pale enormous flesh"? Let literalists fumble to say flat out what will not be said flat out. The essential seriousness and emotional balance—that is to say, the wisdom—of the poem is in the fact that it suggests feelably but without assertion what suggestion can give life to and assertion can only stiffen.

"Stones" is a matching piece, written in the same sort of half-rhymed couplets, to the same measure, and to the same sense of the earth's mysterious teeming, and even to a sense beyond that of "Creatures," for here it is not life but inert stone that proliferates. "But, ah," the poem seems to say, "*is* stone inert?"

The question might pass as nonsense if it were not for the fact that the mode of the poem—its tense, so to speak—is not "is" but "as if." The flat assertion of "is" would be intemperate. "As if," on the other hand, accepts a mode of seeing, because only that mode can convey the poet's sense of otherness in the things she sees so well and renders in such vivid metaphoric equivalents.

There is one detail of the poem I find myself doubting—must I admire every kitten she brings forth before I can admire the poet as some cat? Having greeted "quahogs" in line five as a felicity, I do not like "oysters" in line ten. I do not think I could see the difference between the "quahogs" the stone "makes" and the "oysters" it "imitates." The two verbs and the two images are all but identical in this context. I find myself thinking that the work of line ten has already been done in line five and that a fresh observation would be more forceful than what seems to be a random repetition.

In "Mud"—another lovingly managed poem about the mysterious life force, earth and water here teeming together—I find a similar point of objection. If "boulders gape to deliver themselves," then obviously "stones will be born of that effort" and the second line is wasted in a merely overt repetition of what is already—and more powerfully—implicit in the preceding line. Is it nit-picking to add that I am also a bit troubled by "an army . . . in its own ocean"? I am not sure "navy" would be more felicitous, but I can find no way around the feeling that this army is out of its element.

All nits picked, the poem remains rich in itself to its own end, and richer in juxtaposition to the two before it, all three addressing the same sense of mysterious life origins and resolving on the same darkness-under-things—"the *black* horseleech . . . some *dark* obedient order . . . the *dark* gruel." It is the darkness, of course, not of despair but of the mystery. It is from this "dark gruel" that "life will stick up a finger."

In contrast, "Cross-Country by County Map" is a poem at a lighted altitude looking out, down, and back, not to the mysterious sources of life but to society and family, to the poet's "indoor people." It is with society in her hand (the probably long dead map maker's document) that she has gone into the woods to compare the fact of the observed world with its social encodement on the map.

Once again the first pleasure of the

"Hello, Speed King Computer Dating Service?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MGB/GT

For those who want to get involved instead of just getting around.

A sports car in the classic sense is supposed to involve you. With the road. With the experience of driving. Happily, the MGB/GT is the involving kind.

It's an authentic performance-oriented grand touring car featuring a fully synchronized 4-speed gearbox, precise rack-and-pinion steering and race-proven suspension system.

See the MGB/GT '72 with its re-designed interior. Take it out for a test-drive today. You'll find that getting into an MGB/GT means getting involved.

For the name of your nearest Austin MG dealer and for information about overseas delivery, dial (800) 631-1972 except in N.J. where the number is (800) 962-2803. Calls are toll-free.

BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS INC., LEONIA, N. J. 07605

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Him?
He flew Icelandic
and saved money.

Save $274
to Europe

Jet from New York to Luxembourg —capital of the Common Market in the heart of western Europe. Enjoy convenient connections to everywhere on the continent by air, rail, bus, car and camper. You'll save big money on Icelandic Airlines' daily Super DC-8 jets as against lowest comparable fares of any other scheduled airline.

Plan your summer vacation now for top savings of $274 round trip if you stay overseas less than 14 days or from 46 to 365 days. Save money no matter when you leave, how long you stay, how young or old you are, whether you're traveling as an individual or in a group.

Icelandic's individual round-trip fares are as low as $205 this spring and $270 this summer on 22 to 45-day excursions. See your travel agent. He'll tell you about our lowest air fares, lowest-cost tours, and bargain stopovers in Iceland and Luxembourg. Mail coupon for information.

To: ICELANDIC AIRLINES • (212) 757-8585
630 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10020
Please send folders on lowest air fares to Europe ☐ lowest-cost tours ☐
Name_____
Street_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____
My Travel Agent is_____

Lowest jet fares to Europe
Icelandic Airlines
Fly it-you'll like it!
R

poem arises from the precision of the poet's seeing. I recognize that hill drawn as "an oval of eyelashes." I know this map, or one much like it. I know where I am, and I like being there. As a nit-picker, I pause to note that "sleepy" in line seven is a run-of-the-mill adjective and therefore less than a pleasure. Nor am I happy to be told, in the last stanza, that the poet hears the sounds of doors "in her ears." I had not imagined that she would hear them up her nose.

And for one instant I am disappointed even in looking at her lovely old map. I do look at it over her shoulder. I see a sugar house. I know it is a sugar house on a map because I see "a black circle sprouting a plume." I see two burying grounds—there they are "outlined in dots with slender crosses." But in between I am *told* to see a shingle mill without being given anything to see it with. Shall I look for a labeled square, for a water wheel with a buzz saw, for an ax buried in a block of wood? I refuse to be *told* to see it. I insist on being given something to see it with. In a sense, Miss Kumin has spoiled me. She has made me see so much, so clearly that I will not forgive her for leaving my eyes out of this detail.

I would rather go back to those ponds to see by the way they overflow that beavers have dammed them, noting with the poet that our maps can record places but never quite catch the life of places. Immediately then the things of the poem start to bud out of themselves and into analogies. I recognize that duplicity and multiplicity of the literal as exactly what happens within the environment of poetry. The real thing is happening. It is happening to my pleasure.

I am being selfish, but what other way is there of reading a poem? It is for selfish pleasure—perhaps it might be better to say for mortal pleasure—that we are moved to feel grateful to our chosen poets. I have never read a poem by Maxine Kumin that did not give me pleasure in return for my attention, and I will be cantankerous, if need be, whenever one of her poems stints the selfish pleasure that I am poised for.

My cantankerousness aside, I think *SR* readers will find that these poems reward their attention. My comments are in no way meant to take the place of the poems but only to point to them, and perhaps to fix some critical observations the reader may do well to disagree with on his own way to his own sense of good poems. The poems themselves are not to disagree with but to experience, gratefully and selfishly, as was meant in the act and the gift of the writing.

John Ciardi

Four Poems

Mud

You would think that the little birches
would die of that brown mouth sucking
and sucking their root ends.
The rain runs yellow.
The mother pumps in, pumps in
more than she can swallow.
All of her pockmarks spill over.
The least footfall
brings up rich swill.

The streams grow sick with their tidbits
The trout turn up their long bellies.
The slugs come alive. An army
of lips works in its own ocean.
The boulders gape to deliver themselve
Stones will be born of that effort.

Meanwhile the mother is sucking.
Pods will startle apart,
pellets be seized with a fever,
and as the dark gruel thickens,
life will stick up a finger.

Creatures

See here the diving beetle is split
flat on the underside like a peachpit

and kindergarten blue the frail
biplanes of dragonflies touch head to ta

and water measurers on jury-rigged
legs dent the surface film and whirligigs

crowblack and paddlefooted spin clock-
wise and counter- somehow locked

in circus circles and backswimmers all
trim as college racing shells

row trailing their four eyes upside dow
and mayflies seek the undersides of ston

to squirt their eggs in rows as straight as
and only after clamber out to drown

and the pond's stillness nippled as if
by rain instead is pocked with life

and all, all except the black horseleech
let pass my entering pale enormous flesl

Maxine Kumin has written three volum
of poetry and three novels. The poems
these pages will appear in *Up Country*,
be published next fall by Harper & Ro

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Maxine Kumin

Cross-Country by County Map

I am standing on Bible Hill, which shows
on the map as an oval of eyelashes.
To the east are those flourishing humpbacks,
Mount Misery and Mount Hunger, that
the Merrimack surveyor has put
down as Prominent Elevations.
In between lie the sleepy ponds,
Mud, Meadow, Grassy, and Long,
crosshatched on paper. They overflow,
but there is no symbol for beaver.

No one is left on these drumlins where
the roads throw up their own gates and bars
as the birches walk in, eight or ten abreast,
and the corduroy kiss-me-quicks on which
the wagon teams pulled up for a breather
leapfrog downhill year after year.

No one is left at Poverty Corners.
The map records one sugar house
as a black circle sprouting a plume,
a shingle mill, and two burying grounds
outlined in dots with slender crosses.
It does not record the headstones fallen,
the cedars gone in a blight,
the maples made into crutches.

When I fold up the map, its edges crackle,
repeating the sounds of old doors in my ears
as if down these hills the ghosts reassemble
dry as wheat, spare as stones, thin as wire,
while five miles ahead my indoor people
are waiting with bread and beer.

Stones

The moving of stones, that sly jockeying thrust
takes place at night underground, shoulders first.

They bud in their bunkers like hydras. They puff
up head after head and allow them to drop off

on their own making quahogs, cow flops, eggs, and knee
caps. In this way one stone can infuse a colony.

Eyeless and unsurprised they behave
in the manner of stones: swallow turnips, heave graves,

rise up openmouthed into walls, and from time
to time imitate oysters or mushrooms.

The doors of my house are held open by stones
and to see the tame herd of them hump their backbones

as cumbrous as bears across the pasture in
an allday rain is to believe for an afternoon

of objects that waver and blur
in some dark obedient order.

(Advertisement)

THE QUALITY OF HURT is the title of Chester Himes' autobiography. And hurt is what it is about.

Chester Himes is the author of more than half a dozen novels, another half dozen detective stories, one of which – *Cotton Comes to Harlem*—has been made into a successful film, and many short stories. Now he tells what it was like to be young, gifted, black and hated. This is how Chester Himes describes THE QUALITY OF HURT.

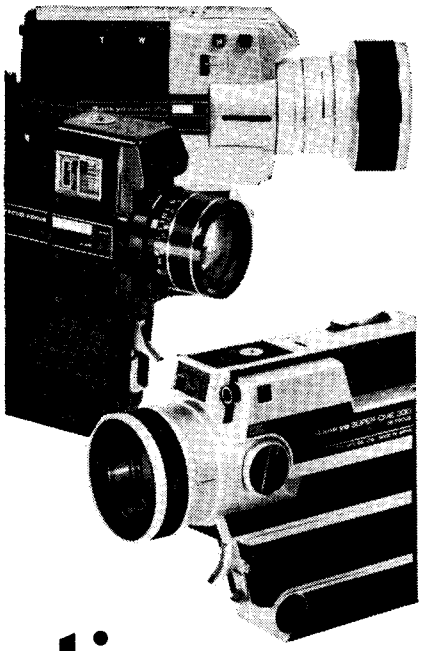
"This book recounts all that memory retains of the forty-five years of my hurt. America hurt me terribly, whether rightly or wrongly is not the point. When I fought back through writing, it decided to kill me, whether because I was a degenerate ex-convict who refused to wear sackcloth and ashes, a *Negro* who refused to accept the Negro Problem as my own, a 'nigger' who would not conform to the existence prescribed for niggers, or a black man who pitied white women, I will never know. I do know that when America kills a nigger, it expects him to remain dead."

Except that Chester Himes refused to stay dead. He fought back and is still fighting. His story moves from a middle-class household in Cleveland, to seven and a half years in jail, to New York, Hollywood, and post-World War II Paris where he talked and fought with Richard Wright and befriended the young James Baldwin. There was a marriage and a stormy love affair. But wherever he went or whatever he did, Chester Himes was dominated by his drive to write, and to be known as a writer. He has done both, surviving the anger and the hate. He tells how in a triumphant book: THE QUALITY OF HURT.

L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

THE QUALITY OF HURT ($7.95), the autobiography of Chester Himes, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 724 Fifth Avenue, New York 10019.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



time machines

that span the years and make time stand still. At the push of a single button, they catch and preserve the moments that memories are made of.

Sankyo movie cameras take them sharper and easier than any other Super-8 on the market today. Five, ten, twenty years from now, when the movies you took revive the pleasant days of growing up or transport you to a long forgotten vacation paradise . . . that's when you will really appreciate the quality, the handling ease and the assured results built-in to every Sankyo movie camera. Write for free literature or see your authorized Sankyo dealer.

Gentlemen:
Please tell me more about the Sankyo Time Machines.

Name

Address

City State Zip

Sankyo

SR-3

Sankyo Seiki (America) Inc.
149 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010 /212-260-0200
West Coast Branch:
13000 S. Athens Way, Los Angeles, Calif. 90061 /213-321-0320

SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

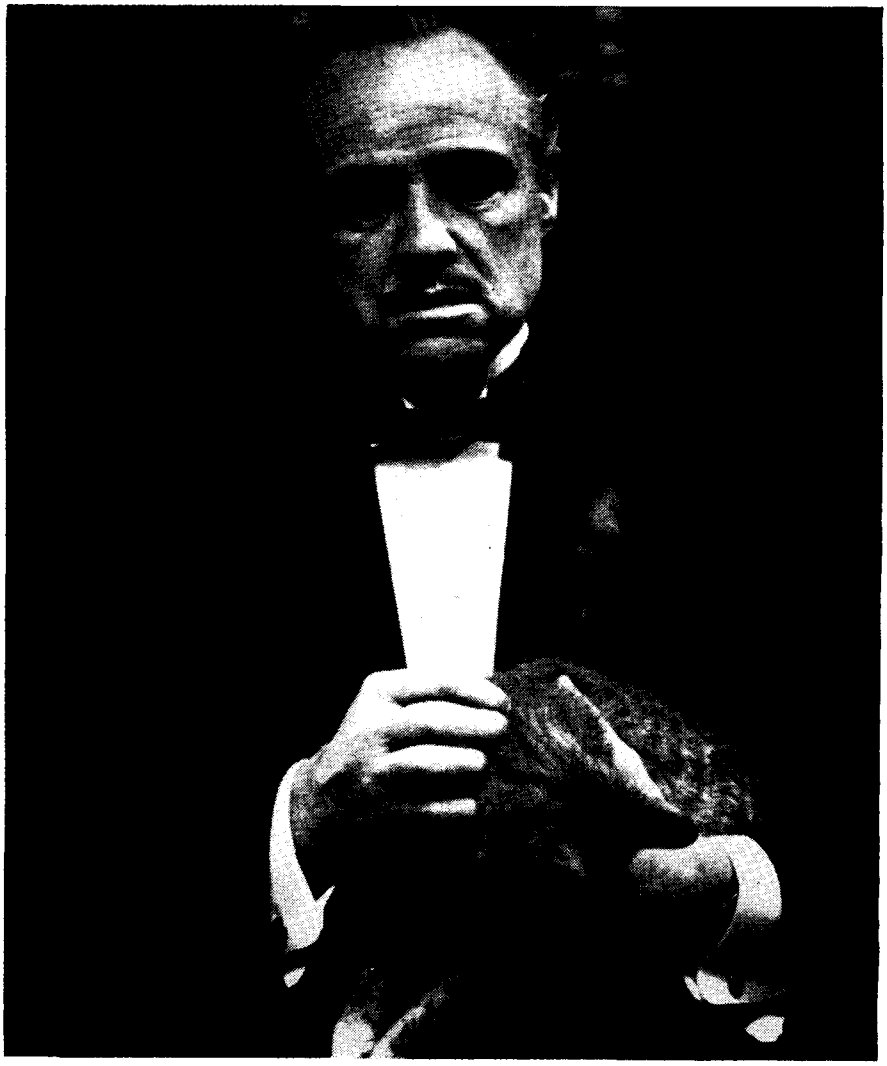
Nearer, My Godfather, to Thee

Time may have jumped the gun a little by calling it "an Italian-American *Gone with the Wind*," but at the very least *The Godfather* elevates the gangster movie to a new and impressive level. Most gangland melodramas remain just that: They concentrate on the action, the killings, the superficials. The innards, the motivations and relationships that illuminate the wellsprings of the criminal mind, go unexplored and undefined. Such films are known in the trade, quite properly, as "action pictures," and their success or failure rests entirely on the amount of ingeniously violent activity they convey.

The Godfather exists on another plateau. To be sure, there is violence in abundance. Men are shot, machine-gunned, knifed, and garroted. In one horrendous sequence, a movie executive is "persuaded" to cast a film in accordance with the mob's wishes after discovering the severed head of his prize stallion at the foot of his bed. But, unlike so many films of late, this film never suggests that it was called into existence merely to exploit such violence. In *The Godfather*, we are dealing with people—home-loving, tightly knit, folksy people—who also happen to kill a lot. If we are to understand their mores, we must also accept this peculiar penchant of theirs.

Actually, the killings seem almost incidental. As is explained repeatedly before or after a brutal murder, "Nothing personal, you understand. It's just a matter of business." It is this "matter of business" that clearly fascinated Francis Ford Coppola, who both directed and coscripted the film (with author Mario Puzo). Coppola, himself an Italian-American, seems to have found in Puzo's book a symptom—perhaps a metaphor—for the separation between our private lives and our public activities. A number of Italian or-

"Nothing personal, you understand. Murder's just a matter of business."



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

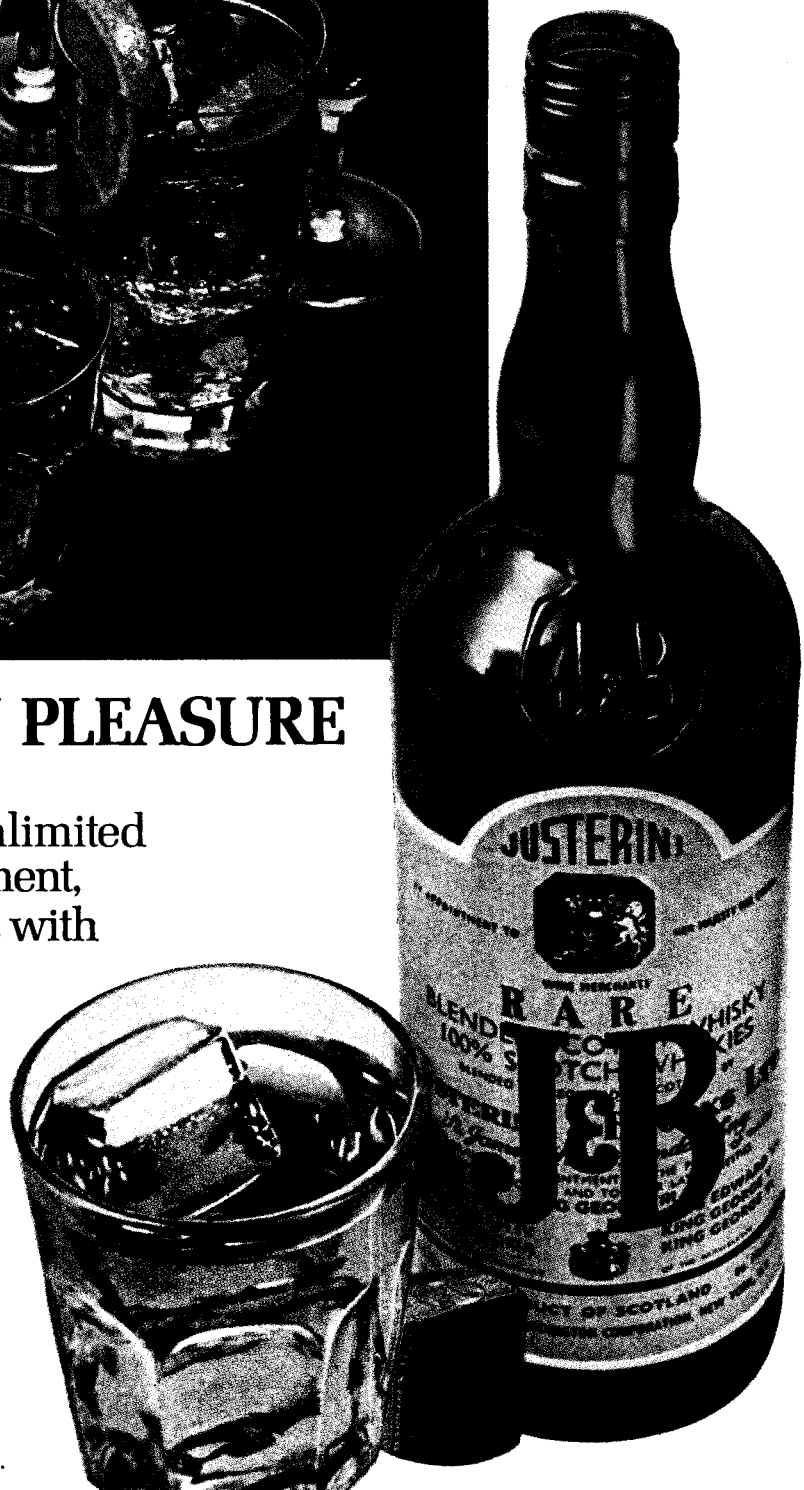
We took a good idea,
and put it on the end of a Parliament.
A cigarette holder gives you a clean taste.
So does the tip of a Parliament.
Inside our holder there's a filter that's recessed.
Away from your lips.
That means you always taste good, clean flavor. And you don't taste the filter.
The Parliament cigarette holder.
It proves that good things do come in small packages.
It works like a cigarette holder works.
PARLIAMENT
100's
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JUSTERINI
Founded 1749 & BROOKS

EXPERIMENTS IN PLEASURE

If a good scotch offers unlimited opportunities for enjoyment, imagine the possibilities with a great scotch.



J&B RARE SCOTCH
The Pleasure Principle.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNE ORS
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1972 Paddington Corp., N.Y.

ganizations have already gone on record as protesting the very production of *The Godfather*, but in my view it transcends this kind of factionalism. The cancer that it reports is rooted in our way of life; it has become part of our American system. It is no mere coincidence that at a meeting of the *capos*, when the talk veers to politics, they favor the American way and are unalterably opposed to Communism.

But for the most part, *The Godfather* concerns itself with familial aspects of (although the word is never used) Mafia affiliations. It opens with an undertaker who approaches the Godfather for "justice" after the police have released the youths who raped his daughter. Meanwhile, preparations are under way for the wedding of Don Corleone's daughter, and the Don's youngest son, Michael, returns home from World War II. Two sides of the Don are thus exposed immediately—warm ties with his own family and his relationship with the "family" that pays him obeisance in return for anticipated favors. The presence of a thinly disguised Frank Sinatra at the ceremony, tied to the Don by his own (again thinly disguised) obligations, adds to a sense of verisimilitude. Not surprisingly, it is this persistent feeling that it's all true that makes the film so enormously effective. And it arises less from the real-life parallels that one might find in author Puzo's narrative than in director Coppola's brilliant handling of the verifying detail. Although the film spans a full quarter of a century, there is never a moment when one questions where or when. Songs, posters, a Las Vegas billboard ("Jack Entratter presents Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis") recapture an era even more effectively than do the authentic motorcars and women's dress styles. When singer Al Martino, as singer Johnny Fontane, bends over his microphone while performing at the wedding and all the teen-aged girls scream in unison, it recalls immediately the old days at the late Paramount.

But beyond the authenticating detail of time and place is the detailed home life of the film's principals. Although the Don has a fairly palatial estate in New Jersey, much of the activity seems to center about the kitchen. His daughter, married to a henchman, has an utterly tawdry, overdecorated, middle-class apartment in Brooklyn. These are people dealing in millions, but their life-patterns—like their mentalities—hold them close to their origins. Coppola creates an incredible sense of dynasty, of one generation passing the mantle on to the next. But by the time the mantle has been passed, one is fully aware of the shoddy material.

A final word on casting: It is as original as the entire concept of the film. Marlon Brando, who physically defies Puzo's description of the Godfather, hasn't been so felicitously cast since *On the Waterfront*. Al Pacino, his son and heir, creates waves of pity and revulsion as he makes his way, albeit reluctantly, to *capo*. Robert Duvall makes a lasting impression as the *consigliere* who blows with the winds. But so, in fine, does everyone who appears in this extraordinary film. The characters have been written as people—and the right actors have been found to make them all marvelously believable people. □

"But, Harold, it's a six-hundred-seventy-five-dollar tax exemption."

Do you ever wonder what happens to your records when you play them?

You should.

Your records are without question the most expensive "component" in your stereo system.

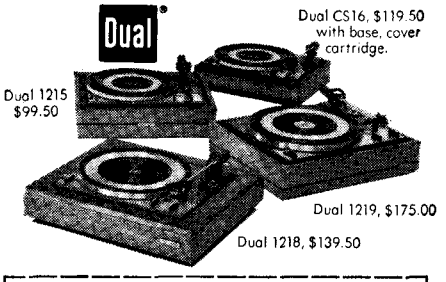
And when the stylus touches down in the record groove, a running battle begins. The stylus is violently tossed up, down and sideways, thousands of times a second.

These motions produce either beautiful sounds or expensive memories. It all depends on the tonearm.

Serious record lovers know all this. Which is why so many of them won't play their records on anything but a Dual.

If you would like to know why, mail the coupon. We'll send you complete reprints of independent lab reports. Plus an article from a leading music magazine that tells you what to look for in record playing equipment.

Better yet, visit any franchised United Audio dealer and ask for a demonstration.



United Audio Products, Inc.
120 So. Columbus Ave.
Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 10553 Dept. SR

Please send me your free literature on turntables, including test report reprints.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

United Audio is exclusive U.S. Distribution Agency for Dual.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.
90 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN

Letters to the Editor

A United Ireland

Ronald P. Kriss's editorial "What Dream for Ulster?" [*SR*, Feb. 26] was superb. There is one workable solution, and only one. Britain should offer to move the "transplants" back to England or Scotland and doubly compensate them in terms of money. Any who agree to live peacefully in a united Ireland should be allowed to stay, and their civil rights should be safeguarded by a new Irish constitution fashioned after the one we Americans have, the main point being the separation of church and state.

G. O'Brien,
St. Charles, Mo.

The struggle in Ulster is not a religious skirmish but the struggle of an oppressed native Irish population against the remnants of British colonialism, those English and Scots who still maintain a kind of ethnic apartheid. The six northern counties are now, economically, the poorest counties of Ireland. The landowner class (colonialists) is clinging to its political and economic advantages in these dark days, while the native Irish seek basic human rights. If the members of the ruling class in Ulster wish to be tied to the Crown, let them return to the land of their forefathers posthaste. Maintaining a divided Ireland to support their ethnic pride is ridiculous.

Maryann Kofoed,
Wilmette, Ill.

Learning Abroad

Re: "*SR* Student Travel 1972" (*SR*, March 4). Although I found the articles interesting and realize they could not cover all the available programs abroad for high school students, I feel that an entire segment of travel opportunities was absent: the school-operated programs.

With the exception of the Choate School's Near East program, the twenty samples mentioned are operated by organizations other than the schools.

I would like to bring to your attention that there are many schools that arrange and conduct summer programs abroad. Among these are Fordham Preparatory School and the Northfield-Mount Hermon School. These institutions organize programs abroad that are part of each school's curriculum. In all cases, students are welcome to apply as one might for any other summer school program. The school-run programs are usually of extremely high caliber, since providing for the educational needs of students overseas is an extension of a school's function.

Joseph R. St. Jacques,
Director, Foreign Studies Program,
Fordham Preparatory School,
Bronx, N. Y.

Readers might like to know that a new program of study and travel, with European campuses for both high school students and teachers, has been inaugurated by Scholastic International, a division of Scholastic Magazines, Inc. Subjects to be studied this summer at various universities in Britain, France, Spain, Germany, and Italy will range from literature to ecology, politics to art, civilization to cinema, and language to drama.

Melvin W. Barnes,
Director, Scholastic International
Foreign Study Programs,
New York, N. Y.

Continued on page 22

"You look ridiculous with long hair."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHY STAY IN PARIS?

Take in the Mona Lisa at the Louvre and the night life on the Left Bank. But, why stay in Paris?
There's a France beyond Paris just waiting for you to come visit. Villages and towns steeped in art and history. Vineyards, castles, Alpine spas and beaches made famous by bikinis.

And the best way to get there is by train.

Where in France will the French trains take you? Almost anywhere.

Only four hours separate Paris from Strasbourg. But be careful. Once you've walked its medieval streets, lined by timbered houses, you may never want to return to the glass and concrete of the modern city.

Just two and one-half hours from Paris is Dijon. One of the renowned gastronomic capitals of the world. Buy an extra bottle of white wine there with the money you've saved eating cafeteria-style on the train.

French trains are known throughout the world for their comfort, speed and punctuality.

They're also known as a great place to get to know the people. It's easy to start a conversation in the relaxed atmosphere of a train. Even if you've barely passed second-year French, or German or Spanish. For trains are really the Continental way of travel.

You can eat on a French train. Read on a French train. Sleep on a French train. Dream on a French train. And you'll find French trains surprisingly economical, too. Particularly when you take advantage of the new 2nd Class Student-Railpass.

Whether you buy your tickets as you go, or a 1st Class Eurailpass or new 2nd Class Student-Railpass before you go, you'll save more by seeing your travel agent. Or nearest French National Railroad ticket office. For reservations: French National Railroads, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 10020; 11 East Adams Street, Chicago 60603; 9465 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills 90212; 323 Geary St., San Francisco 94102.

Please send me your literature describing places to see in France other than Paris.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip____

Dept. 25 Box 80, Lindenhurst, N.Y. 11757

French National Railroads

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

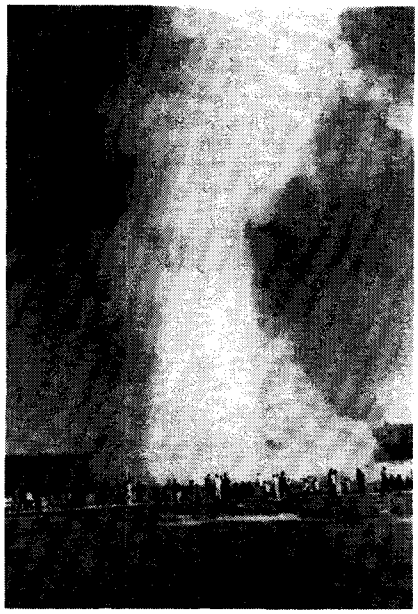
YELLOWSTONE
1972-2072

Just the same old stuff

No bright, new, bold look here as Yellowstone begins its second hundred years. Pure air. Pure water. 10,000 thermal features. It's all here in Wyoming's Yellowstone—two million acres of it. Make this your year to live it.

BIG WYOMING

Wyoming Travel Commission,
Dept. SR-372, 2320 Capitol Avenue
Cheyenne, Wyoming 82001



TV and Violence

The article by Robert Lewis Shayon "TV Without Terror" (*SR*, March 4) puts an appropriate perspective on the report of the Surgeon General's Advisory Committee on Television and Social Behavior. As someone who has been intimately associated with the committee since its inception, I have been distressed at the many misinterpretations of the committee report that have been appearing in the press. Mr. Shayon correctly sees the report for what it is: a carefully worded evaluation of a large body of new evidence, in which a unanimous determination by a group of distinguished scientists finds some indication of a causal relationship between televised violence and aggressive behavior. This report is the first major statement by any group of social scientists in which the phrase "causal relationship" is used in examining such data.

Now perhaps we can go on to the major question: What is the appropriate action to take as a consequence of this conclusion? Our thanks to Mr. Shayon for seeing it as it is.

Eli A. Rubinstein,
Formerly Vice Chairman, Surgeon General's Advisory Committee on TV and Social Behavior,
Stony Brook, N. Y.

Stomach-Turning

Re: Arthur Knight's review of *El Topo* [*SR* Goes to the Movies, Feb. 26]. Mr. Knight has failed to observe that much of the blood is real and belongs to animals that were slaughtered for the purpose. . . . I counted seven or eight dismembered mules and donkeys . . . ravens whose heads were half blown off by blasting caps wired to their necks and a large number of rabbits killed by having their backs broken. . . .

It turns my stomach to see the callous slaughter of mammals and birds included as a device to add a touch of realism.

James Anderson,
Pacifica, Calif.

Papp and the Public

Re: "Joe Papp Seeks a Bigger Stage" [*SR*, Feb. 26]. Terence Rattigan makes a telling comment in *Harlequinade* about social purpose in the English National Theatre: "As far as I can see, it means playing Shakespeare to audiences who'd rather go to the films, while audiences who'd rather go to Shakespeare are driven to the films." Is this the essence of the man who cries service to the public and when approached with a survey of their feelings says, "You know the most important opinion you can get on that? . . . Mine"?

Ann Ciccolella,
Hoboken, N. J.

Correction

Editor's note: *In Stuart W. Little's article, the statement was made that Jeff Bleckner, director of David Rabe's* Pavlo Hummel, *served in Vietnam; in fact, he did not.*

The Devil Had His Uses

Conner Reed in Letters to the Editor [*SR*, Feb. 19] needs to be clued in on hell. Puritanism is not necessarily the employment of the idea of the devil. Mr. Reed has seized upon a side issue. Once upon a time the crutch of an allegory was needed, when the state of learning was, at best, incipient. The essential *sine qua non* of Puritanism, however, is not the outmoded devil but a very modish purity, a casting out of what gives negative results, or at least a minimizing of the concessions made to unreason. What could be more reasonable, more scientific?

The New Hebrides islanders, in the early days, used to enforce rigid rules of sanitation, but not because keeping the place redded up was known to be salubrious. Taboos and spirits and devils were the excuses for cleanliness and rubbish disposal. Currently, logical reasons for the same behavior have been discovered. Because sanitation used the devil, should they throw out sanitation? To understand the value of Prometheus for the arrogance

"I'm sure it was perfectly innocent."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of man, it is not necessary to buy the whole Greek pantheon.

Alice B. McDonnell,
Tucson, Ariz.

Anchors Aweigh

Re: "Urban Prophet in the Arizona Desert" [*SR*, Feb. 12]. I am amazed that it would not have occurred to Robert Kaiser that "the earth's first self-contained urban structure" already exists in the form of a nuclear-powered aircraft carrier. It can accommodate 3,000 people, manufacture its own drinking water, and treat its wastes effectively.

Throw a few feet of good soil on the vast flight deck, some decent livestock, and a few bushels of seed, and the concept is complete. Keep in mind, too, that this scheme could handily satisfy our ecologically expensive urge for "instant mobility."

Gregor William Greer,
Hudson, O.

Community Action

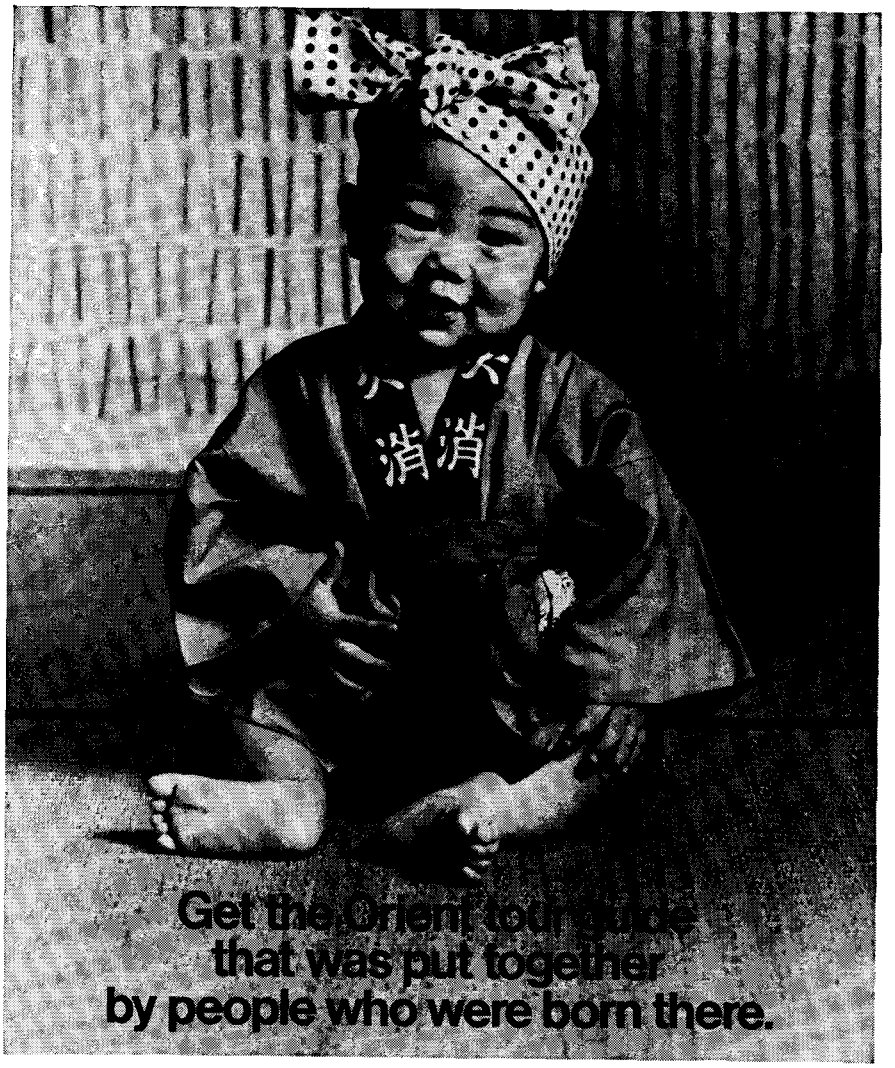
Re: "OEO as Innovator" [*SR*, Feb. 5]. It is regrettable that the Office of Economic Opportunity may not long be with us. Created to include the poor in program-planning and participation, it was bound to become prey to critics and skeptics. It may have failed in some "high visibility" ventures; it succeeded in others, including Headstart and Upward Bound. In OEO's search for new ideas to find answers to the questions it poses on education, it might examine its files under "Community Action Programs," which it has funded repeatedly. For seven years OEO has funded High School Headstart, conducted by Seton Hall University. . . . I designed the program in 1965 and still direct it. It [is] an important thrust on an often neglected period of adolescence, bridging a crucial gap between the eighth grade and high school.

With OEO funds that total $350,000 for seven summers—forty-nine weeks—the program has aided 1,300 students in Newark's inner city in the academic skills. It has provided guidance and counseling, detecting and correcting health deficiencies, including dental, visual, speech, and hearing defects, skin allergies, orthopedic problems, and emotional difficulties; it has also funded cultural trips, athletics, and creative activities in prose and/or poetry writing, drama, art, and music. Families have shared in the activities. In one summer 287 dental cavities were filled and sixty pairs of eyeglasses provided. We are often asked why the program is not expanded in Newark and extended to other cities. OEO deserves much more than mere survival.

Albert W. Reiners,
Director, Educational Research
and High School Headstart,
South Orange, N. J.

The Art of Peace

Re: Goodman Ace's column "The Undeclared Peace" (*SR*, March 4). There were in all history only four major religious cultures (and no nonreligious cultures) consistently devoted to peace: Eleusinian Crete, Osirian Egypt, Confucian China, and Vajrayanic Tibet. It is therefore only from these four that we may learn any-



There's something about being born in a place that goes far deeper than geography.

You *know* the place without ever having to think about it. The *feeling* of the place is as familiar to you as its streets. Its heart is your heart.

The Orient is JAL's home. We were born there. We grew up there.

We know the Orient as well as one can know any place. We know not just the big tourist spots like Tokyo and Hong Kong, but all the *little* places in between.

What we know we've put together into a package of great tours, with more variety, and more prices to choose from, than *anyone* else's.

There are short tours for people in a hurry. Long ones for people with all the time in the world. 15 days to 99 days. $894 to $6186.

In fact, just about any tour you can think of is included. Like our tours of Japanese gardens, Japanese architecture, even a two-week tour into the world of Zen. Not to mention all the tours we offer to Europe, the Mideast, Australia and around the world.

Send today for your free copy of *JAL's 1972 Happi Holidays World Festival of Tours Guide.* It may not make you wish you had been born in Kyoto rather than Kokomo. But it will show you the charms and splendors of where others—like us—were born.

JAPAN AIR LINES

Japan Air Lines
P.O. Box 618
New York, N.Y. 10011

☐ Please send me a free copy of *JAL's 1972 Happi Holidays World Festival of Tours Guide* and specific information about the following: ☐ Orient ☐ Pacific Circle ☐ Europe ☐ Round the World.

☐ I enclose $2. Along with the free tour guide, I would like to have "32 New Views of Japan," JAL's specially-boxed collection of essays on the history, culture and pleasures of Japan.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip____

My travel agent is_____

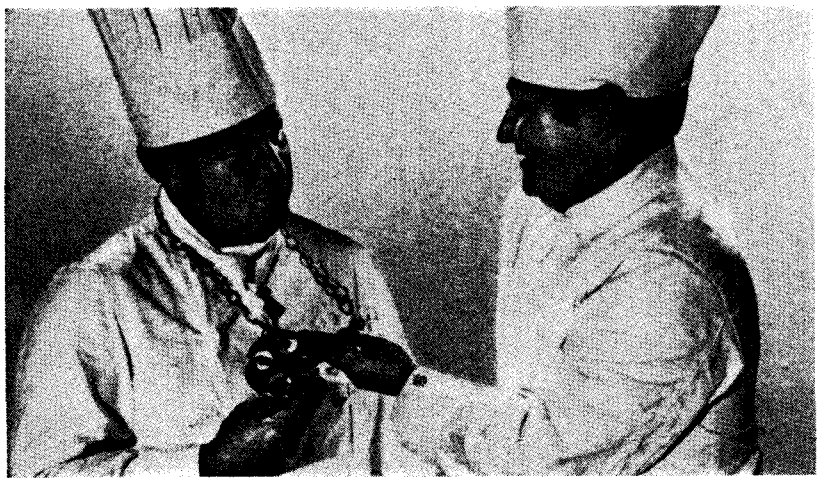
Please have a travel consultant call me at_____ (tel. number)

SR-032572

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"In Dorado, the Dorado Beach Hotel spread-eagles the field; the 6th culinary arts exposition was an almost unconditional surrender to this inn's chefs."

FIELDING'S 1972 GUIDE TO THE CARIBBEAN*



Chefs Messerli and Fahndrich are now also masterminding the cuisine at the Cerromar Beach Hotel. Need we say more?

Only that this is the very stylish new Rockresorts hotel on Puerto Rico's beautiful north shore. And that in addition to superb cuisine it offers magnificent golf, tennis, swimming at beach or pool and sparkling nightlife. And that you can even dine at Dorado Beach as well. Ask Resort Representation, 30 Rockefeller Plaza W., New York, N.Y. 10020. Tel: (212) 581-3462. Or see your travel agent.

CERROMAR BEACH HOTEL
DORADO BEACH, PUERTO RICO
Operated by Rockresorts for Eastern Air Lines.

*Authors: Jeanne and Harry E. Harman III.

thing at all about the art of peacemaking. Crete is obscure, early China and Tibet often clouded by legend, but the history of Egypt is well documented and factual. Khasekhemwy, Mernere I, Mentuhotep II, Hatshepsut, Thutmoses III, Ptolemy I Soter, and Ptolemy III Euergetes all made conscious, deliberate, intelligent contributions to the science of establishing peace. It is true that their methods were, at times, primitive and unsophisticated, but it is upon their experiences that a modern approach to the science must be founded.

If anyone deserves the title "Prince of Peace," it is certainly Mernere, for he was only fourteen when he died as an indirect result of his efforts to pacify Nubia and make friends with its people. He was the world's first ruler to deal in international relations and the first martyr in the cause of peace (c. 2,300 years before Christ and 250 years before Abraham).

Christianity and Islam, conversely, have produced as many wars and atrocities over the ages as Nazism and Communism; and the Christians (and Muslims and Communists, too) think nothing of making war on one another—which to the Old Kingdom Egyptian would have been the equivalent of cannibalism.

Republics, in general, are not good forms of government, having a tendency toward excessive internal militarism and cultural mediocrity. Ancient Rome and modern Russia are excellent examples of this. Fortunately, the United States has avoided these extremes, but our culture is hardly comparable with that of ancient Athens!

The works of only four truly democratic authors have survived to this day: Aeschylus, Sophocles, Herodotus, and Xenophon. All four were apparently Eleusinians, and they reflect somewhat the pacific culture of ancient Crete. They were certainly not violent, as were many non-Eleusinian Greeks. The remainder of the serious Greek authors whose books we possess were aristocrats, monarchists, or pessimists.

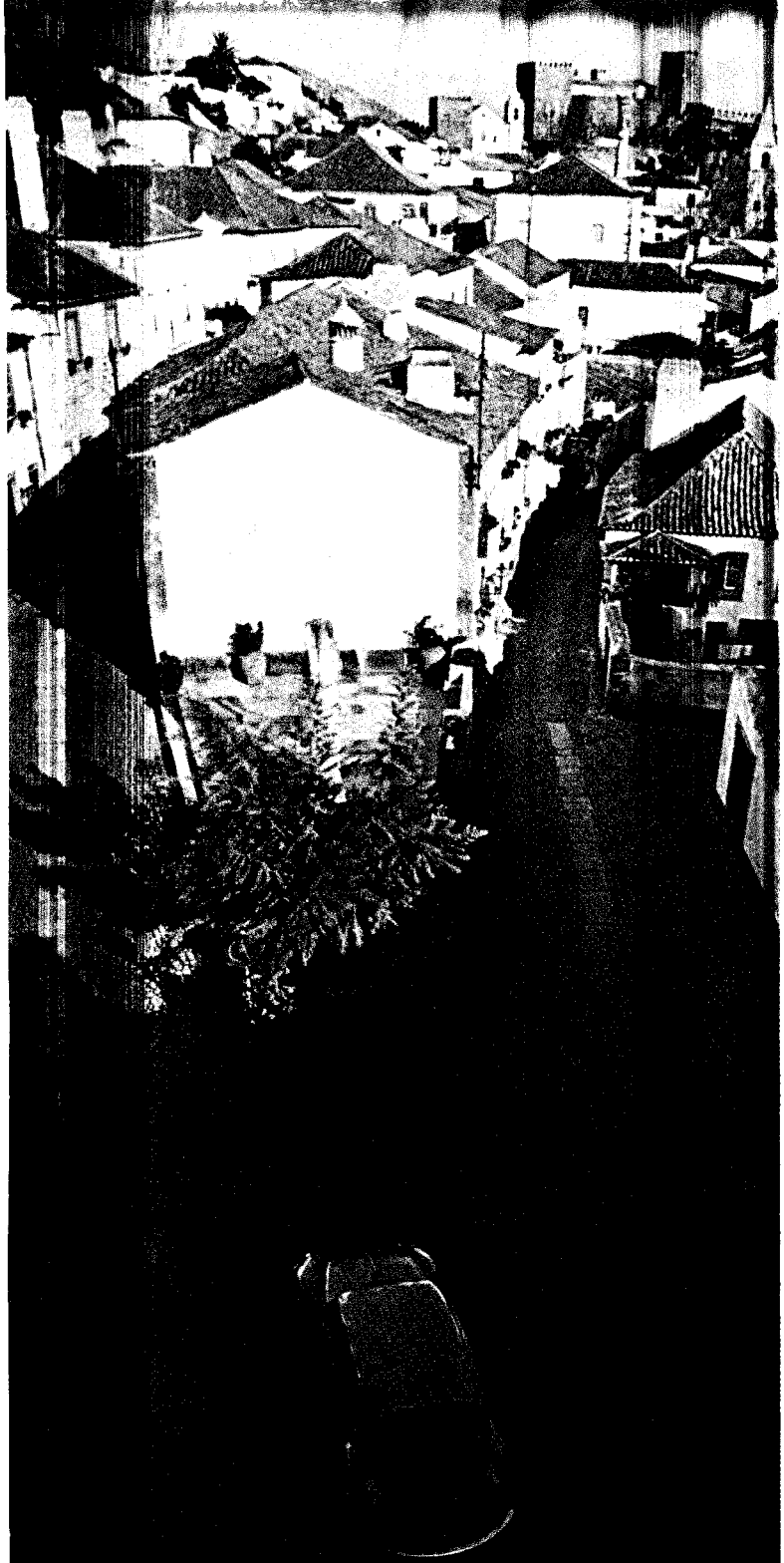
Xenophon is particularly significant, inasmuch as he presents us with a study of the world's only floating military democracy, a phenomenon that was vastly successful against overwhelming odds. I myself know of no text on ethics superior to *Oedipus at Colonus*, nor do I know of any man more universally beloved in his lifetime than Sophocles, or any man freer in spirit than Aeschylus. I submit that their writings are the proper treatises on religion for democratic men of peace.

Thomas Karel Ficek,
Albany, N. Y.

Mailbag Note

Please address comments about articles that have appeared in *Saturday Review* to "Letters to the Editor." Inquiries should be sent to "Reader Services." Articles or poems submitted for publication should be sent to our "Contributions Department." The address for all of the above is 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



TURN RIGHT, AND SEE THE SIGHTS. TURN LEFT, AND SEE THE SECRETS.

AFTER WE SHOW YOU ITS SIGHTS, WE'LL SHOW YOU ITS SECRETS.

Both roads lead to Portugal's walled city of Obidos.

And a trip into the 12th century.

Most tourists turn right for a visit to Saint Mary's church to take in the haunting past.

Most Portuguese turn left for a visit to a little antique shop that's also a cafe to take in 50-year-old brandy.

Anybody can tell you how to find the sights of the church, but to find out about the little antique bar, you need a friend who knows Portugal's secrets.

And in Portugal, the best friend you ever had is TAP, the airline that treats you as beautifully as the country it flies you to.

Because when we take you to Portugal we don't just show you what's on our map. We also show you what's in our hearts.

And just as nobody else can show you the sights and secrets of our homeland like we can, nobody else can fly you there as comfortably.

Everyone on our all-jet fleet gives you a sense of the openness and sincerity you'll find in Portugal.

It's not like they're nice to you because they have to be, but because they want to be.

There's something ideal about Portugal. And you might say TAP has the ideal way to see it.

We have a two-week Royal Treatment Tour of Portugal, the Algarve, and our neighbor, Madrid, for only $409, which proves Portugal is more than beautiful, it's also inexpensive.

The better part of the first week you'll spend in Lisbon. We'll tell you all the "in" and Fado houses to go to, where you sit and listen to Portugal's "soul" music till the sun comes up.

You can drive up the coast in a half hour to Portugal's playground of the wealthy, Estoril, where there are magnificent cabana beaches, cafes, discos, and an elegant casino like you've never seen before.

Back in Lisbon again, the chances for sightseeing, shopping and relaxing are endless.

On the sixth day, it's off to the Algarve. Its beaches are literally golden, and the night spots are posh. In fact, you'll need the days in the sun to recover from the nights in the cafes.

From the Algarve we invite you to visit our neighbors in Madrid. Once in Madrid, the great restaurants, shops, museums, marketplaces and bullfights never seem to end.

If the idea of touring Portugal is sounding better and better, then just send us the coupon in this ad for more details.

You'll love Portugal.

No matter which way you turn.

TAP

THE INTERCONTINENTAL AIRLINE OF PORTUGAL

We're as big as an airline should be.

TAP, Tour Department
601 Fifth Ave, N.Y.C. 10017

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*____ *State*____ *Zip*____

SR1

*Travel Agent*_____

Air fares are based on Group Inclusive Tour Fares (G.I.T.) economy class fare, requiring a minimum of 15 persons traveling together the entire itinerary. High season supplement of $63 from June 1 to August 31, 1972.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Loaf of Paté, a Label of Wine and Thou.

B&G. It's all the French you'll ever need. B&G. Two eloquent letters the French have used since 1725 to describe their best–from Beaujolais to Pouilly Fuisse, from Pommard to Chablis–B&G. Could anything be more romantic?

B&G. Love letters from France.

BARTON & GUESTIER. 36 FINE WINES IN ONE FINE FAMILY.

IMPORTED BY BROWNE VINTNERS COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. AND SAN FRANCISCO, CA.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Theater

Henry Hewes

Braving Broadway

When I favorably reviewed Washington, D.C.'s Arena Stage production of *Moonchildren* (*SR*, Dec. 11), I pointed out that this very promising new play by thirty-year-old Michael Weller should prosper both at other resident company theaters and Off-Broadway. Unfortunately, producer David Merrick must have missed reading *SR* that week, for he plunged into a Broadway production of the play that has closed after sixteen performances despite receiving enthusiastic critical response from both Clive Barnes and Walter Kerr in the all-important *New York Times*.

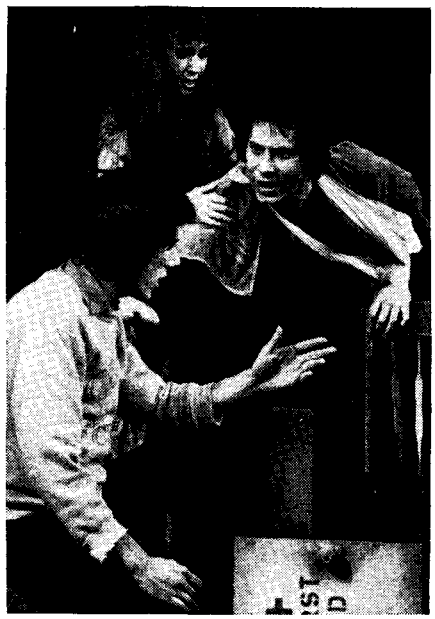
Why was this play, which is clearly one of the season's best, unable to survive on Broadway? Because it lacked stars, music, plot intrigue, sensationalism, romantic theatricality, or sustained painless laughter. Thus it did not attract many of the wealthier theatergoers. And the number of less affluent theatergoers willing to support this kind of show on any given night is about the same as the number who attend a successful Off-Broadway play or about half of what a Broadway show would need in order to break even.

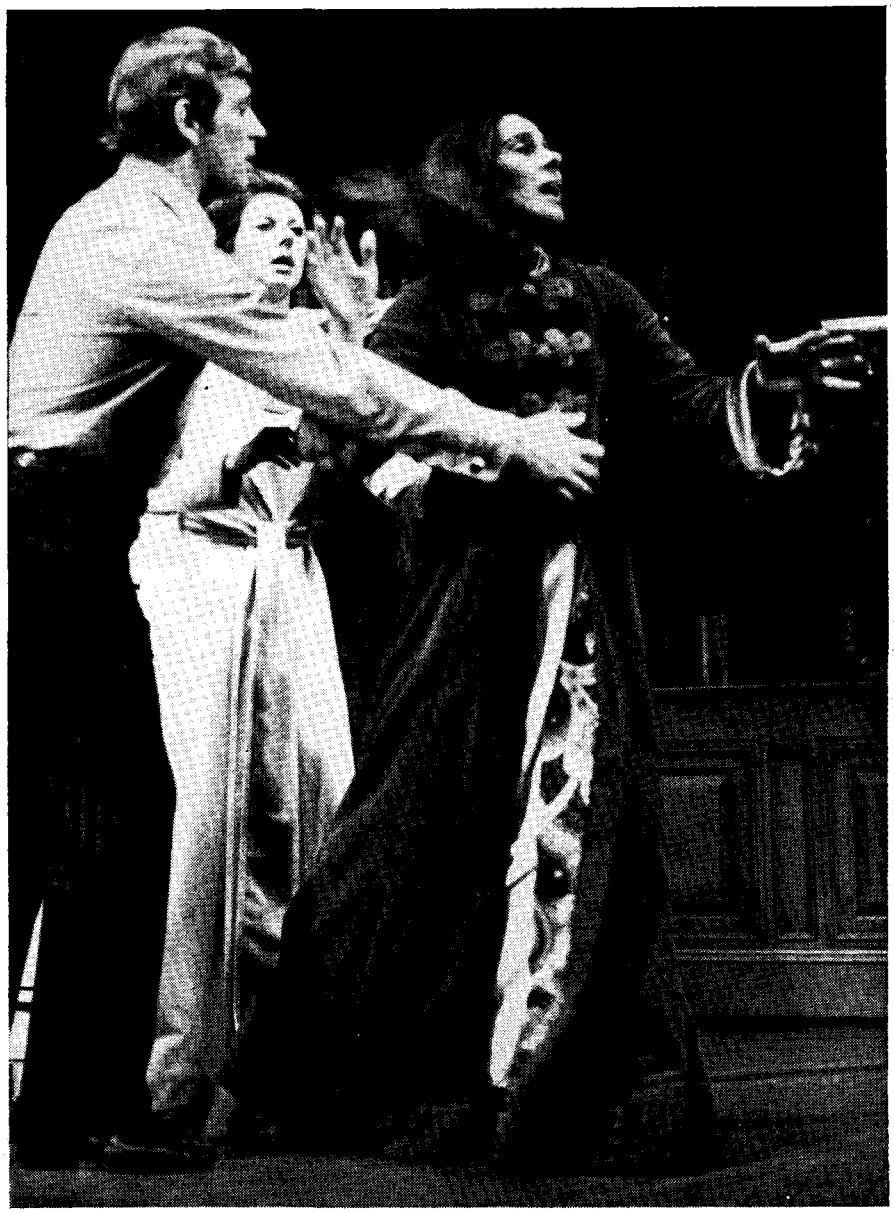
Similarly, David Rabe's *Sticks and Bones* (*SR*, Nov. 27), which has moved from Off-Broadway's Public Theater to Broadway's Golden Theater and which also received a rave review from Barnes, among others, faces an uphill battle for survival despite its lower operating cost (it has a smaller cast) and the momentum of its Off-Broadway success (it was doing capacity business at the Public).

Sticks and Bones is a difficult work, because it tries to mix satire and symbolism while making an impassioned and complex statement about contemporary America as perceived by a returning Vietnam veteran. If Broadway is going to continue to be the keystone of the American theater, it must be able to include, with subsidy if necessary, deeply significant and theatrically overreaching plays like *Sticks and Bones* in its total spectrum of available offerings.

Ironically, Broadway can find audiences even for superficial plays. Although it is by no means a hit, Lucille Fletcher's *Night Watch*, which opened February 28, has a good chance of achieving a healthy run because it promises to be a thriller.

Indeed, it spends most of the evening promising and only a small fraction of the time delivering. We sit expectantly registering a series of possibly pertinent and frequently contradictory clues that begin with a corpse which the leading lady, Mrs. Wheeler, claims to have glimpsed in the window of a deserted building across the way. Mrs. Wheeler seems on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and her handsome philandering husband strikes us as just a little too anxious to ship her off to a sanitarium in Switzerland. A friend who is visiting keeps turning up with objects that remind Mrs. Wheeler of her dead ex-husband. A snooping Ger-





Michael Weller's "Moonchildren" (above) could not survive on Broadway despite rave notices, while Lucille Fletcher's "Night Watch" (right) should succeed with audiences seeking painless diversion.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man housekeeper appears to know more than she should. A prominent psychiatrist may or may not be who she claims to be. A homosexual neighbor inserts himself at awkward times. And a man resembling the corpse wanders in for good measure.

Obviously, the playwright is using more red herrings than the law allows in order to hold our interest. This also taxes the performers. Joan Hackett must be so emotionally overwrought as the easily frightened Mrs. Wheeler that it is hard for her to shift into moments when reason and self-control should dominate. As her husband, Len Cariou doesn't have much opportunity to do anything but push the plot along, which he dutifully and neatly does. And Keene Curtis contents himself with supplying an ominous flavor as the gay intruder. George Jenkins has designed a setting that turns a little between each scene to give us a slightly different view of the same living room, and an increasingly prominent look at the building across the way. Reportedly, the turning originally led to a final enkyklema effect that was discarded as the play was revised.

One revision that should be made is crucial to the contract this kind of thriller makes with its audience. At one moment a character onstage alone makes a vocal response that, because

David Rabe's "Sticks and Bones" —If Broadway is to be the keystone of American theater, it must include deeply significant plays.

the person is alone, we accept as genuine. It later turns out that the response was fraudulent. Of course, for the sake of suspense we should not know immediately that it is pretended. But later, on the way home when we are trying to figure it all out, we must be able to reason back and accept the fact that the response could have been pretended. We cannot accept this at present. Why would anyone have to pretend when no one else was present? One way director Fred Coe might manage this delicate ambiguity would be simply by letting the response take place in the dark.

Night Watch is not a superior thriller, but it must be admitted that the very ordinariness of its characters and events somehow makes the surprise ending effective and satisfying. Thus it is apt to thrive with audiences that want to be painlessly diverted.

The Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center, which has accumulated the institutionalized audience *Moonchildren* and *Sticks and Bones* need, is currently offering a passing strange revival of *Twelfth Night*. Directed by Ellis Rabb, this new production emphasizes the sad aspects of Shakespeare's comedy.

The action is set on the huge blue-carpeted Beaumont Theater stage with actors and bits of scenery continually arriving and departing on the revolving circumference of the stage floor. In this Illyria East setting, it becomes more difficult for actors to relate intimately with one another. Therefore, each character tends to become a lost soul isolated in the contemplative limbo of the poet's mind.

As Viola, Blythe Danner is a baby lamb in boy's clothing, full of friskiness and fresh beauty but more in love with the hopelessness of her love than with the aged Count Orsino. Martha Henry supplies a contrasting portrait of tightly controlled emotion as the more mature Olivia. Rene Auberjonois uses sheer technique and energy to make the tricking of Malvolio comic in one scene and grotesquely cruel in another. As Orsino, that distinguished actor Moses Gunn seems to be searching behind every word for some answer to his lovesickness, but in so doing he loses us without finding it. And as Feste, George Pentecost emerges as a clown who is happier commiserating with himself in song than he is in his profession of fooling.

Likewise, Sydney Walker's Sir Toby Belch, Leonard Frey's Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and Cynthia Belgrave's Maria are morose merrymakers who never raise the comic temperature above a mild thaw. One suspects that this muted mirth may be inherent in Rabb's unusual conception of the play. And here is where we must season our disappointment with admiration. For better or worse, there is in this Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center production a clear and coherent approach thoroughly carried out. Arena Stage, which has just won the Margo Jones Award for its long record of encouraging new playwrights, with its consistent policy of including untried works

In Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples, Istanbul and Athens.
We'll give you a round-trip ticket, two meals a day, sightseeing and hotels with private bath.
All for a very civilized price.

Alitalia's Italy, Greece and Turkey Tour. Three weeks from $849 to $999.

For free brochures mail coupon to Alitalia Tours, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019, or call toll free from anywhere in continental United States—800-631-1972. In New Jersey call 800-962-2803.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____ *Zip* _____

My Travel Agent is _____

☐ Extra-Value Vacations to Europe & North Africa 32-page booklet detailing Tour Programs to Italy, Switzerland, Greece, Turkey, Sicily, Tunisia, Austria 2 & 3 Week Tours
☐ Mediterranean Cruise Tours
☐ On the Town Tours Italy, Switzerland, Monaco, Turkey, Greece 2 Week Tours
☐ East Africa, South Africa, Ethiopia 2 & 3 Week Photo Safaris
☐ Fly & Drive Tours and Car Rental Plans

Alitalia
ITALY'S WORLD AIRLINE

SR-IGT-3-25

Prices based on 14/21 day round-trip jet economy group inclusive tour fare from N.Y. for groups of 15 or more. Bookings must be made 30 days in advance. Prices effective April 1, 1972 and subject to government approval.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in its repertory schedule, has recently mounted the premiere of a play that has a bright potential for Broadway.

Called *A Conflict of Interest* and written by Jay Broad, it is in its best moments a nifty drama of political infighting within the highest places in American government. Its protagonist is Jacob Balding, an associate Justice of the Supreme Court, a sensitive and very capable man whose insecurity and naïveté have led him into such mistakes as accepting an $18,000 check and not returning it until he discovered that the donor had been indicted. The President is delighted to use this information to force Balding to resign from the Court. And Balding's distaste for ruthless political maneuvering prevents him from defending himself effectively. However, his former law partner is a realistic fighter, and with a little help from the Chief Justice he sets out to forestall the President's efforts. The ensuing game of political chess is fascinating to watch. It is the audience's desire to see the President defeated more than its wish to see Balding triumph that makes the play work, despite a soggy ending in which Balding exhibits a new strength that makes him a possible future President.

It is also impossible to prevent the audience from finding similarities between Balding and Abe Fortas, between Chief Justice Griffin and Earl Warren, and between President Billy Maxwell and Richard Nixon. Nevertheless, the playwright wisely avoids making the characters and events exactly equivalent, because this is not intended as a historical exposé. He has also avoided, here perhaps less wisely, giving the President the more interesting motive of wanting to reshape the character of the Court. Instead, Maxwell's elimination of Balding is for the purpose of discrediting him as a future opposition candidate for the Presidency.

Under Jerry Adler's direction, the Arena Stage production moves swiftly. Using an ingenious system of sliding floor panels designed by David R. Ballou, the production whisks us back and forth from the White House to a Washington hotel within seconds. And the cast performs flawlessly. Outstanding is Walter Abel's portrayal of the Chief Justice. Abel infuses the role with a marvelously endearing sense of the unimportance of political figureheads, and his joy in descending to political skulduggery is contagious. Less colorful, but quite effective, are Dane Clark as Balding, Howard Witt as his genially belligerent friend, and Michael Higgins as the short-tempered President. And Glenn Taylor and Cecilia Ward contribute an amusing scene as an aged Southern Senator and his young empty-headed wife. □

WIT TWISTER NO. 262

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Though — — — — — — — — by
the moon's indulgent law

To sing all night from out the
fragrant haw,

The nightingale — — — — — —
— — his legal right,

Quite — — — — — — — — — by this
blossom-scented night.

A.S.

(Answer on page 83)

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1497

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1497 will be found in the next issue.

CO IVAQXHZYH'U WQUA SHN

MAAW USQYZAY, ZSA FSQVA

OHIA QO ZSA AHYZS FQEVN

SHJA MAAW ISHWBAN.

XHUIHV

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1496

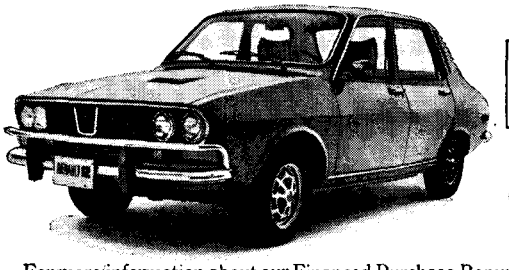
To be an agreeable guest one need only enjoy oneself.

Joubert

The European alternative to the American rent-a-car system.

If you're going to Europe this year you should know about the Renault Financed Purchase Repurchase Plan.

A BRAND NEW CAR—The Renault you get is always factory fresh.
LOWER MINIMUM AGE—To drive a Renault you need be only 18 years old.
VALUE— For example, the use of a Renault 4 for two months for $432.
NON-DEDUCTIBLE INSURANCE—It's included in our plan at no extra charge.
NO MILEAGE CHARGE—We mean absolutely. Even if you cover 20,000 miles.
CONVENIENCE—All details are taken care of *before* you arrive, including touring documents and insurance. And when you're ready to go home, just return your Renault at any of our convenient locations.



RENAULT
world's largest producer of front-wheel drive cars.

For more information about our Financed Purchase Repurchase Plan, or buying a Renault to bring home, see your nearest dealer or write:

Renault Inc., Overseas Delivery Department, 100 Sylvan Ave., Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632
Name _____ Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____ SR-4A

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorial

The Failure of Political Language

American political campaigns have never been the great national debates about "issues" that the celebrants of democracy have always wished them to be. They tend to dramatize the immediate, exaggerate the obvious, and obfuscate the significant. Since the advent of television, moreover, we have become increasingly uncertain about the relative merits, on the one hand, of the professionals' smoke-filled room and, on the other, of the superficiality of home-screen charisma. And yet, in the past, there was always some assurance about certain fundamentals. Political language began with—indeed, proceeded from—a set of unquestioned givens, and ideology, when it appeared at all, dealt largely with techniques and programs, not with genuinely divisive ideological questions. Such assurance sometimes ran roughshod over real issues and did some violence to genuine dissent, but it survived for nearly two centuries as the true-blue, one-for-all, now-and-forever American creed. With some exceptions, we shared a common set of political axioms—among them assumptions about the ever expanding American future—and so we (or the politicians) could feel relatively certain about what the analysts now call "the mood of the country," about what bothered people (or should have), and about what they expected.

What is new and striking about the 1972 campaign—and it is not likely to change—is that even that fundamental assurance is missing. Despite the endless analysis of the relative importance of the war, the economy, and the other visible issues, despite the polls and increasingly sophisticated opinion sampling, despite all the newfangled sociology of politics, there is less and less certainty about that thing now called the "national malaise." We have no way of really asking the question "What's bugging you?" and getting a useful set of answers, no way of expressing what people now believe or expect. It is almost as if a dozen candidates—Muskie, Humphrey, Yorty, McGovern, Chisholm, Jackson, Lindsay, McCloskey, Ashbrook, Wallace, Nixon—are running for the Presidency of an undiscovered country, looking for connections, for nerves to touch, seeking a language.

"A President," said Senator Muskie when he announced his candidacy, "must find and touch the common chords of our experience . . . challenge us to respond to our best instincts . . . to realize America's ancient dream—that somewhere on this planet there can be full justice for every member of society." "Why can't we," he said a few days later, "have a country in which we can all believe once again as we have in the past . . . without the doubts, without the suspicions?" Nostalgia is hardly new in political campaigns, but never before have so many candidates wished so desperately for the certainties of the past.

When he ran in 1968, Richard Nixon was not remade to fit the nation's convictions; he was already suited admirably to its uncertainty, its confusion, and its growing lack of confidence. Nixon promised—and, for the most part, has delivered—a caretaker government: law and order, revenue sharing, and, not inconsistently, economic controls. His major addresses, despite his personal flirtations with "history," have been articulations of status quo politics. The challenge has not been to restore confidence or even to solve problems; it has seemed, rather, to be the task of keeping everything from collapsing altogether. But without confidence in the normal processes of growth and change this approach has simply become a way of bailing out the middle class—property-tax payers, school systems verging on bankruptcy, fearful homeowners, wage earners and pensioners pressed by inflation—individuals and institutions that have come to regard change as something that is more likely to be for the worse than for the better.

Edmund Muskie's groping is not unique: Any "President must find and touch the common chords of our experience." Every politician in history has been confronted by the same problem. But this year history seems to have failed them. How does one relate to a sense of national uneasiness that has yet to be understood? Is the problem merely unemployment or inflation or the Vietnam War? Or are all these things just symptoms (or, worse, explanations) of a more fundamental sense of national despair? It is bad for anyone to say such things, and particularly bad for politicians, but the evidence is there. Most Americans were raised to believe that in the normal course of events—and despite such aberrations as depressions and war—things would inevitably get better. Tomorrow would be brighter than today: more goods, more opportunities, more of everything. All the curves were going up. This is what provided the safety valve against real class consciousness and class conflict. There was no need to be concerned about fundamental redistributions of power and wealth since there would be more of everything all the way up the line.

There have been doubts about all this before, of course, but for the first time—certainly since the Depression, perhaps in all of American history—the doubts are no longer just those of literary people or of critics (Melville and Twain expressed them a century ago) but of the nation at large. All the frontiers now seem closed. The old symbols of progress have turned into totems of trouble and dislocation—the automobile, the smoking factory chimney, the schools, even the city itself. Although the economists still are drawing those rising curves and although the economy itself is said to be a major issue in this campaign, the more serious dislocation seems to be a recession of the spirit: partly a growing doubt in the indefinite continuity of growth, partly a doubt about its desirability, and partly just a vague decline in confidence about the future. What the kids of the middle class began saying five years ago about the lack of a future seems now to have become the inchoate sense of a large segment of the country. All the promised forms of salvation of the last decade—research, education, government programs, moon shots—have turned out to be less than advertised.

At the same time, the chronic war in Southeast Asia, the dollar crisis, and the nation's obvious inability to dominate either the world or its own destiny not only have shaken the confidence of people who were used to taking these things for granted but also have deprived the nation of its classic political language. We all have suffered the delayed shock of Hiroshima, Mylai, Attica, and Kent State. How does one talk about the possibilities of an age that is beyond all the obvious frontiers—geographical, economic, perhaps even technological? How does one talk about the problems that derive from a flattening-out of growth or from the lack of the satisfaction that growth was once supposed to bring? How does one refer to American greatness without the Old World dominance or the conviction that the entire globe wants nothing other than to emulate democracy and the capitalist system? Is there a way of creating an optimism about the future—of being genuinely American (touching the common chords of experience)—with a wholly new set of assumptions? How does one link the unfulfilled aspirations of all those who have not made it to the psychic dissatisfaction of those who, according to the common standards of American success, have everything they need? Where is the common ground between

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

blue-collar workers, blacks, the poor, the young, the old, and the various other minorities, organized or otherwise, who constitute the vocal elements of American politics? The established political rhetoric of the past four years has defined a negative Middle America, a constituency known more clearly for its fears than for its hopes, and so we now judge candidates as much by their lack of offensiveness (who will turn off the fewest people) as by their appeal. We have yet to define a similar constituency in positive terms.

Some people are trying: The fashionable self-definition these days is "populist." Senator Fred Harris of Oklahoma ran a short-lived "populist" campaign; George Wallace has the makings (sometimes) of a populist; even John Lindsay has called himself one. So far, however, none of these efforts has produced either the leadership or the language that can provide the focus that this campaign needs so badly.

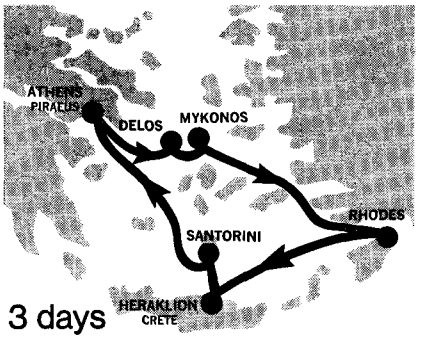
Perhaps there are no magic words to rouse the sleeping prince; at the same time hardly anyone has tried to ask the obvious: What kinds of cohesive possibilities exist for a nation that must give up its historic dreams? Should someone be saying that the future of the country does not lie in material stuff or in world dominance but in major political, social, and cultural reforms premised on the idea that the old assumptions won't work, that resources and power must be reallocated, and that all the economic measures of the past few years have done little more than enlarge corporate profits and concentrate even more power in corporate institutions? No one has yet fully read the implications of the popularity of Ralph Nader. He has been permanently tagged as a "consumer advocate," a phrase that suggests prices in the food market and defective automobiles. But is it not also possible that someone will begin to understand Naderism as something that can be parlayed into a genuinely populist (or even "radical") attack on concentrations of power?

There has been a great deal of rhetoric about revolutions in America. Even Richard Nixon talked revolution in his 1971 State of the Union message. Yet, clearly, there is some kind of revolution arising from our growing uncertainty about who we are and to what we should aspire. That revolution does promise a language, a way of talking about the more fundamental conditions of American life. It may not make for political victory in 1972, but it will without doubt provide the basis for a generation of serious political debate. It must, in the dictionary sense of the word, be radical, because that's what the issues are.

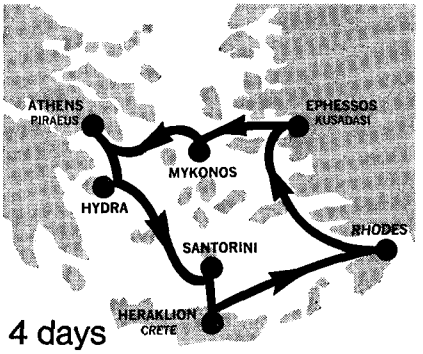
Peter Schrag

Follow the Sun for 3, 4 or 7 days.

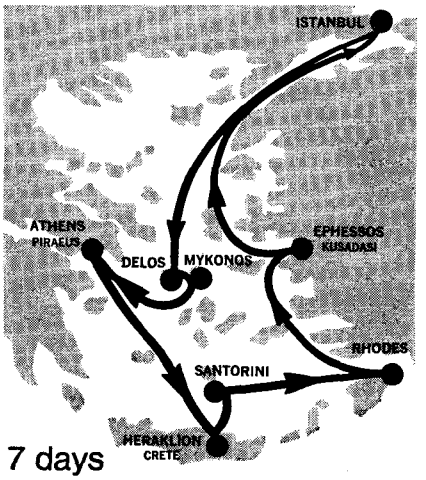
There is no better way to experience the Aegean.



3 days



4 days



7 days

You know what a great feeling it is to just drift along without a care in the world. That's the feeling you get on a Sun Line 3, 4 or 7 day cruise.

Because you travel on luxurious, yacht-like liners in picture-windowed staterooms with wall-to-wall carpeting and air conditioning. There's a spirit of intimacy on our sunships that you can't find on big overcrowded cruise ships. And the kind of service that caters to your every need.

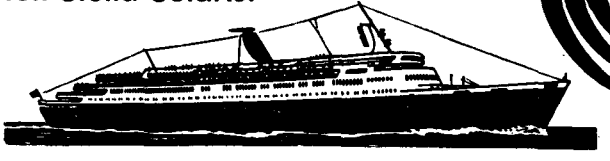
Our 3 day cruise lets you visit the picturesque Greek Islands of Rhodes, Crete, Mykonos, Delos and Santorini (believed to be the legendary Atlantis). If you have an extra day, our 4 day cruise will take you to visit colorful Hydra and the splendid ruins of Ephessos in Turkey. And for those who really want to follow the sun, there's a 7 day cruise that includes the exotic capital of ancient Byzantium, Istanbul.

Departures are from Athens (Pireaus), March 27th to October 23rd, inclusive. Shore excursions are available at all ports for a slight additional charge that includes all entrance fees, transportation and guides.

Minimum rates, 3 day cruise $96, 4 day $128, 7 day $194.

SUN LINE

Introducing the new 15,000 ton Stella Solaris.



The Stella Maris and Stella Oceanis are both ships of Greek registry. For more information, call your travel agent or contact Holland-America Line Agencies, Inc., agents for Sun Line, Pier 40, North River, New York, N.Y. 10014.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Don't go to the Orient on Pan Am or Japan Air Lines or TWA or Varig or Philippine Airlines or Canadian Pacific Air or Northwest Orient Airlines...

...without the 1972 Cathay Pacific Airways book of Orient Discovery Tours.

Big-hearted?
No-just realistic. You see, Cathay Pacific can't get you there from here. So we leave that to our friends, the transpacific carriers. But once in the Orient, you're ours. So we go all out to tempt you with our tempting book of Orient vacation ideas. 64 tours and de-tours from plain to fancy. From the folks who know the far East like a book... a book.

Free!
Yes. Tempt me, with your big idea book.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
My travel agent is_____
Cathay Pacific Airways – Dept. SR-C-3/72
291 Geary St., San Francisco, CA 94102
The airline to fly in the Orient after you fly to the Orient.

Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

The Curzon Character; Rysanek's Salome

A kind of musical pleasure New Yorkers have not experienced in years was provided by Clifford Curzon on a recent Sunday evening in Philharmonic Hall. One might say, in almost ten years, for it has been nearly a decade since the eminent English pianist gave a recital here. Within a few measures one realized that with Curzon, as with every artist of distinction, thought and sound formed a composite uniquely his.

It is questionable if any pianist of comparable rank would invest an evening's effort in a sequence that began with Schubert's *Moments musicaux*, continued with the E-flat (Op.35) Variations of Beethoven, and concluded with Schumann's C-major Fantasy. Each of these has sufficient of the elusive and the challenging to satisfy the average artist's appetite for the unattainable. It is a measure of the Curzon character that he has absorbed from his mentor, the great Artur Schnabel, a commitment to "music which is better than it can be played."

In the brief but limitlessly expressive pieces of Schubert, it is the complexity of the microcosm that leaves an ever narrower but always receding distance between aspiration and achievement. Curzon examined each of the miniatures for its particular blend of pathos and pleasure, treating the most celebrated of all (in F minor, which is "the" *Moment musical* to most listeners) as one gem among the matched six. The results of this discriminating treatment nourished as well as entertained.

The balance of nature rarely combines intellectual and physical dexterity in equal measure, and Curzon pays a not unfamiliar price in fluency for his highly refined insights. As Schnabel made lastingly apparent in his performances of the E-flat Variations (from which emerged, of course, the finale of the *Eroica* Symphony), they are one of the pivotal expressions of the thirtyish Beethoven. Curzon's performance revealed fully his awareness of their transitional importance, the differences they define between the old order of variation-by-embellishment and the new order of variation-by-substantive-change. Not every note was cleanly articulated, and sometimes the passage playing was indistinct. There was, however, nothing in the least murky about Curzon's thinking.

Salome is again in the Metropolitan's repertory, for the first time in the half a dozen seasons that the company has been performing in Lincoln Center. The Rudolf Heinrich production looks even better under the lighting available in the newer theater than it did downtown. Of additional new interest were Karl Böhm as the work's conductor and Leonie Rysanek in her first appearance in the title role.

Both are eminent Straussians with a wide range of solid achievements to their credit. Where, for example, would the New York experience of *Die Frau ohne Schatten* be without them? Much less authentic, to be sure.

But *Salome* is a special case, more mercurial, exotic, and psychically demanding than any other of Strauss's stage scores (*Elektra* included). The pressures are relentlessly on the performer of Salome from the moment she enters, within the first ten minutes of the hour-and-a-half work. Her principal colleague-in-drama is not among those who come and go onstage but the one who controls the flow of music in the pit.

Together Rysanek and Böhm achieved a *Salome* that was craftily planned, well proportioned, and carefully sustained from first to last. In vocal strength, Rysanek qualified for inclusion among the best Salomes of recent years, down to the declaration of her final "Ah! Ich habe deinen Mund geküsst, Jokanaan," addressed to the severed head of the Prophet, that left little unspoken in musical necrophilia.

For total credibility, however, the governing considerations have to do with the amount of hypnotic fervor and theatrical involvement the two generate on behalf of the determined teen-ager's loathsome fixation. For my taste in Salomes, the results never passed beyond the calculated and the premeditated into the realm of spontaneity and drama in which disbelief is suspended and acceptance is involuntary. Rysanek's movements have been so completely choreographed, even prior to the famous Dance of the Seven Veils (of which she had several left over at the end), that an unexpected tension, a gripping deviation, are all but ruled out. Böhm's direction of the orchestra stressed specifics of the scoring but did not re-create all the magnetism that it contains. As for the neurotic purposes of Gerhard Stolze's Herod, they were left in limbo by an undersized vocal sound that didn't get much beyond the orchestra pit. Thomas Stewart was the gaunt-looking, well-sounding Prophet, Irene Dalis a disciplined Herodias, and John Macurdy a source of powerful sonority as the first Nazarene. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When it comes to fine stereo receivers...
a Marantz is a Marantz is a Marantz.

That means Marantz not only makes the finest *most* expensive stereo equipment in the world, but also the finest *least* expensive stereo equipment. Take the Marantz Model 2215 FM/AM stereo receiver for only $249.95. You're getting 15 watts RMS per channel, and exclusive Gyro-Touch tuning. You're also getting the same Marantz prestige, the same craftsmanship, and the same Marantz quality offered in our most expensive equipment.

$249.95

If you're a purist and willing to pay for perfection, then you want the finest, most expensive stereo FM receiver in the world. The Marantz Model 19. Yes, it is $1200. It is the best stereo FM receiver money can buy. And will more than justify your investment.

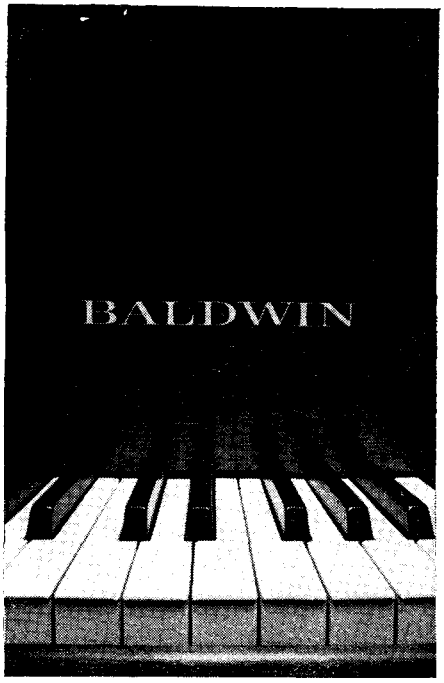
$1200

Same name, same quality—regardless of price. That's Marantz' superior quality, inherent in the full line of components priced from $1200.00 to as low as $149.95. And to complete your system, choose a Marantz Imperial speaker system. **marantz.**

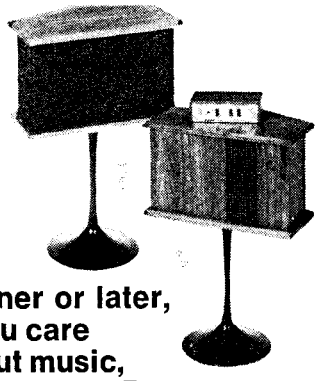
We sound better.

©Copyright 1972 Marantz Co., Inc., a subsidiary of Superscope, Inc., P.O. Box 99E, Sun Valley, Calif. 91352. In Europe: Marantz Int'l S.A., Brussels, Belgium. In Canada: Electrohome, Ltd., Kitchener, Ontario. Prices subject to change without notice. Send for free catalog.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Claudette Sorel's Accompanist



Sooner or later, if you care about music, you will own Bose 901 DIRECT/REFLECTING™ speakers.

Begin by hearing them now.

12 years of university research produced a new concept in stereo speakers. Listen to the BOSE 901 in A-B comparison with any conventional speaker and appreciate why it is the most highly reviewed speaker regardless of size or price.

Write for copies of the reviews and list of BOSE dealers in your area.

You can hear the difference now.

THE BOSE® CORP.
Dept. R
Natick, Massachusetts 01760

Jazz Report

Funk, Inc.: *Funk, Inc.*
Bobby Watley, organ; Eugene Barr, tenor saxophone; Steve Weakley, guitar; Jimmy Munford, drums; Cecil Hunt, conga. Prestige stereo, PR-10031, $5.98.

Though it bears a name that suggests yet another rock group, this Indianapolis quintet plays more jazz than most of the established organ combos are now permitted to record. Rhythmically, it is very strong, and its repetitive use of riffs on blues themes has an agreeable, hypnotic effect. Watley, who brings Lonnie Smith of the first George Benson quartet gratifyingly to mind, teams splendidly with Weakley, a twenty-one-year-old guitarist who should have a bright future. Munford also contributes valuably to the group's extremely danceable beat.

Lil Green: *Romance in the Dark.*
Lil Green, vocal; Simon Henry, piano; Big Bill Broonzy, guitar; Ransom Knowling, bass; on one track Broonzy and Knowling are replaced by Samuel Casimir and Robert Montgomery, respectively; on another the accompaniment is by a big band directed by Howard Callender. RCA mono, LPV-574, $5.98.

Lil Green, who enjoyed much success with black audiences during the Forties, is an important link between such singers as Georgia White, Helen Humes, Julia Lee, and Dinah Washington. Her high-pitched street voice and uninspired phrasing make her popularity hard to understand, but the lyrics of her songs were probably quite as important as the artistry with which they were delivered. The album title is that of one of her best-known hits; also here is "Why Don't You Do Right?" which Peggy Lee later parlayed into something much bigger when she sang it with Benny Goodman. Musically, the brightest spots are provided by Broonzy and Henry.

Stan Kenton: *Live at Brigham Young University.* Stan Kenton, piano; with eighteen-piece band. Creative World quadrophonic, ST-1039, $10 (two discs). (Postpaid from The Creative World of Stan Kenton, Box 35216, Los Angeles, Calif. 90035.)

Kenton now has his own record label (like George Shearing) and a considerable catalogue in which many of his early albums have been restored to availability. This set was recorded in August 1971, and the quadrophonic sound proves very satisfactory on stereo equipment. Titles such as "Malaga," "Bogota," and "Macumba Suite" speak for themselves, and prove to be the expected, brassily boisterous exhibition pieces. The overall musicianship displayed, as is usual with Kenton, is impressive, and many points must be given for precision, energy, and effort. The soloists, however, while indeed capable of virtuosity, do not have musical personalities that challenge the might of the ensembles. Two baritone saxophonists probably come nearest, Willie Maiden in Hank Levy's "A Step Beyond," where he briefly dictates an individual mood, and Chuck Carter on Bill Holman's richly voiced arrangement of the main theme from *Rhapsody in Blue*. There are dynamic contrasts in this music, of course, but during any relatively gentle or subtle passages the listener is always uncomfortably aware that the brass is massing somewhere to descend upon him with Wagnerian force. In fact, the reeds do not have equal rights in this band! And alongside the Teutonic pomp and circumstance of the brass the Latin percussion sounds decidedly incongruous.

Wes Montgomery: *Just Walkin'.*
Wes Montgomery, guitar; with small groups and big band. Verve stereo, V6-8804, $5.98; GRT 8-track, 8140-8804, $6.95; GRT cassette, 5140-8804, $6.95.

Of eight previously unissued performances, recorded in the mid-Sixties and collected here, the most interesting is a seven-minute version of Thelonious Monk's " 'Round Midnight," on which Montgomery is joined by organist Jimmy Smith and a disciplined big band. The two soloists express themselves thoughtfully, without any indication of pressure, and create a mood entirely appropriate to the composition. Among the other numbers are alternative versions of some of the guitarist's biggest hits.

Sarah Vaughan: *A Time in My Life.*
Sarah Vaughan, vocal, with fifteen-piece band; Ernie Wilkins, arranger and conductor. Mainstream stereo, MRL-340, $4.98.

Sarah Vaughan, shameful to relate, had not recorded for five years before this album was made. "The radical changes in American Popular Music," the notes explain, "have provided Sarah with a chance to meet new challenges, dealing with the repertoires of Brian Auger, John Lennon, Les McCann, John Sebastian, Bob Dylan, and others who epitomize the sound of the Seventies." Whether or not these repertoires will help sell a few records, the truth is that they are scarcely appropriate to a singer of Miss Vaughan's capability. The overprominent percussion, also typical of the Seventies, is another decided handicap. "Inner City Blues" gets an infectious interpretation, and, although the record as a whole is disappointing (from a jazz viewpoint), Mainstream deserves credit for reassuring us that one of the great voices is still in excellent shape. Better luck next time?

Stanley Dance

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We only publish AUDIENCE every other month because it takes two months to experience.

When you find yourself anxious to get to the next page but reluctant to leave the page you're on, you're with AUDIENCE.

You savor AUDIENCE.

You linger over one of the most lavish collections of fiction, articles, poetry, photography and painting ever assembled between two covers. And those covers are durable — like a book — because you'll want to keep AUDIENCE around — like a book.

Think of this magazine as a non-magazine.

AUDIENCE is sold by subscription, like a lot of magazines. But the resemblance ends right there. You can't buy AUDIENCE on the newsstand. It carries no advertising. And you'll never want to rush through it.

For our part, we refuse to be rushed. And AUDIENCE shows it. Every issue reflects this basic conviction: the finest writing deserves the finest illustration and design. We're convinced that AUDIENCE combines the verbal and the visual better than any publication has ever done before.

Will AUDIENCE ever hang in the Louvre?

Considering the care that goes into each issue, it may well be a minor miracle that we can present AUDIENCE to you as often as six times a year.

Fortunately, we have a host of talented people on our side. Art directors are Milton Glaser and Seymour Chwast, whose Push Pin Studios is the first American design group ever to be honored with an exhibition at the Louvre. From the start AUDIENCE has been testimony to their talents, winning top honors from the prestigious Society of Publication Designers.

Our editorial advisors epitomize taste, each in his own field. Alan Arkin, Saul Bass, Saul Bellow, Robert Bolt, John Cassavetes, Marisol, Inge Morath, Gordon Parks, Anne Sexton, Tom Wicker, John A. Williams. People of taste — and taste is what AUDIENCE is all about.

Algren to Updike—here's some of the company you'll keep.

Our contributors make reading a pleasure again. Here are a few of them: Nelson Algren, James Baldwin, Thomas Berger, Vance Bourjaily, John Brooks, J.P. Donleavy, William Price Fox, Bruce Jay Friedman, John Gardner, Herbert Gold, Joseph C. Goulden, Joseph Heller, John Clellon Holmes, Benedict Kiely, Larry L. King, Arthur Miller, Alan Moorehead, Pablo Neruda, Edwin Newman, Vladimir Nabokov, Richard Rhodes, Clancy Sigal, L.E. Sissman, John Updike.

Every year, the six issues of AUDIENCE add up to 12 pounds of the most distinguished writing and art in America today.

We'd like to send you 2 pounds of AUDIENCE with our compliments.

To make it easy for you to get in on the excitement, we'll be delighted to send you 2 pounds' worth — a complimentary copy of the latest issue. It's a $4.95 value (single copy price) but it's yours for the asking.

Just mail the coupon and we'll get your copy to you right away. Even if you decide not to become a subscriber, this issue of AUDIENCE is yours to keep. And savor.

Mail coupon for your complimentary copy!

audience

P.O. BOX 407 MASPETH, N.Y. 11378

Please send me my complimentary copy. If I don't like it, I'll let you know within fourteen days after I receive it. Otherwise, start my subscription to AUDIENCE for one year. I will receive an additional six issues for the charter price of $15 (that's $14.70 less than if I purchased the copies separately). In any case, the current issue is mine without obligation.

☐ $15.00 payment enclosed. Please send me — without charge and *in addition* to the subscription and complimentary copy — a rare early edition of AUDIENCE. Payment refunded if not satisfied. 901352

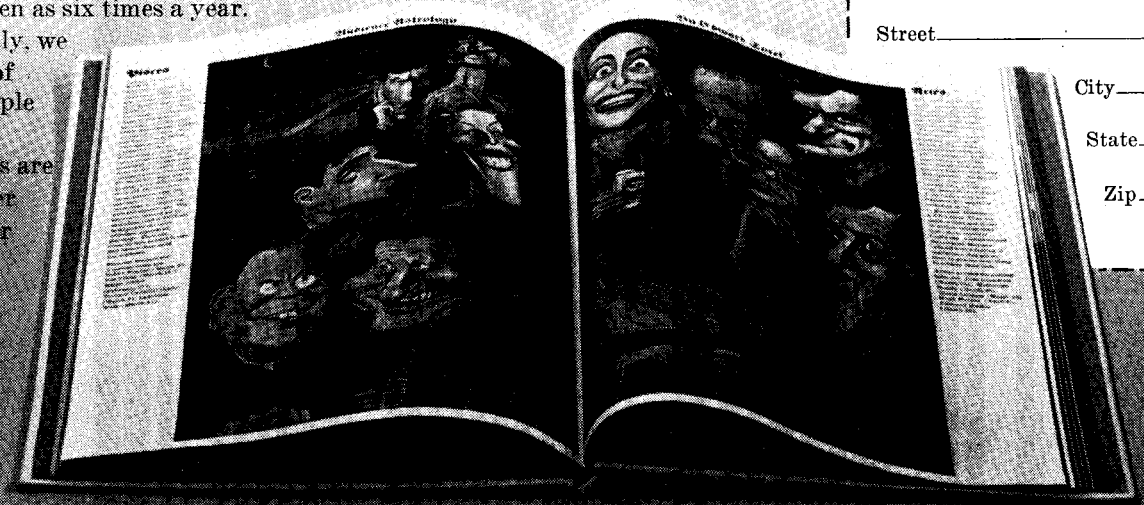
Name_____

Street_____

City_____

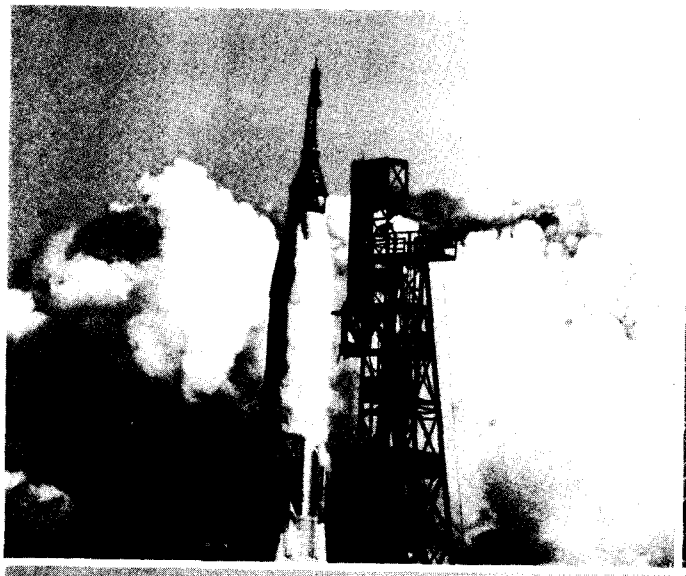
State_____

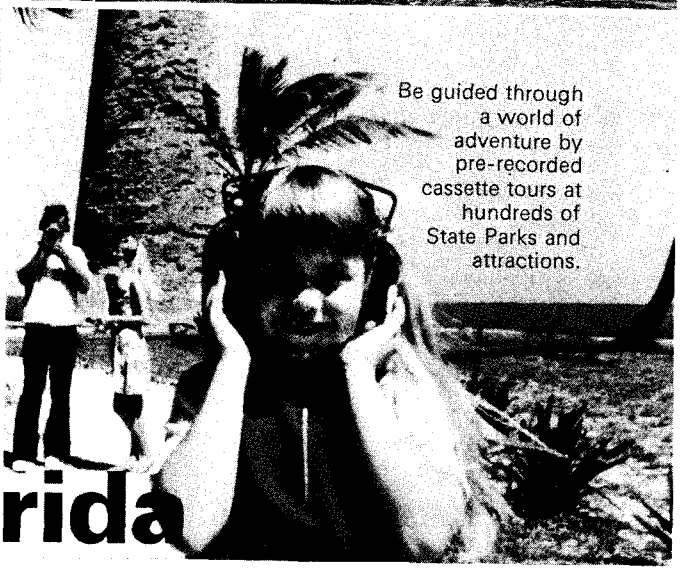
Zip_____



AUDIENCE has been coming like a book because you'll want to keep it like a book.
Let us send you a copy—a $4.95 value—with our compliments.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





Be guided through a world of adventure by pre-recorded cassette tours at hundreds of State Parks and attractions.

Florida

From the Miracle Strip in Northwest Florida to Key West.

From the Gulf of Mexico to the Atlantic, Florida is filled with adventure. Over a thousand miles of white sandy beaches—air conditioned by Trade Winds and Gulf breezes. Miles of rolling green hills starred with orange groves surrounding thousands of lakes stocked with fighting Bass. Be a part of history in America's oldest city, St. Augustine, and stand in awe at the Cape, gateway to the Universe. Explore the mysterious Everglades. Experience the quiet beauty of the Florida Keys; the excitement of the glamorous Gold Coast. Glide down the historic Suwannee or go on a jungle safari along the Caloosahatchee. Picnic on the Gulf Coast or dine in an exotic restaurant. Challenge the Sailfish or Marlin in the Gulf or Gulf Stream. Thrill to the silent beauty of underwater life. Beguiled by fantastic attractions evolved by man and nature. Florida for whatever your mood. Florida for whatever your pleasure. Whatever you seek—wherever you go you'll agree . . . it's FLORIDA FOR ADVENTURE!

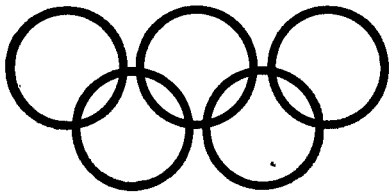
THE STATE OF EXCITEMENT

Write for your FREE Florida VACATION-MASTER Information Package!
Be sure to let us know what recreation you like and when you plan to arrive.

Florida Department of Commerce, Room 422, Collins Building, Tallahassee, Florida 32304

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review of
THE ARTS



Spring Travel Issue

MUNICH, THE OLYMPICS, AND THE GERMAN WORLD

A certain poignancy hangs over the Olympic spectacle that will unfold in Germany this expectant summer of '72. Inevitably, the XX Olympiad will recall the Berlin Games of '36, which Hitler and his propagandists so artfully used to cloak the monstrous doctrines of Nazism in festive athletic respectability. But the Munich Games that open in August will at last welcome Germany back into the family of nations, not just in the tenets of treaties long since negotiated, but in the hearts of men.

The games will provide the chance to display a new nation contemporary in thought, prosperous in economy, and democratic in doctrine. In the tradition of ancient Greece, sports will share a stage with a Cultural Olympiad at least as ambitious as the athletic events themselves. Celebrated performers from the farthest meridians will come to Munich, Augsburg, and Kiel, and the artistic talents of the home country, in their own appearances, will remind the world of the monumental cultural contribution of which Germany, over the centuries, has been capable in times of peace. These are the themes that are explored in the special section that commences overleaf. HORACE SUTTON

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROM JESSE OWENS TO THE SUMMER OF '72

BY WILLIAM L. SHIRER

A veteran chronicler at Hitler's court surveys the road from the Nazi Olympics in Berlin '36 to the high life of German democracy.

Shortly before the fourth winter Olympics opened in Germany in 1936 I mentioned in a dispatch from Garmisch-Partenkirchen that the Nazi authorities were quietly removing certain signs, "Jews Unwanted!" "Jews Get Out!" from the Bavarian resort where the games were to take place, and that Jew-baiting would be discontinued until the summer games in Berlin ended in mid-August.

Hitler and Goebbels, I added, were determined to make a tremendous propaganda show of the Olympics, the first to be held in Germany. They planned to demonstrate to the world that the Germans under the Nazi dictatorship were a hardworking, friendly, peaceful, and contented people. They would convince any doubtful Germans that the outside world, by its enthusiastic participation in the games, admired and respected the new authoritarian Germany.

Several nations, including the United States, had threatened to boycott the games because of Hitler's savage treatment of the Jews—he had deprived them of their citizenship and civil rights the year before by official decree. The threat had caused much concern in Berlin, but now it had evaporated. Fifty nations were sending 5,000 athletes to the games.

The day the contents of my dispatch were cabled back to Berlin all hell broke over my head. The Nazi-controlled radio and press hysterically denounced me as "a tool of the Jews" and accused me of trying to torpedo the Olympic Games. I was threatened with expulsion.

In the end the Nazi wrath subsided, I covered the winter and the summer games, as I had those eight years before at St. Moritz and Amsterdam, and by the time the Olympic flame high above the stadium in Berlin was extinguished on the evening of August 16, 1936, I readily conceded that Hitler and his Nazi thugs had succeeded in making the XI Olympiad the most colorful in history and, what was more important, had used the Olympics to fool the world into believing that Nazi Germany was a peaceful, civilized, and contented nation. Moreover, the tens of thousands of visitors and the athletes from supposedly hostile foreign lands seemed, by their friendliness and expressions of admiration, to give their approval to the new Germany. This helped to strengthen Hitler's hold on his people.

Now, thirty-six years later, Germany is again host to the summer Olympic Games. The XX Olympiad will be held in Munich, Germany's most beautiful and genial city, from August 26 to September 10. Thousands of athletes from 126 countries, 4,000 journalists, and tens of thousands of visiting spectators from all over the world will find it a quite different Germany from the one Hitler ruled. None are more conscious of this than the hosts, who are putting up more than $150-million to ensure the success of the summer games.

Willi Daume, president of the German Olympic Committee and chief organizer of the games, has been quite frank in discussing the image he hopes Germany will present to the world at Munich: "It is to be hoped that the Munich games will expunge impressions that have been prejudicial to Germany's good name ever since 1936. They will certainly give the world an introduction to a new and different Germany."

To his own people Daume pointed out that the selection of Munich for this year's games "means the world's gift of renewed trust in Germany, a trust that is not a matter of course, but that perhaps is not undeserved either."

There will be few, if any, reminders of the Nazi time. The party itself is *verboten*. The swastika symbol that so dominated the sea of flags at the Olympic Stadium in 1936, may not be displayed today, even on the cover of a book about Nazi Germany. There is a Neo-Nazi movement, to be sure, which now and then scores a local success, but it does not amount to much. Among the older Germans there will be many who once proudly wore the swastika button on their lapels, denoting membership in Hitler's party. It is not held against them in Germany today. Kurt Kiesinger, the Christian Democrat leader and Willy Brandt's predecessor as Chancellor, is an example. I saw him in the first war years when he was broadcasting the Nazi line for Ribbentrop's Foreign Office from the same studios I worked in as a CBS correspondent. He always wore the familiar party button in his lapel.

Munich, the birthplace of the Nazi Party and the scene of Hitler's early triumphs, is dominated today by the Social-Democrats, who control the City Council and whose leader is the forty-five-year-old burgomaster, Dr. Hans-Jochen Vogel.

This summer's visitors will find a hardworking, prosperous people, rather materialistic, but certainly not militaristic. They are struggling to make democracy, which was imposed on them by ther conquerors, work. And they are still in search of an identity in a forcibly divided country, a reality that will be emphasized when for the first time East Germany will participate in the Olympics as a separate nation.

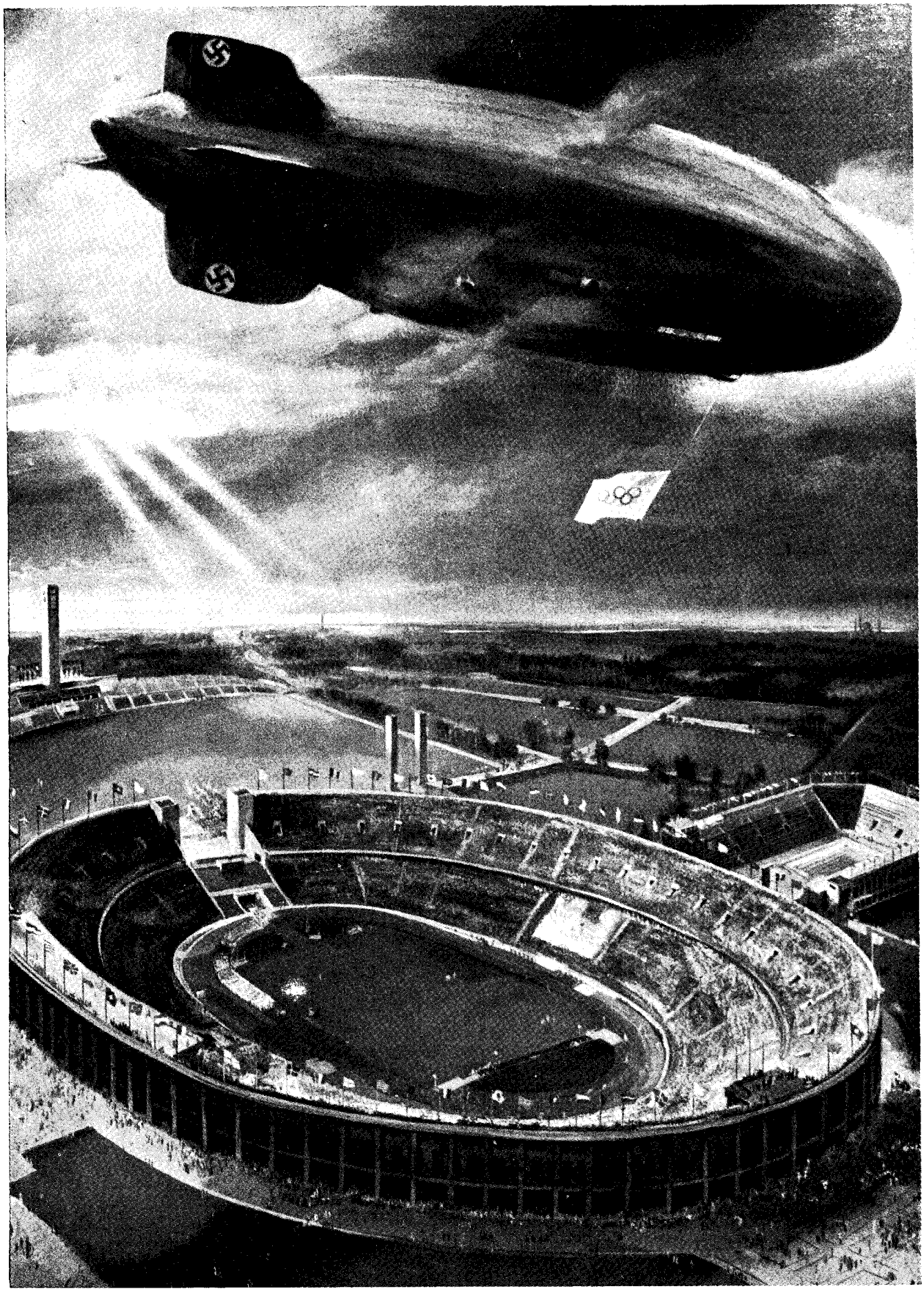
In Berlin in 1936, for those of us who were stationed there and who covered the Olympic Games, it was the distortions that disturbed us most. We knew that the Third Reich that Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, and the German Olympic Committee put over on the visiting athletes and spectators was a facade. It was made to look peaceful and happy and reasonable, but behind the glittering appearances we correspondents lived daily with a darker side: a regimented, anti-Semitic, militaristic nation, contemptuous of the

---

A foreign correspondent for thirty-seven years, William L. Shirer first went to Germany in 1925. His books *Berlin Diary* and *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* have become standard reference works. He is writing his memoirs at his home in Lenox, Massachusetts, where, in their off-hours, members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra often come to play chamber music, his particular passion.

Artist's drawing of the time shows dirigible "Hindenburg" floating over Reichssportfeld in Berlin on opening day of XI Olympiad. Games in Munich, "Germany's most genial city," will, it is hoped, "expunge impressions prejudicial to Germany since 1936."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

democracies, and preparing feverishly for war and conquest.

None fell more victim to the Nazi distortion than the Americans, the American Olympic Committee above all, and the thousands of athletes and spectators. From Berlin we had watched with some interest the devious but successful efforts of the American Olympic Committee to dampen and destroy the movement at home to boycott the Olympics in Germany because of Hitler's barbarous treatment of the Jews and because Jews were excluded from the German Olympic teams.

Late in 1933 the AAU had voted overwhelmingly to boycott the Olympic Games in Germany unless Jewish athletes were permitted to participate in them on German teams. The American Olympic Committee had approved. A year later it had a change of heart. It dispatched its president, Avery Brundage, the fanatical champion of amateurism (as he demonstrated again at the recent winter games in Japan), to Germany to see if the Nazis were sincere in claiming that Jews could make their Olympic teams if qualified. Brundage found that the Nazis were sincere. On his return he recommended American participation in the 1936 games, and the American Olympic Committee accepted his recommendation.

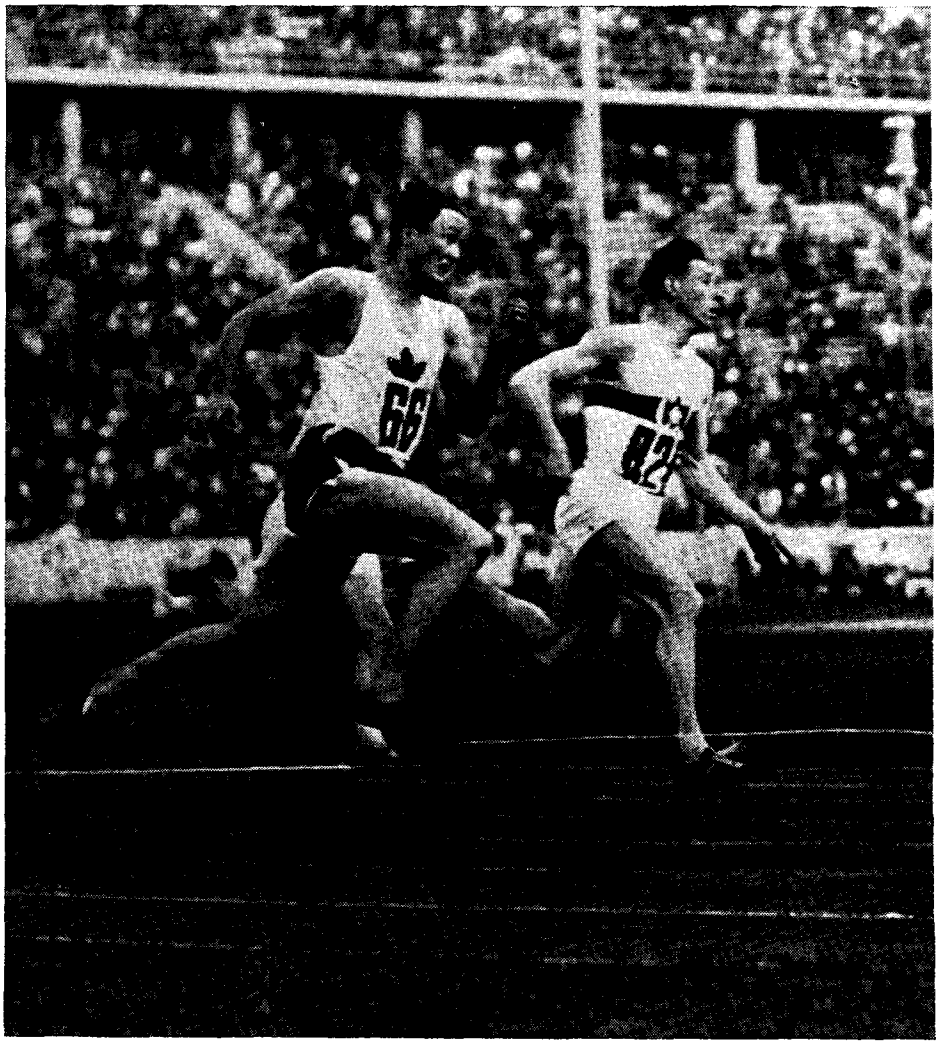
Still, the agitation for a boycott continued. Gen. Charles E. Sherrill, a member of both the American and the International Olympic committees, was sent over in September 1935 to have another look at the German Olympic situation. While he was touring the Third Reich, Hitler promulgated the infamous Nuremberg Laws, depriving Jews of their citizenship and other civil rights. Undaunted, the brisk general returned to New York in October and announced: "I went to Germany for the purpose of getting at least one Jew on the German Olympic team, and I feel that my job is finished."

Actually, Sherrill had got *two* Jews on the German team, both of whom returned from exile to provide window dressing for the Nazis: Rudi Ball, the star hockey player, who was living in France; and Helene Mayer, a half-Jewish fencer, who had won a gold medal in the 1928 games at Amsterdam and who was studying in Los Angeles. In Berlin we correspondents noted that no Jews *living in Germany* were named. And in the case of Miss Mayer, she was promptly declared an Aryan by the Nazi authorities.

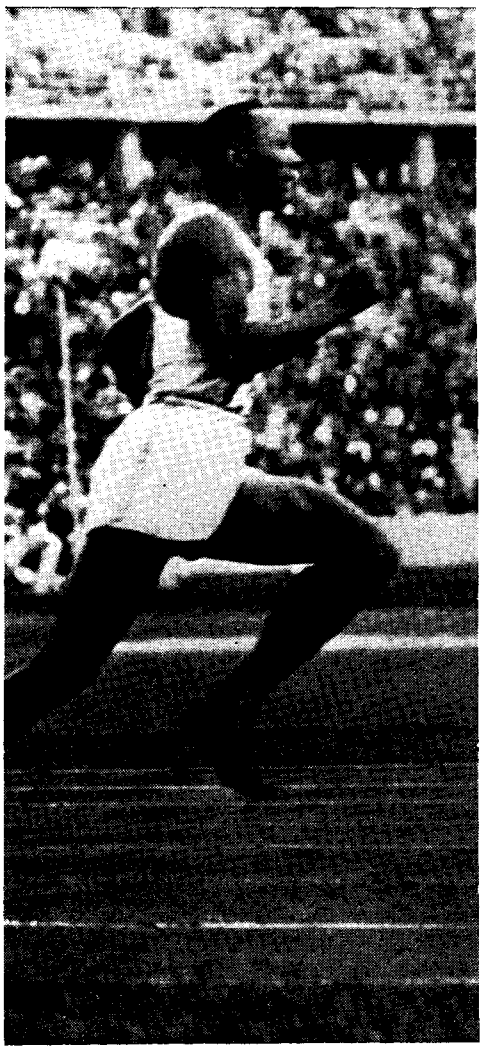
These minor concessions from Berlin satisfied the American Olympic Committee, and on October 23, 1935, *The New York Times* quoted Frederick W. Rubien, secretary of the American Olympic Committee, for the final word: "Germans are not discriminating against Jews in their Olympic tryouts. The Jews are eliminated because they are not good enough as athletes. Why there are not a dozen Jews in the world of Olympic caliber."

The truth was quite otherwise. Jews in Germany were "eliminated" because they were not allowed to participate in the pre-Olympic qualifying trials. They had been kicked out of all the sporting clubs and were not even allowed to practice or train at any athletic field, private or public, in the entire Reich. Helene Mayer herself had been expelled from the Offenbach Fencing Club. Even the venerable and distinguished president of the German Olympic Committee, Dr. Theodor Lewald, the "father of German sports" and active in Olympic circles since 1904, was booted out by Hitler when it was dis-

For the Berlin Olympics of '36, Nazis hid their vicious campaign against the Jews. Signs worn by troopers, before and after the games, warn Germans not to buy from Jews. Non-Aryan Jesse Owens, winning another gold medal, below, was a hero, but Hitler refused to greet him.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



covered that, though a practicing Christian, he had had a paternal grandmother who was a Jew. Singlehandedly he had won the 1936 games for Germany. Now he was replaced by the *Reichssportführer*, a Nazi hack by the name of Hans von Tschammer und Osten.

There was one other prominent German organizer who was replaced for similar reasons. This was Capt. Wolfgang Fürstner of the German army, who conceived, built, and organized the magnificent Olympic Village, where the athletes were quartered. No previous Olympics had housed participants in such style, and Captain Fürstner received much praise. Shortly before the games opened, however, it was discovered that he, too, had Jewish blood. He was suddenly dismissed from his post and in fact kicked out of the army. A week after the games ended he shot himself.

Such was the background of the 1936 Olympic Games in Germany. Few of the visiting athletes and spectators were aware of it, nor did they become aware of it during the festivities. They had come, after all, to see most of the best athletes in the world compete, to enjoy the glittering pageantry that the Nazi leaders provided on a lavish scale, and to have a good time in the spruced-up Reich, whose leaders and followers were on their best behavior. They were impressed by what they thought they saw—a healthy, friendly people, united under Hitler—a far different picture, they said, than they had drawn from reading our dispatches from Berlin.

Captain Fürstner was praised for building the fine Olympic Village. When it was discovered that he had Jewish blood, he shot himself.

In a very modest way I twice tried to enlighten some of them. Richard D. Mandell, in a fascinating book, *The Nazi Olympics*, recently published, recounts that at Garmisch I became "so alarmed" (I had long forgotten it) at the way some American businessmen were being taken in by the Nazis that I hosted a luncheon and invited Douglas Miller, our commercial attaché in Berlin, to enlighten them. In vain, as it turned out. Then in Berlin during the summer games a group of American businessmen—Norman Chandler of the *Los Angeles Times* was one of them—invited the late Ralph Barnes of the New York *Herald Tribune* and me to lunch in the Hotel Adlon bar. They were puzzled, they explained, that the Germany they were seeing during the games was quite different from what they had conceived from our reporting. They had talked to Goering, they said, and he had told them that American correspondents in Berlin were unfair to the Nazis. Barnes and I tried our best to tell them the truth as we saw it. "I don't think," I wrote in my diary, "we convinced them."

The summer games in Berlin were spectacular and the pageantry magnificent. I enjoyed the fortnight's respite from reporting on the dark evils of the place and speculating what the Führer would do next to upset the peace of an increasingly jittery Europe.

To me, and indeed to most of the spectators, including the Germans, Jesse Owens, was the hero of the Olympic Games. Not only was he the greatest athlete, with four gold medals in the main track and field events, but he behaved at all times with the utmost modesty and graciousness. The crowds took to him and hailed him; not so Adolf Hitler. Again the prejudice of race entered the picture. Owens was black. He believed then, and still believes, I understand, that he was treated fairly and courteously by the Nazis, including Hitler. By the spectators, certainly; but by the Führer?

"I think the writers showed bad taste," Owens was quoted as saying, "in criticizing the man of the hour in Germany." The great sprinter obviously did not see, as I did from a press box a few feet away from Hitler's loge, how, after he trotted up the track from his smashing victories in the 100- and 200-meter dashes, the broad jump, and as anchorman on the 400-meter relay team, the Nazi dictator turned his back to talk to some flunkies, although the crowd in the stands was vigorously applauding the amazing American.

Nor could any of us know that at one of these moments Hitler turned to Baldur von Schirach, the Hitler Youth Leader (as Schirach later recounted in his memoirs), and said: "The Americans ought to be ashamed of themselves for letting their medals be won by Negroes. I myself would never shake hands with one of them." When Schirach suggested that it would be good propaganda for the Führer to let himself be photographed with Owens, Hitler screamed at the thought.

The nightmare of the Germany that was host to the 1936 Olympics is now far behind us. When the games ended that August evening in the darkened stadium thirty-six years ago, I wondered what Hitler, after such a success,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Prosperity in Berlin—the young republic has already lasted longer and is more stable than the Weimar Republic. West Germany is the world's second-largest trader, richest Common Market member.

would do next in a spirit quite contrary to that of the Olympics. After all, I had hardly finished covering the winter games at Garmisch that year before I was off to report on the German troops entering and reoccupying the Rhineland. If the French had marched, there would have been war and no summer Olympics. (In 1916 another war had caused the cancellation of the Olympic Games in Berlin.) The paralyzed French did not march and, in fact, an uneasy peace prevailed in Europe for almost two years after the Olympics. Then in 1938 Hitler took Austria and set off on the road to world war, the extermination of Europe's Jews, and, finally, defeat and disaster.

Germany has now, with the generous help of its conquerors and by prodigious efforts of its own, recovered and, as visitors to the Olympics this summer will see, completely rebuilt from the ruins.

There is scarcely a reminder of the lost war, of the devastation of the bombed-out cities and towns, of the bloody Nazi dictatorship, or of its fanatical leader. Probably only old-timers like myself will even recall how thirty-six years ago Hitler dominated the Olympic Games and turned them into such a fabulous propaganda success for his ruthless regime. For the first time in Germany there will be an Olympiad without him. In his place in the tribune in the Olympic Stadium will be Dr. Gustav Heinemann, President, and at his side, Willy Brandt, Chancellor of the Federal Republic of Germany. What a contrast! Heinemann is the first Social Democrat to be elected President of Germany since Friedrich Ebert was chosen shortly after the end of the First World War. He and Brandt, who is also a Social Democrat and one of the few heroes of the anti-Nazi underground, are staunch democrats and tireless toilers for peace in our uneasy world.

The Federal Republic of Germany that many visitors to the Olympic Games will be seeing for the first time is young, as republics go. Yet it has lasted longer than the Weimar Republic, that first but ill-fated experiment of the Germans in representative democracy, which Hitler crushed in its fourteenth year. During the games the new republic will celebrate its twenty-third birthday. It already seems much more solid and stable than the Weimar Republic ever was.

In so short a time it has made West Germany the world's second-largest trader, the fourth-largest industrial power (according to 1970 GNP figures), and the richest and strongest member of the Common Market. It has the most stable currency in the world. In the global monetary crises of the last couple of years the mark has proved stronger than the dollar.

The new Germany is much more cosmopolitan than the old. Millions of its citizens go abroad each year as tourists and see how the rest of the world lives. Millions of foreigners visit Germany annually, and one million foreign workers make Germany their temporary home. Something of them is bound to rub off on the Germans. Also, German industry and finance are now fully integrated into the world economy and play a role second only to that of the United States. All this has expanded the horizons of the Germans, who not long ago were rather parochial and chauvinistic.

Albert Speer tells in his memoirs of a discussion with Hitler shortly after the 1936 Olympic Games. The Führer had ordered him to build a gigantic new stadium seating 400,000 people. Speer protested that such a stadium would not have "the prescribed Olympic proportions."

"No matter," said Hitler. "In 1940 the Olympic Games will take place in Tokyo. But, thereafter, they will take place in Germany for all time to come in this stadium. And then we will determine the measurements of the athletic field."

For the good of the Olympics and of humanity, it was a prophecy that was not to be fulfilled. In this, as in so many other things, the Germans today have more modest goals. Visitors to Munich will see that this summer, as well as, to use the words of Willi Daume, "a new and different Germany undistorted and unretouched." □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where Scottish girls get their dewy complexions.

The air on your face feels soft, misty. The sky shifts . . . sunshine, shade, sunshine. You're in the land of green glens and mysterious lochs, at Talla, near the Scottish-English border. Which side of it? Just listen to the girls say "Good morrr-ning."

Scottish history at a Boundary Riding.

Each year, around June, border townspeople re-establish their boundaries by riding around them. Try Hawick, Selkirk, Galashiels. Each has a pageant with flags and costumes, and much story-telling in the pubs. Share a glass of Scotch with a Scot.

Sir Walter Scott's great-great-great-granddaughter.

Mrs. Maxwell-Scott still lives at Abbotsford, the great turreted mansion Scott built when "Ivanhoe" and other adventure novels had made him famous. It's crammed with his treasures. Ask Mrs. Scott to show you Bonnie Prince Charlie's silver drinking cup.

porridge and kippers.

The Scots' great meal is breakfast. Try their steaming oatmeal, buttery smoked fish, ham, hot morning rolls, heather honey. It all comes free with your splendid $10 room at the Hydro Hotel in Peebles—a good headquarters for Borderland touring.

Understand everybody in England, Scotland, Northern Ireland and Wales.

Here you can easily get off the beaten track on your own. For Scotland, fly direct from New York to Prestwick, and rent a car at a thrifty $65 a week.

In Britain we speak your language.

r your free 4-color booklet "Britain—A Travel Guide 1972", see your travel agent or cut out this line, fill in your Name_____

d Address_____ Zip_____ and mail to: British Tourist Authority, Dept. SS, Box 4100, New York, N. Y. 10017.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Airlines promise too many things that don't matter.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It all started harmlessly enough back in 1935 when we served the first hot meal ever served on an airplane.

Then, 12 years later, we showed the first movie.

As the years went by other airlines were formed. They too served meals and showed movies, so that today it's pretty standard fare on all long flights.

But somewhere along the line things began to get a little out of hand.

Some airline started telling you that their meals were better than the next guy's and the next guy retaliated by putting little things like woolen footwarmers on his planes.

And before you could turn around every airline (and we weren't innocent) started adding frills of one sort or another.

And while it's nice to be inundated with a lot of little frills, frills (and meals and movies for that matter) are not what airline service is all about.

And you'll be shortchanging yourself if you choose an airline on that basis.

Especially if you're flying somewhere on vacation. And most definitely if you're flying abroad on vacation.

What matters is getting help planning your trip.

If you want to get the most out of the time you have and the money you have, then you'll be doing yourself a favor by figuring out, before you go abroad, exactly what you're going to do and see.

And nobody can give you as much help planning your vacation as we can.

We have more than 50 offices in the United States staffed with people who are willing and able to help you with everything from what to pack to where to stay. Or where not to.

In addition, there are more than 7,000 Pan Am® travel agents who can arrange any kind of vacation abroad you'd like. From a complete pre-planned tour (having invented the air tour, we offer a wider selection, to more countries, than anyone) to simply making air and hotel reservations for wherever you're going.

What matters is getting help once you're there.

No matter how well you plan, things tend to crop up as you travel.

You may want to change your itinerary. Or you may run short of cash. Or you may need explicit directions for getting somewhere.

Well, that's what our offices abroad are there for. If you're a Pan Am ticket holder you can get your personal check cashed in an emergency. You can change hotel reservations. We'll give you city maps in English so you can find your way around. We'll even tell you about places to go the guidebooks haven't heard of yet.

And you don't pay us anything extra for these services. Or for your Pan Am ticket.

What matters is having confidence in your airline.

When you fly with Pan Am you're flying on the airline that opened more of the world to air travel than all other airlines combined.

We were the first airline to fly the Atlantic, the Pacific, to South America, and around the world.

We've been carrying and caring for overseas passengers longer than most airlines have existed.

If you're wondering how well we live up to our promises: last year over 3 million Pan Am passengers were people who had flown with us before.

As we see it, that's the kind of thing that matters.

Pan Am

The world's most experienced airline.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Come to Andros. Where the world is still new. Parts of Andros Island may always remain undiscovered. Nature saw to that. The west coast is in and out of shallow water and uninhabited. The vast interior is a forest of timber pine where the voice of man is rarely heard. But the east coast makes Andros idyllic for a sportsman. For divers, there are the incredible Blue Holes and the third largest underwater reef in the world. For fishermen, the Tongue of the Ocean, in excess of 1000 fathoms deep, and superb bonefishing back into the bights. For hunters, wild duck and wild pigeon. For all, comfortable accommodation. See your travel agent or write for our "Andros" brochure. Bahama Islands Tourist Office, 200 Southeast First St., Miami, Fla. 33131.

Bahama Out Islands. Not out of the way. Just out of this world.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUNICH

Joie de vivre with an umlaut

BY HORACE SUTTON

In the Marienplatz, where Munich's heart beats strongest and no vehicle dares to tread, there was, in the dusk that night, only the shuffle of shoppers and the silence of the snow dropping in huge flakes like a cascade of white feathers settling on the broad expanse of pavement. The air was filled with the irresistible perfume of candy-coated almonds roasting at a sidewalk stand, and the lights of the shops and the beer halls beckoned with a promise of warmth.

Through the swirl came two peasant women, their hair tied in babushkas, their waists cinched with aprons. A huge basket strapped to their backs held their baggage, and another basket carried in the hand held the spices they had come to the city to sell.

They were Sudeten Germans, Czechs of German ancestry, whose territory Hitler had pocketed after the meeting with Neville Chamberlain and Daladier in the September days of 1938. After the debacle of Nazism, the Czechs had retaken the Sudetenland and expelled the Sudetens, who had to find a new home in neighboring Bavaria. In a strange way the spice sellers, strolling so aimlessly on a winter's night in Munich, were a living leftover of the evil days when Munich, as a term, was a euphemism for appeasement. They were a walking reminder that the scourge of German National Socialism had its beginnings, gained its early strength, and rose to national power in this southern German city, which had hitherto been known for its rollicking *joie de vivre*, its cultural preoccupations, and the rococo heritage of its Bavarian kings.

It is a magnificent irony that in the summer of '72, thirty-four Septembers later, spectators from all the world's nations will come together to watch the Olympic athletes compete on the very real estate where Chamberlain's plane came and went, its occupant winging home clutching a piece of paper that promised "peace in our time."

The daring architecture of the new stadiums planted on that old airfield, the soaring Olympic tower that will send televised images to the world beyond Germany, and even, across the roadway, the striking new home of Bavarian Motors Works gleaming like four mammoth aluminum silos soldered together, are a synthesis of a new Munich that is a dozen light-years removed from the dark days when, in a dank beer hall, Hitler plotted putsch, racism, pan-Germanism, *Deutschland über alles*, and a Reich that was to endure for a thousand years.

In the midst of the new democratic prosperity, Munich is the fastest-growing city in Germany and the youngest. With 60 per cent of its population under forty, the city in the south is enticing young people from all parts of the Federal Republic and the borders beyond. If the south is not always sunny, Munich is a turntable for those endowed with the gift of *Freizeitswert*, the new leisure time. It is a scant hour over the autobahn to the ski trails in the Alps, which loom on the city's fringes, and less to the nearest lakes. In an hour-and-a-half one can be in Salzburg, in a flying hour in Venice, or Milan, and then south to all Italy, with which Munich has always had an architectural and spiritual affinity.

There are 36,000 students in the city, and if the university is large, it is comparatively serene. There seem to be too many other, perhaps more pleasurable ways of blowing off steam than to squander one's energies in protest. The riotous weeks of Fasching, the seasonal carnival, help to lighten the gray gloom of winter. The sixteen days of Oktoberfest celebrate the autumn with a rousing bacchanal. In between there are other fiestas that merely celebrate the arrival of specially brewed strong beer.

Schwabing, the local Latin Quarter, is a year-long bacchanal, a nest of three hundred cabarets, bars, and beaneries that sport names like Ba-ba-lu, Captain Cook, the Subway, and the Love Story Club. In summer the tables are spread along the sidewalks, Via Veneto-style, the brightly lighted globes adding an air of al fresco carnival. The students wine and dine in the Hahnhof, the potheads circle in front of an imitation Automat called the Picnic, the boutiques offer "jet-set fashions," signs in English proclaim "After Action Satisfaction with Beer from Here," and a moviehouse offers *"Ein Western von John Wayne."* In multilevel versions of the Paris "drugstores," one can buy a crepe, shop in a boutique called The Fleamarket, view the displays in the Sexboutique, or buy a sticker in German that warns, "We Bite Prussians." Others declare, in their native tongue, "Obscenity on the Olympics in Munich, We Want Our Peace and the Return of Our King Ludwig." Monarchial blaspheming aside, Schwabing is a slice of Greenwich Village or Sausalito that bespeaks a cosmopolitan freedom.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There are social appraisers who ascribe the beginnings of Munich's new internationalism to the American troops and the American intellectuals who came with the Army, stayed on or came back to retire here. But the American colony is now no more than a small band among the 180,000 foreigners resident in the city, many of them Turks, Yugoslavs, or Greeks imported to do the menial labor that most Germans no longer wish to perform. In ten years, if the growth continues, nearly a quarter of the city, 450,000 people out of two million, will be foreigners, bringing problems of housing, education, and integration, but eventually bringing, too, an infusion that will give the city new accents and style.

Equally weary of war and the shadows of the east, industry followed the young Germans and the employment pool to the south. Siemens, the vast electronic combine, moved from Berlin to Munich, where it now employs 50,000. Agfa and a greatly enlarged BMV, the automobile manufacturers, are giving a new industrial role to Munich, which had hitherto endured on an image of raillery, beer, lederhosen, and *Weisswurst*.

With twenty-seven theaters and a state opera, three symphony orchestras and two dozen museums, Munich exudes more cultural steam than industrial fog. If one adds diverse bagatelles that range from its baroque belfries to the promise of fly casting in the Isar, the river that splits the town, it is easy to see why 80 per cent of the nation, according to a recent assessment of public preferences, would like to live in Munich.

Although no other German city sought the Olympics—which, in the wake of the 1936 games in Berlin, had left the nation with little taste for another spectacle—to Munich they were as much a necessity as an honor. Without the Olympics the rebuilding of Munich to accommodate its new citizenry would have taken perhaps twenty-five years, with the city paying the whole bill. The Olympics have brought the civic improvements in six years, and the enormous cost has been shared by the federal government, by the state of Bavaria, and by the city.

Munich has a sparkling new subway, a new suburban mass transit system, new roads, and a vast new sports complex that will belong to the city when

Leafy English Garden, top, cools the city; flower vendor (left center) is one of colorful women of Viktualienmarkt, a prime city sight along with Glockenspiel (right center), where figures perform daily at eleven, and the bright lights of Schwabing, Munich's Latin quarter.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARVIN NEWMAN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Olympic flame is extinguished. The Olympic village, modern, new, high-rise, and permanent, will help to ease the housing shortage after the athletes have departed. And the spate of new hotels being rushed to completion in time for the games will help Munich realize its ambitions as an ideal metropolis for international congresses.

Whole urban centers such as Arabella Park will help ease what the *Münchners* call the traffic *Rama Dama* in the center of the city. High-rise Arabella Park, about twenty minutes from the Marienplatz when one is lucky enough to find a cab, has all the earmarks of California's Century City at the edge of Beverly Hills. Its centerpiece is the Arabella Hotel, which has an avenue of shops and a supermarket mortised into the first floor of the building, and three restaurants including the sky-high Safari Room, where, with all Munich unfolded on the tableland below, one can sit among the zebra stripes and the masks of West Africa while dabbling with pheasant and champagne kraut. The tired businessman coming home to the Arabella can repair to the enclosed rooftop pool for a swim, a sauna, or a massage and then dine lightly at the café tables set up at the water's edge.

Across the street, the new 650-room Sheraton has installed a German-speaking doorman from Dixie and an American-style hotel coffee shop with a choice in breakfast styles—American or Bavarian. The Bavarian breakfast, cheese, salami or ham, arrives like the jam and the butter, packaged in plastic. On the American side, orange juice, two eggs, bacon, rolls, and coffee will run in excess of three dollars.

The Sheraton, which is rushing to finish its indoor pool, has already opened a Bavarian restaurant in its marble-lined basement arcade. And the new Holiday Inn, which has a Spanish-style restaurant on the main floor and a Yellow Submarine discothèque, where sharks cruise in a glass tank that encircles the customers, has a rustic peasant restaurant downstairs.

While the American hotels are eager to install German-style restaurants, the Hotel Bayerischer Hof, that venerable inn in the city's center, reclaimed now from the rubble of the bombings of 1944, has installed its own Trader Vic's. There in the bamboo-bedecked cellar under the Promenadeplatz, *Münchners* can have a go at the *Chinesische Erbsenschoten, aus unserem Kentucky-Garten mit Wassernüssen, frisch eingeflogen* (pea pods and water chestnuts) or *feingehacktes Fleisch in dünnen Vierecken, in Nudelteig gewickelt, in Safflowerröl gebacken, serviert in einer süss-sauren Sauce* (won ton).

The hotel world of Munich breathlessly awaits the arrival of the Hilton, which is scheduled to open in June in a fine setting overlooking the Isar River and the English Garden, the great park conceived by an American and laid out in the English style by a German landscape artist. The early bettors are saying that the Hilton will emerge as Munich's best hotel, but it must reckon with such aristocratic establishments as the Vier Jahreszeiten, where the Walterspiel Restaurant was long a temple for gastronomes.

Coming, too, is the Mont Gelas Palais, a small superelegant adjunct to the Bayerischer Hof, with twenty-two cushy suites, its own wine cellar, and a Dior Boutique. Perhaps it will lure some regal itinerants from the Continental Hotel, a fifty-year-old monarchial nest that was once the Gutenberg Palace. It takes no groups, stores the visiting Krupps and von Karajans in its antique-studded suites, dines them in a chestnut-paneled salon awash in hydrangeas.

> The irony is that athletes will vie on the very real estate where Chamberlain's plane came and went.

Nor does Munich's new chrome-and-glass life-style threaten such redoubts of bygone splendors as Humplmayr, where the walls are dark-paneled, the table lamps are shaded, the chairs covered in tapestry. Here the pianist will tinkle the elderly notes of "I Kiss Your Hand, Madame," while the swallow-tailed waiters bring a ten-dollar New York T-bone for two.

Hardly less revered by gastronomes is the Maximilianstube, which seats its patrons in tapestry-covered chairs and in an atmosphere that is *raffiné* and quiet, serves them crepes with truffles, veal in sour cream sauce, and creditable chicken Kiev. Its nearest neighbor, La Cave, is a stylish under-the-sidewalk bar and restaurant open only at night and reachable only through a ring-the-bell doorway.

The Maximilianstrasse, where these soigné parlors are in residence, is not yet the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, but it is inlaid with expensive shops, among them Hemmerle for jewels, Goldpfeil for bags, and Karl Stiegele, a sportsman's house in the Abercrombie & Fitch idiom.

If there is anything that strikes one as lackluster in modernized Munich, it is the airport, which, though handy, is hardly as sprightly as the new city or as charming as the old. Nor is it on a par with Lufthansa, the German airline, whose caviar cuisine is quite as elegant and its service as attentive as the fastidious traveler would expect on Air France.

In a city that lay prostrate—50 per cent destroyed at war's end—it is surprising to find so many venerated landmarks that remain. In the Marienplatz, above the Gothic arches of the new town hall, the Glockenspiel performs each day at eleven, the dancing figures and the jousting knights still celebrating the wedding of Duke Wilhelm V and Renata von Lotthringen, which took place four centuries ago. After the seven-minute show, one can go to Peterhof Hoch Café, where *Weisswurst* was invented and is still served (starting at 4 a.m. during Fasching). Or to Donisl, which is closed for one hour each day from 8 a.m. to 9, otherwise serving *Weisswurst*, pig's knuckles, and music at lunch and dinner. Under the Neues Rathaus, the new city hall, in the cavernous Rathskeller tunneled under the chambers of the municipal lawmakers, one can order a knuckle of veal or *Leberknödel* soup, which arrives with a dumpling as big as a baseball and only slightly heavier.

Or to take the opposite view, one can slip around and watch the whole spectacle of the dancing figures cavorting in the Rathaus tower from the Café Glockenspiel, which is old-fashioned and plush, the windows framed in velvet and the waitresses splendid in black uniforms and white aprons as if they had stepped out of some patrician drawing room of the 1930s.

No invasion of Munich would be certified complete without a visit, however ceremonial, to the Hofbräuhaus, an enormous armory filled with beer fumes, smoke, tourists, and even Bavarians. Yet the Hofbräuhaus, which will serve 10,000 liters of beer on a summer's day, is not the largest beer hall in the world. That title goes to the Mathäser Bierstadt, or Beer City, which sells beer and snacks stand-up-style on the street and has room inside for 5,000 sit-down swillers. A newsstand will keep one *au courant* while tippling, the menu offers 143 dishes, and there is even a souvenir stand that sells encrusted steins for those who would re-create the scene back home. In midafternoon its main salon is likely to be filled with patrons who come to sample the brew, to *grantl*, or gripe, in the fashion of the Bavarians, and to listen to the band, done up in lederhosen, puff the oompah tunes.

The Platzl, opposite the Hofbräu-

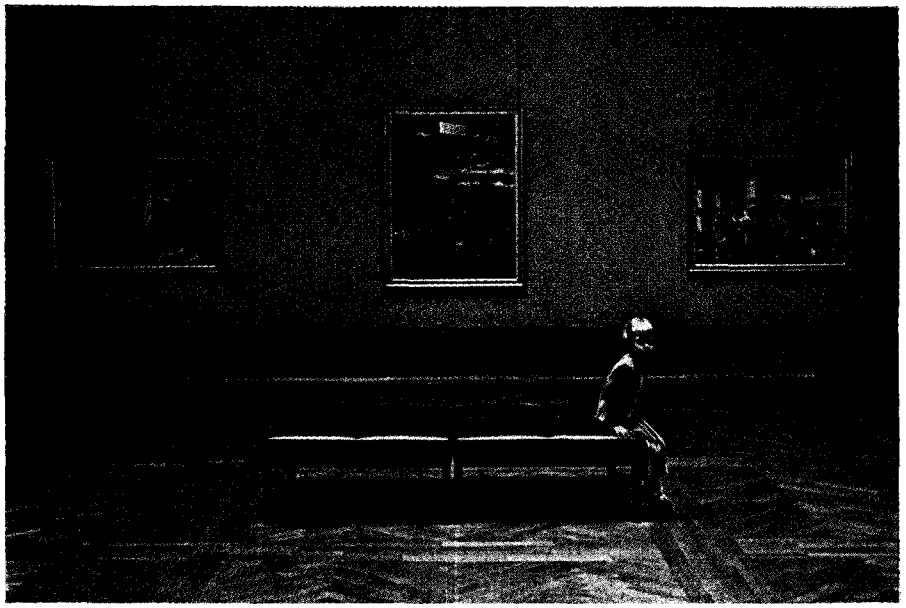
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

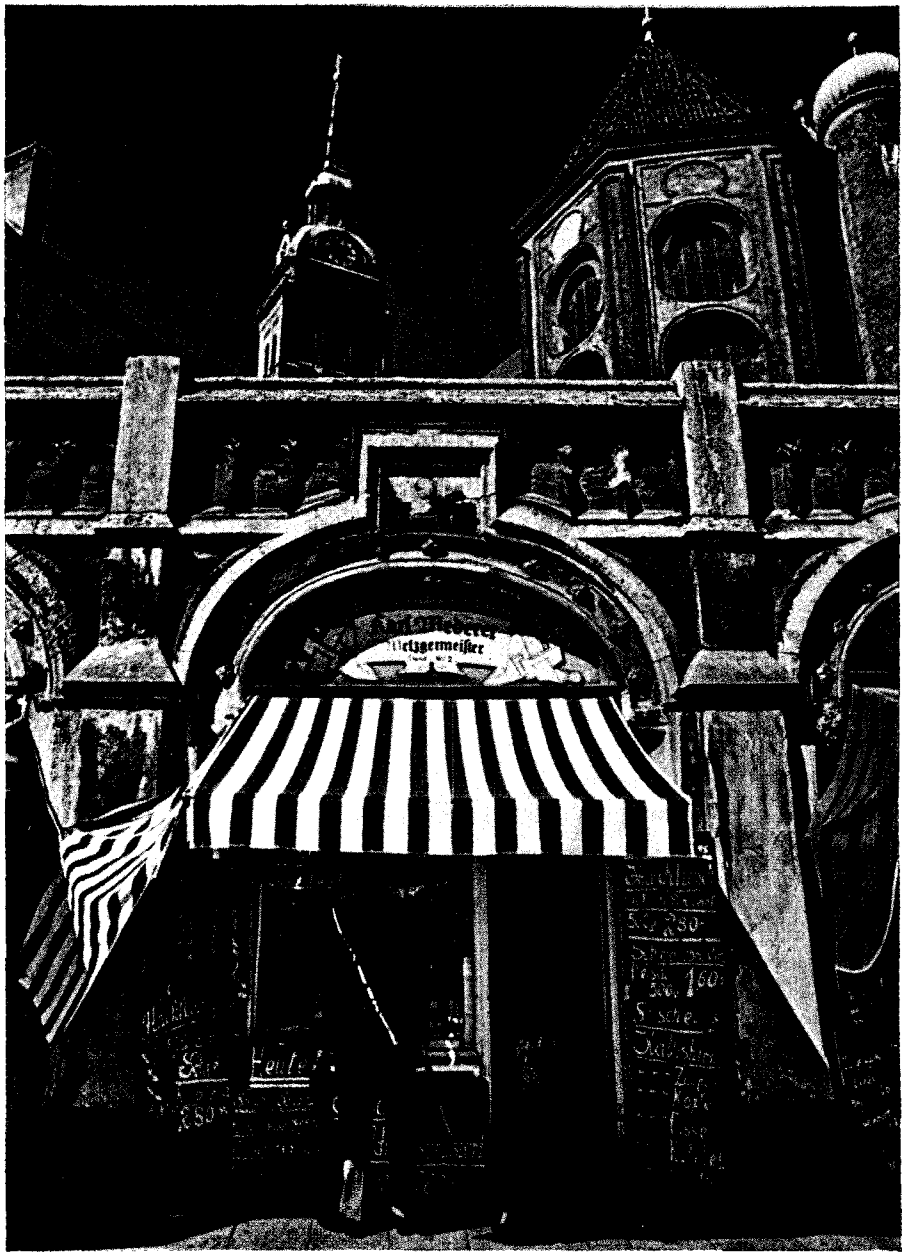
haus, maintains an Oktoberfest atmosphere no matter the season. It brings the beer to the table in small barrels, serves creditable smoked filet of trout, buttered rye bread and big shaved white radishes salted until they "sweat," roast goose with potato dumplings and red cabbage, and an endless assortment of sausages. With that ballast aboard there is little one can do but stay in one's seat and listen to the yodeling, the rendition of "Ach, du lieber Augustin," and the vaudeville jokes that rake the Prussians, praise the Bavarians, roast Chancellor Brandt, and bring down the house.

Munich's marvelous foodstuffs are in open-air array at the Viktualienmarkt, a bazaar possessed of all the singular personality of Les Halles when it stood in mid-Paris or the old fish market on New York's Fulton Street. Here, summer or winter, pink-cheeked, bareheaded market women stand by their stalls selling black *Bauernbrot*, *Mohn* cake filled with the caviar of black poppy seeds, sauerkraut from the barrel, sauerkraut stuffed in red peppers, *Kümmel* seeds, and dill. Algerian dates are piled alongside Israeli strawberries, peaches from South Africa alongside melons from Senegal. Florida honey and Russian honey are both on sale in a shop devoted to the by-products of the bee. Suffused in aroma across the street, Tschibu sells exotic blends of coffee, invites its patrons to sample a sip.

On the last day of Fasching, all the market women dress up in costume and dance in the square among the stalls. But any day, along with the shoppers, they crowd the long tables of Bratwurst-Herzl, a smoky tavern and wurst house on tiny Dreifaltigkeitsplatz in the shadow of the Church of the Holy Ghost.

The fifteenth-century Frauenkirche, the Church of Our Lady, heavily damaged in 1944, has been put back together again, and the twin-domed towers are once more the landmark of the city. Rebuilt stone for stone, splendor for splendor, the royal Residenz is once more a fitting palace for the Wittelsbachs (or at least their revered memory), the family of the Bavarian kings, which once passed the winter here before moving out to the summer glories of the great castle of Nymphenburg on the outskirts of the city. The family jewels still repose in





Culture and gastronomy are two of Munich's preoccupations. Alte Pinakothek, one of Europe's largest museums, captures the imagination of small art fancier, above, while visitor and Münchner alike are lured by the markets in this gastronomic capital.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

regal glory in the Schatzkammer, from the crown of (Queen) Kaiserin Kunigunde, who reigned from 1010 to 1020, to the ornate traveling case of Marie Louise, Napoleon's Empress, complete to gold cuticle clippers.

Nymphenburg Palace, to which the Wittelsbachs retired each May, is a tidy summer villa somewhat along the lines of Versailles. A pastiche of stucco and frescoes, echelons of gilded cupids in full flight, all surrounded by gardens that seem as large as Yellowstone Park, Nymphenburg was a gift of a Bavarian Elector to his Italian wife who, after ten years of marriage, finally presented him with a male heir. Expanded by the Wittelsbachs, it is the home of Munich's candlelit summer festivals and the repository for the startling Gallery of Beauties, portraits of thirty-six dazzlers who had caught the eye of King Ludwig I. A lovely walk under the shade trees, alongside the swans that sail so noisily over the ponds, leads to the hunting lodge of Amalienburg, a rococo gem, where rooms are walled with mirrors or frosted in silver-coated stucco like a winter scene from *Dr. Zhivago*.

The New Pinakothek succumbed in the war, but its Daumiers, Cézannes, and Monet's *Bridge at Argenteuil* are all in residence in the Haus der Kunst. The Old Pinakothek, the Louvre of Munich, survives, and with it the Dürers in Gallery II and the eighty Rubenses in Galleries VI and VII collected by a baroque duke who was also Lord Protector of the Netherlands and took the paintings home for protection.

Paintings derivative of Munich hang in the Municipal Gallery, which occupies the elegant villa of Franz von Lenbach. Modernists will find special interest in the collection of works of Kandinsky, who entered the Munich Akademie in 1896, four years before Franz Marc. The young artists, eager to move to the rhythms of a new beat, came together in the Neue Künstlervereinigung München, founded by Kandinsky in 1909, which assembled exhibitions of such departural talent as Matisse, Braque, Picasso, and Derain. The same year Kandinsky and Marc founded the Blaue Reiter, a movement that attracted August Macke and, in 1911, Paul Klee. Just before Sarajevo, Marc led the Blaue Reiter artists to a grand autumn salon in Berlin that drew such emerging artistic elite as Feininger, Chagall, and Mondrian. The fame of Munich as a center of art spread far beyond Germany's borders, but Macke and Marc were lost in World War I and Kandinsky returned to Russia. By 1933, under the Nazis, German art was in total disarray, the modernists were in disgrace and, if they were Jews, in double jeopardy.

The Hitler holocaust, which destroyed so many lives as well as half the city, has also left Munich with vestiges of a time it would prefer to forget. The appearance of Albert Speer's memoirs has stirred a new interest in Hitler's haunts: Eva Braun's home in Bogenhausen; the Hofbräuhaus itself, where his fledgling party held its first important meeting in 1920; the seedy old Osteria, a spaghetti house on the edge of Schwabing, where years later, in natty uniform and followed by his retinue that often included Miss Unity Mitford, Martin Bormann, and Speer himself, Hitler, the Reichschancellor and Führer, lingered long over lunch, finally venturing into the streets to receive the adoration of the crowds that waited for him.

So many of the curious have shown up at the Bürgerbräu-Keller, from which Hitler's beer hall putsch began, that the proprietor often grows impatient with callers. Yet there is nothing to stop one from having a beer there and asking for a look at the huge hall, which can be reached through the kitchen. From this tawdry setting in the shabby east end of town, Hitler and his followers, bent on overturning the Bavarian government, marched with 3,000 armed followers on the Odeonsplatz, that handsome square created by Bavaria's kings. Robert Murphy, the veteran American trouble shooter, then a young consul in Munich, was at the scene, which he describes vividly in his book *Diplomat Among Warriors*: "I can testify that both Ludendorff and Hitler behaved in an identical manner like the battle-hardened soldiers they were. Both fell flat to escape the hail of bullets. [William Shirer contends that Ludendorff marched erect to the Odeonsplatz.] Ludendorff's body servant, marching at his side, was killed, as were sixteen Nazis." Hermann Goering, marching in the van of the column, was shot in the thigh and was spirited into Austria by his wife. Hitler drew a five-year jail term, but he served only eight months, long enough for him to write *Mein Kampf*. Later, when National Socialism had swept the nation, the Nazis put up a memorial to their martyrs killed in the Odeonsplatz, and those Munichers who preferred not to give the Hitler salute when passing by took the back alley shortcut called the Drückebergergasse.

> Under the new city hall the Leberknoedel soup arrives with a dumpling big as a baseball and only slightly heavier.

Hitler migrated to Munich from his native Austria disillusioned by the polyglot population of Vienna. Serving in the Austrian army, to which he was about to be summoned, alongside Jews, Slavs, and other non-Aryans, was anathema to him. Munich was the nearest metropolis in the German Fatherland he so passionately revered. And in Bavaria his Austrian accent would not be as *outré* as it would have in Berlin.

Although Hitler found Munich a fecund womb in which to spawn the Nazi movement, it would be delusional to assume the city was ever a bristling redoubt of reaction. True, many archconservatives had settled there after World War I, but it was Munich's traditional liberal attitudes that permitted the growth of so heinous a movement, which might have been stomped to oblivion had it started in the north.

Intellectuals such as Hans Heigert of the *Süddeutsche Zeitung* look back on early Nazism as a political religion in which Catholic Bavaria found familiar ingredients. "The Nazis appeared as a kind of church, and the individual was a small part," he says, postures that were a part of life in Catholic countries in Europe where Fascism has flourished. "It could never have started in the north. In the German sphere it had to be either Munich or Vienna." Nazism in its early phases appealed to the innate Bavarian sense of opposition. And if it were opposition to the Prussians, then the Bavarians were in favor of it. Later, when the Nazis became a dominant power, this same sense of opposition and strict Catholicism cooled the local fervor.

In the 800 years since it was founded by monks, Munich has endured all manner of political influence, and Nazism, from putsch to Potsdam, lasted barely more than two decades. The city has never lost its innate personality nor, seemingly, its ability to absorb alien influences and make of them something that is at once grafted to the city and a part of it. With Berlin afloat in East Germany and Bonn a manufactured federal center, Germany for all its prosperity, power, and thrust has, in Heigert's terms, "no capital as such." Now, on the eve of the 1972 Olympics, Munich is emerging as an international city, fairly singing with youthful ebullience, steaming with new industry, energized with new citizens, gleaming with new chrome, athrob with old culture and new learning, and not unwilling to become, as it is often already called, the unofficial capital of a democratized Germany. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IT ISN'T WHETHER YOU WIN OR LOSE BUT HOW YOU STAGE THE GAMES

BY DAVID BUTWIN

From the Baltic to Bavaria the XX Olympiad will be held in the most splendid settings since Nero competed for a wild olive branch.

If the XX Olympiad comes off as the West Germans so carefully plan, the world will little note nor long remember: 1) Whether the United States or the Soviet Union won the most medals; 2) How big and magnificent were the stadiums; 3) That Avery Brundage suspended the entire Slobbovian 800-meter relay team for alleged professionalism. Munich's hopes are noble. It aims to put on a big, happy, *gemütlich* show (August 26 to September 10) that will entertain hundreds of thousands of visitors with much more than a two-week athletic contest and also portray the Germans as restrained and modest hosts.

Willi Daume, 1936 Olympian, millionaire industrialist, and president of the Olympic Organizing Committee, has frequently voiced the hope that Munich will turn the games around and send them back toward the purer form Baron Pierre de Coubertin intended when he revived the modern Olympiad at Athens in 1896. Daume's philosophy has, of course, reached the 350 operatives at work in the committee's nondescript gray headquarters on the edge of the Olympic grounds three miles north of Munich.

"I think we are seeking a more human games," a young committeeman said recently as he surveyed the elliptical, gracefully soaring Olympic Stadium. Thirty-six years ago Berlin built an awesome 120,000-seat stadium for the XI Olympiad; Munich could have gone even bigger but settled on 44,000 seats and 36,000 standing-room spaces, a total of 80,000. "It is good we kept the size down. Here we can see a competitor's face from the top row. The setting is more intimate.

"We are not after a Super Olympics. Mr. Daume felt these games could be a turning point. If we try to go bigger and bigger every time, it could be the end of it. Maybe in the background is 1936, which was a big step forward in the presentation of the Olympics, the first Super Games. Now we want to change it back somehow and give other countries, maybe even some in the Third World, the feeling they can have the games, too."

One should not deduce that just because the Munich Olympics will be more humble and human they will be at all haphazard. Germany has not yet surrendered its legendary efficiency. "Perfectly" is the way the organizers intend the games to be run. Siegfried Perrey, Koordinator, whose Olympic experience goes back to 1936 when he played center forward on the German handball team, said of the organizing committee: "We have a good team in this house. We have democratic policies. Not like in 1936, when it was only a command and the job was done." Perrey, red-faced, ham-handed, garrulous, misses those long-ago days only when the checks and balances of the 1972 system hold up his latest plan. "We have many young boys who are very critical. Which is good—up until July. Then I hope they stop criticizing and go one-two-three without a word. All our preparations are for a perfect Olympics."

Almost since the games were awarded to West Germany at Rome in 1966, the organizing committee has advertised that Munich would be the Olympics of the Short Distances. Reference is to the compact, 740-acre grounds on which two-thirds of the events will be held and on which spectators will seldom have to walk more than 1,000 meters to get from one installation to the next. Unlike Mexico City and previous venues, Munich will consolidate much of the activity in one great playground. It will make life easier for the 12,000 athletes, who won't have to shuttle from village to grounds and back, and will bring flocks of spectators together in something approaching an athletic Woodstock.

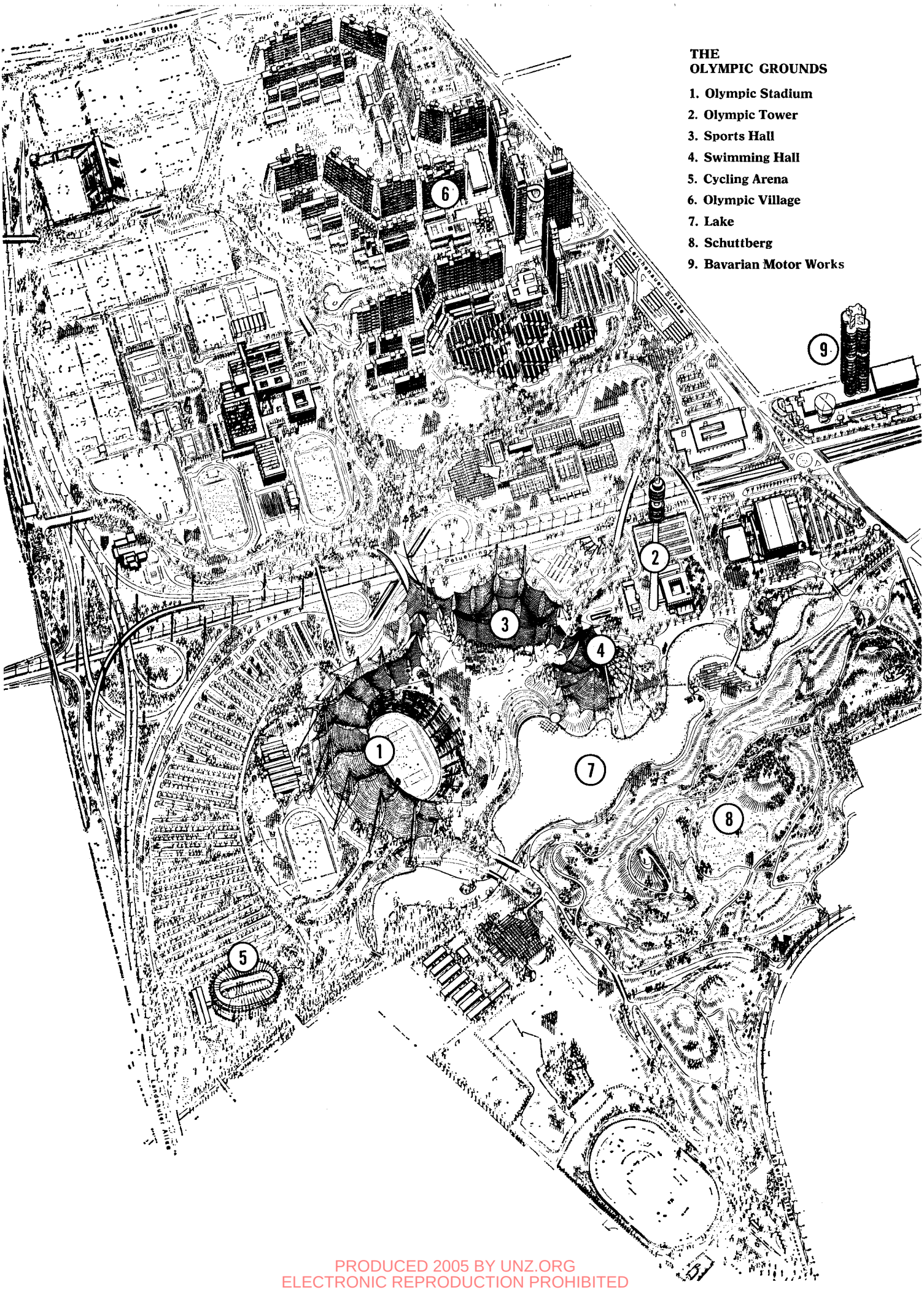
One of Munich's chief selling points in seeking the 1972 games was the availability of a large open tract, Oberwiesenfeld, close to the city's center. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Oberwiesenfeld was a cavalry training field; later it was a motorcycle race course, then a landing strip to which Chamberlain and Daladier flew in September 1938 to sign the Munich pact with Hitler. "During the war it was bombed like a desert," the young official said. In the late 1940s a 200-foot-high peak—the Schuttberg, or rubbish hill—was formed from tons of debris left by the bombing of Munich. In time, the hill was landscaped, cut with trails, and turned into a steep sledding and skiing slope. Bavarians also know Oberwiesenfeld as a drab industrial district heavy with fuel tanks and smokestacks. "People ask us why we don't clean up the skyline for the Olympics, perhaps paint one of the big gas containers like a huge beer mug, but we are not trying to cover up reality."

When it won the Olympic contract, the Günter Behnisch architectural firm of Stuttgart inherited an ideal building site. Fritz Auer, young and contemporary like most of the Behnisch partners, said the firm was fortunate to begin work in 1968 with three solid elements already set down at Oberwiesenfeld: the Schuttberg; a needle-like, 930-foot-high television tower; and a channel that cuts through the grounds en route from Nymphenburg Castle to the English Gardens.

"Our intent was not to create individual and detached monuments, but to try to do an integrated design, always keeping the people in mind," Auer said. To those ends, Behnisch widened the channel into a lake and provided fountains, a skating rink, and a duck pond that visitors could enjoy before and after the Olympics. Beside the lake was constructed an Olympic Park, the first of its kind. It will hold an amphitheater with 2,000 seats and will be the scene of light shows, folk-singing performances, and many other free events during the games. "With the park and entertainment so close to the stadiums,

One of the most attractive sights on the Olympic grounds is the new cycling stadium, which appears at the lower left of the map opposite. It has space for 5,000 spectators.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

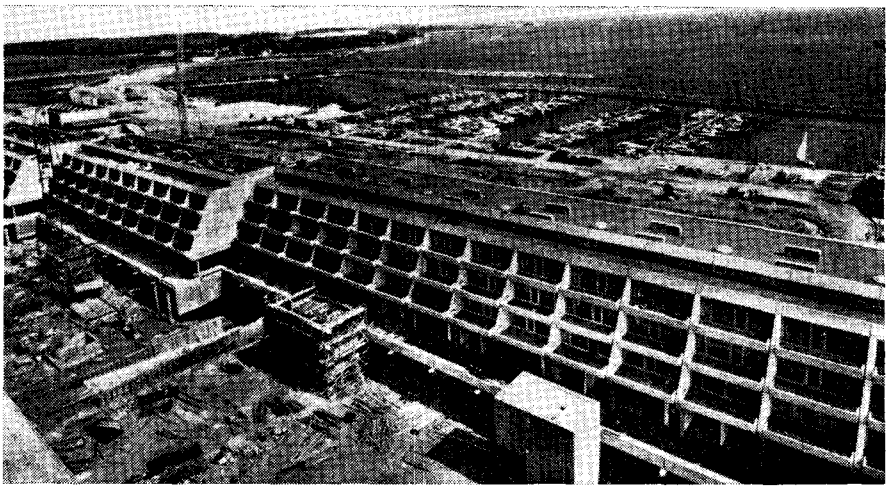
people will be able to smell the Olympic atmosphere and have a good time, even if they don't get into the main events," Auer said.

Another major design effort was to move tons of earth around so the stadiums would be neatly embedded in the landscape. "This way you don't walk up to a wall that frightens or haunts you," Auer went on. "The main stadium suddenly opens in front of you like a huge bowl instead of something you have to climb up to."

Half the stadium will be covered by a massive bat-winged tent made of steel-cable netting and Plexiglas. It was an undertaking that took all the German marks and German ingenuity the organizing committee could muster. Behnisch had as a model the Frei Otto roof on the German pavilion at Montreal's Expo '67, but Munich needed a tent ten times that size to cover not only half the stadium but the adjoining multipurpose gym and swimming hall as well. "We had to pay a certain price for its novelty," said Auer in a decided understatement. The price was $44-million—almost three times the original estimate, twice the cost of the stadium itself, and far more than the critical German public felt was necessary to keep out half the rain that may fall on the stadium in late summer.

By Olympic standards, the size and seating capacities of the three connected arenas and all the other installations are modest. "Tokyo," noted one official, "built a swimming hall with twelve thousand seats, and it's never filled. Munich is a sportive city but not a spectator city. Last week we had only fifteen thousand to see a big soccer game. We will use all these new buildings and perhaps, as some say, become the sports center of Germany, but right now we don't need any more seats."

Munich also built a sleek cycling arena and a vast warming-up hall at Oberwiesenfeld. There is a story, perhaps apocryphal, that Behnisch was all set to construct an equestrian stadium in the heart of the grounds when he heard the plight of a Russian hermit-priest, Father Timofej Procorow, who had been ordered by the city to evacuate his quarters in the area. "Help the Hermit," a local paper urged in a campaign, and sure enough Behnisch decided to build the stadium east of the city near the Riem airport. Father Timofej, who has become something of a Bavarian folk hero, will continue to tend his little fenced-in compound—a garden, self-made onion-domed chapel, and a hut he shares with an old woman called Sister Natasha—while the XX Olympics cut loose all around them. Walking through his gate is like stepping into a corner of Russia, which he left in 1953. Timofej is ninety-two, and Natasha is close to eighty, but they are full of life and cheer. "She is from the Caucasus," said the white-bearded old man, his prankish eyes snapping. "I am from Jerusalem . . . two thousand years ago."



The canoe slalom, top, a new Olympic event, will be run on a swirling bend of the Lech River near Augsburg, a half-hour train ride from Munich. At Kiel, bottom, journalists will stay in their own modern enclave near the Olympic yachting course.

For the first time, Olympic athletes will be quartered near the main stadium: the men in handsome new high-rise pyramids that will be converted to high-cost apartments after the games; the women in smaller, simpler blocks to be occupied by students. "For once the athletes won't have to move around much or wait long hours in the stadium for a bus back to the village," said Adam Nothhelfer, acting *Bürgermeister,* old friend of Willi Daume, and organizer of the German basketball and handball teams at the '36 Olympics. "We want a relaxing and entertaining program to keep the athletes from getting nervous and bothering each other. For the introverts there will be a quiet zone where they can listen to Beethoven on earphones.

"We had requests from the Russians and East Germans to be housed quite apart from the main center where they could have peace and quiet. Yes, East and West Germany are far apart. As are the enemy brothers from Israel and the Arab countries. Bulgaria, Cuba, and North Korea also asked for one block. Otherwise, we tried for exotic mixtures. We want no ghettos."

From Nothhelfer, Perrey, and other officials whose experience goes back to 1936 you get the impression that preparing for Berlin was not so different from preparing for Munich. Once a jock always a jock. "People

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were working with the same feeling and enthusiasm in 1936," said Nothhelfer, a pleasant, deep-voiced man whose gray mane nearly touches his shoulders. "I was married to a woman who was half-Jewish, and I voluntarily quit my job three times only to be asked to stay. Our athletic leaders hoped Hitler would see the light, but it wasn't the case."

Away from Oberwiesenfeld, key events will be held at the equestrian stadium in Riem (with other riding events at Nymphenburg Castle), the basketball hall five kilometers south of the city, and the rowing course on a man-made channel between Munich and Dachau. Augsburg, the imperial city thirty minutes northwest by train, will hold the canoe slalom on a swirling section of the Lech River hard by a summer nudist camp. The water has been stirred up by special engineering feats including the construction of artificial boulders. One such rock has been nicknamed Mount Avery Brundage in mocking honor of the man who said Augsburg was too far away to hold the event.

At Kiel, on the Baltic Sea, 700 athletes from fifty nations will compete for yachting championships, while spectators watch from a special shoreline viewing area or, closer yet, from the deck of excursion ships. "This is a very exclusive and enjoyable event," said a Kiel planner. "Everything is more familiar than it will be at Munich. More booze and more fun. Kiel just dies for boating." Among the watery cultural attractions at Kiel will be the treasure room of the 344-year-old Swedish warship *Wasa* and Jacques Cousteau's bulbous bathysphere. Kiel, 600 miles north of Munich, was also host to the yachting events in 1936. But the organizers don't mind admitting that 1972 will be a bigger show, what with newly built promenade, restaurants, hotel, shops, and swimming pool with sauna.

Though Munich constantly refers to the Olympics of the Short Distances, they may also turn out to be the Olympics of the Long Distances: Most visitors will have to commute three or four hours a day from their quarters far out in the Bavarian countryside. "We are a village," Otto Goedecke, the committeeman in charge of accommodations, said of West Germany's third-largest city (population 1.3 million). "Munich has only twenty-two thousand hotel beds, and perhaps eight to nine thousand are up to U.S. standards. Even the Bayerischer Hof, Munich's finest old hotel, has some rooms without baths. We couldn't force the hoteliers to give up all the beds for our distribution purposes, as Mexico did in 1968. So we were given nine thousand beds. Now, Avery Brundage and the Queen of England and six thousand other VIPs were promised space in Munich, so that left us three thousand beds to rent for everyday visitors."

An aggressive tourist-office campaign in 1970 turned up an additional 10,000 beds in private residences around Munich and 130,000 in outlying regions. One-third of the 4.3 million tickets for all events were set aside for foreign countries, the rest for the homeland. The United States came out with 10 per cent; Britain, 8 per cent; France, 7 per cent; and so on. The American Automobile Association, agent for U.S. sales, quickly sold out its supply in 1971. Most of the 8,000 ticket buyers had to purchase accommodations in a single package.

What many of the early buyers didn't bargain for was the poor proximity to Munich and the distinct lack of deluxe lodgings. Most Americans will stay in the Upper Bavarian resort region from Berchtesgaden in the east to Oberstdorf in the west, with the heaviest concentration at the Alpine spa of Garmisch-Partenkirchen, 75 miles south of Munich and the site of the 1936 Winter Games. In the midst of explaining the hotel-room snag, Goedecke was called away to the phone; it was the AAA in Washington, summoning him the next day to settle the matter of low-standard accommodations. "The Americans are crying for baths," he said afterward. "Of the six thousand beds we allotted to the States, only fifteen hundred are in private homes. They are also disappointed because we couldn't put all the groups together."

> Timofej will continue to tend his little fenced-in compound while the Olympics cut loose all around him.

Goedecke suggested that the AAA, which dealt mainly with large travel agencies in its two rapid-fire ticket sales last year, might have neglected the individual citizen. Nonetheless, he expects 20,000 Americans to show up at Munich, some of them without tickets or beds. The opening and closing ceremonies, swimming, gymnastics, track and field finals, and basketball have been sold out for months, but tickets for preliminaries and lesser events are still available (write A.B.R., Hauptbahnhof, 8 Munich 2, or Olympic Information Center, Marienhof, Wienstr. 14, 8 Munich 2). If you want to take your chances in person, a prefabricated information center behind Munich's City Hall will peddle whatever tickets and private rooms remain throughout the Olympiad. "You won't have much luck getting tickets or hotel space by trying in the States," advises a Thomas Cook agent in New York, "but as with all these big shows—World's Fairs, Olympics, and such—things will open up a week or two before the start."

No matter how far removed they are from the action, Olympics watchers will have the comfort of knowing they can take advantage of West Germany's lickety-split transport system. Three autobahns meet at Oberwiesenfeld. But Olympic officials pray that people leave their cars at home and use the rails. Munich's new subway, the U-Bahn, will inaugurate a branch to the Olympic station when the Soviet soccer team meets West Germany on May 24, a pivotal weekend when the new stadium will also be tested. From the center of town to the Olympic station is but a five-minute subway ride.

West Germany's intercity trains, which connect thirty-three cities, have been streamlined for the Olympics, running every two hours. Two prototype self-propelled electric trains capable of 160 mph but likely to be held to 125 will rush between Bremen and Munich, displaying the intercity express of the future. All regular runs will be reinforced to handle the Olympian loads. In addition, some Swiss and French equipment will be pressed into service.

When the Olympic torch is lit at 3 p.m. on August 26, peripheral matters will be shelved; the world will start watching the athletes. Since 1896, the United States has averaged a dozen champions in the twenty-four track and field events, but this year the East Germans, training hotly for the games and hoping to teach West Germany a lesson or two about the advantages of its own political system, is shooting for gold medals in the pole vault, shotput, triple jump, and decathlon. Russia is aiming at titles in the 100- and 800-meter races; the 20- and 50-kilometer walks; and the javelin.

If you don't get to Munich, you can always sit home and pick up the action on ABC-TV for three hours every night—and not have to catch a train back to Frau Schultz's house in Oberammergau. For most of the world's fans, those millions who don't venture forth into the late Bavarian summer, the Olympics of the Short Distances will be the stroll from easy chair to television set and back. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HILLS ARE ALIVE WITH THE SOUND OF MUNICH

After grim days of reconstruction, Munich is again pre-eminent in music.

City of the two Richards, Wagner and Strauss; home of the Bavarian *Schuhplattler* dance; and birthplace of Carl Orff, composer of the enormously successful *Carmina Burana*, Munich has as distinctive an aural personality as San Francisco. It, too, has trams traversing the main streets, and if they don't clang as melodiously as the cable cars on Powell and California, they are sufficiently subdued not to drown out the church bells that chime the quarter-hours and accompany the figures in the Rathaus tower as they perform their gyrations each day.

Every sound-year begins with a ceremonial performance January 1 of Wagner's *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* in the National Theater, to celebrate the proprietary pride of the town in which it was first performed on June 21, 1868. Periodically, too, the anniversary of the premiere there of *Tristan und Isolde* on June 10, 1865, is recalled. "There" means not merely Munich itself, but within the very walls of the former Royal, now National, Theater.

Not much, aside from the walls and the facade facing the Max-Joseph-Platz, is exactly as it was in Wagner's time. The roof fell in during a heavy bombing on October 2, 1943, and subsequent air raids destroyed the famous old theater in the adjoining Residenz (palace). Both, however, have been totally restored. It took hard work and considerable money to re-create within the old walls a better theater for opera than the National had been before. But the world owes to German foresight the restoration of the beautiful old rococo theater in which Mozart conducted the first performance of his *Idomeneo* in January 1781. Early in the war the marvelous panels and other irreplaceable interior decorations of François Cuvilliés were removed to a safe hiding place. They are now together again for all to enjoy.

The stately town house or villa (Hôtel Jôchum by name) at 21 Briennerstrasse, which Ludwig II presented to Wagner after he rescued him from poverty, pressing debts, and other assorted inconveniences in 1864, is now but a memory (a bank occupies the site). But memorabilia of Strauss, the favorite son of all *Münchners*, abound. Besides being a great composer and world celebrity, he was as much a part of Munich as his grandfather Pschorr, brewer of a famous beer.

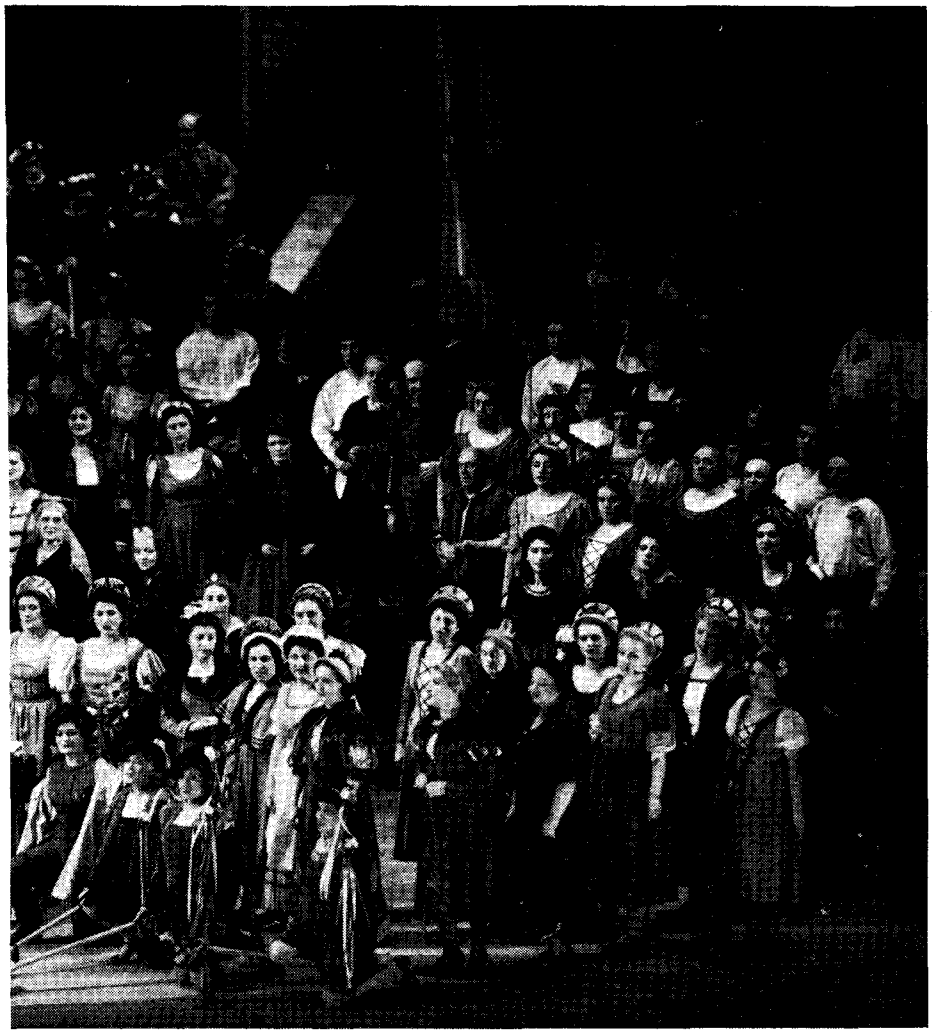
The original Pschorrbierhallen (Strauss was born in the living quarters upstairs) were also bombed out. But they have been replaced by new, more splendid *Bierhallen* embracing, under one spacious roof, lofty-beamed rooms and intimate cellars where a steady stream of customers may eat and drink in air-conditioned comfort. On the end of the building facing the Altheimer Eck, a recently minted bronze plaque reads: *"Hier wurde am 11. Juni 1864 Richard Strauss geboren."*

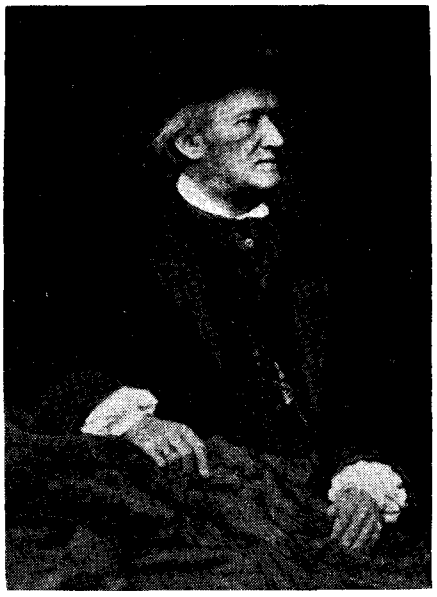
Across the Isar, which flows through Munich, a new elite business-residential district is rising at the junction of Richard Strauss and Hans von Bülow streets. The tribute to the great pianist-conductor, benefactor of young Strauss and husband of Cosima Liszt, who became the mother of Wagner's children, is soundly Bavarian, though von Bülow could not stand the town or its inhabitants. He did, indeed, cause a scandal at an important premiere by demanding extra space for the orchestra. When told that this would displace thirty seats for the public, he barked, "What on earth does it matter whether we have thirty *Schweinehunde* more or less in the place?"—a comment duly reproduced in the next *Neueste Nachrichten*.

Much of the new area is called the Arabella Park, after the last of Strauss's operatic collaborations with Hugo von Hofmannsthal. One restaurant within the Arabellahaus, a twenty-story building combining residential and hotel space, bears the name of Capriccio, Strauss's final work for the stage and, of course, a Munich premiere during the war year 1942. The room itself, which could be an opera set, is a study in red and green with photo murals on its walls tracing Strauss's life from babyhood to old age.

The Strauss name is also celebrated in musical Munich-lore for Franz, his famous father, who married Josephine Pschorr. A great virtuoso of the French horn who retired at sixty-nine after forty-five years' service in the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





"Every sound-year begins with a ceremonial performance of 'Die Meistersinger.'" Richard Strauss (far left) was "as much a part of Munich as his grandfather Pschorr." Richard Wagner came to Munich when "Ludwig II . . . rescued him from poverty, pressing debts."

opera orchestra, Father Strauss excelled in the art of *Stänkern* (bitching would be the American equivalent), for which Bavarians are noted. He earned from Wagner, whose operas after *Tannhäuser* he could not abide and to whom he often made biting remarks after rehearsals, a cherished accolade: "Old Strauss is an unbearable fellow, but when he plays his horn one cannot be cross with him." It may be that the Strausses were the first father and son to achieve high distinction at Bayreuth. To please the resident Munich conductor Hermann Levi, Franz Strauss consented to play first horn at the premiere of *Parsifal* in Bayreuth in 1882, though his hostility to Wagner was well known. Despite which, of course, he played beautifully. A decade later Richard Strauss made his Bayreuth debut as a conductor, already a world celebrity at twenty-seven.

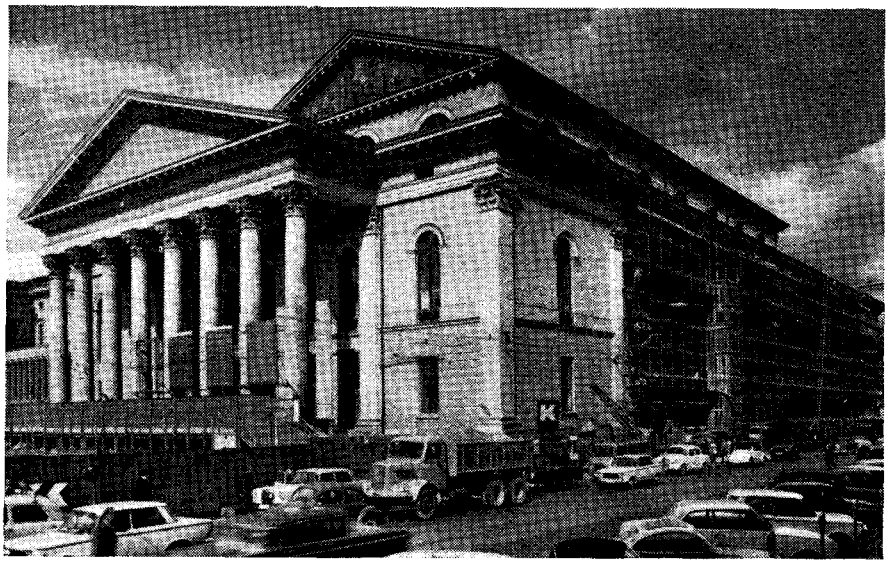
In some contemporary opinion European festivals are largely a post-World War II phenomenon. They are, rather, more numerous, widespread, and better-promoted than they were in the Twenties and Thirties. It was for the music in the old Residenztheater, the original operahouse, and the famous Prinzregententheater (created on the stadium-style of Bayreuth in 1900) that the worldly-wise, including many Americans, chose Munich as their festival base in pre-World War II days.

It was not only better-provided with hotels than most festival centers, but the breeding ground of creature comforts unknown elsewhere—*Gemütlichkeit* reigned there long before "lifestyle" was invented. In addition, the Hauptbahnhof provided easy access to Salzburg, Bayreuth, or wherever.

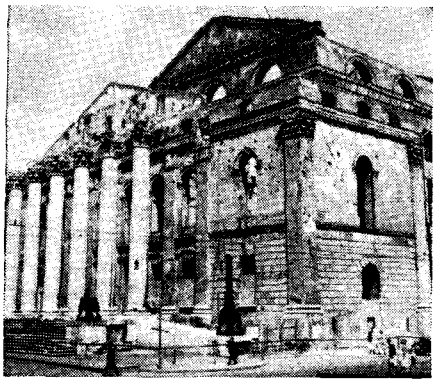
It was under the aegis of such an older festivalgoer that I ventured a European journey for the first time as a fledgling critic in the Thirties. In Salzburg, Strauss conducted Beethoven's *Fidelio* with the great Lotte Lehmann as Leonore, but he sat by in a box while Clemens Krauss directed *Der Rosenkavalier* with the same Lehmann as the Marschallin. He reserved to Munich involvement with his own literature (the ballet *Josephslegende*, among other things). Here, too, one could hear Hans Pfitzner interpret his opera *Palestrina* or watch the legendary veteran tenor Leo Slezak capering through a nonsinging role in Mozart's *Die Entführung aus dem Serail.*

Americans who found themselves in Munich a decade or so later were not there as festivalgoers or by choice at all. As of midsummer 1945 the fires were out, and the ruins had stopped smoking, but rubble lined the main arteries of the Old City in heaps bulldozed up to the second-story-window level. A visitor on military duty could tell without a map where the railroad terminal was: the heavier the concentration of bombing, the closer one was to it. That sound of Munich had no musical overtones, merely feet shuffling on heavy soles across the broken pave-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"It took hard work and considerable money to reconstruct within the old walls a better theater for opera than the National had been before." At right, the National after the "roof fell in during a heavy bombing on October 2, 1943. . . ."



ments, with *Gemütlichkeit* for lunch limited to what one could carry from home in the ever-present brown imitation-leather briefcases. By day trams were running, and the streets were thronged. After dark it was a ghost town as people disappeared—one never knew where, though one suspects that they had burrowed through the rubble into the halls and rooms they once called home. The Prinzregenten was a GI theater, playing USO shows.

As the Fifties took form, the past still hung heavy over Munich. Much rubble had been removed, the Prinzregententheater was host to international visitors again, providing opportunity for acquaintance with Carl Orff's *Antigonae* and prompting the appearance in *Saturday Review* of the first article in an American publication about its composer. Dresden-born Rudolf Kempe was beginning to attract attention as a conductor, and American-based visitors included the late Dimitri Mitropoulos, on the prowl for new music to perform with the New York Philharmonic.

But the space formerly occupied by the Residenztheater was still a gaping hole, the cherished facade by Leo von Klenze gone forever. The Cuvilliés panels and other properties had been reassembled in another area of the Residenz, creating a "new" old theater for limited usage, but when it would be restored to full service neither visitors nor residents really knew. They knew that the only reason one went to the gutted National Theater was to seek out, in an undestroyed corridor, an in-town box office set up to service ticket buyers for the Prinzregententheater farther out. Major hotels were functioning, and trains were running—obviously against difficulties—but it was distinctly what today would be termed a bad scene. Grim. One could hardly wait to get to nearby Salzburg and its green hills, with or without hotel space.

For the art-minded, generally, those to whom Munich had been known for centuries as a source of the best in prints and the publication of fine art books, the future hardly could be described as other than bleak. For the musically oriented, the outlook was not merely bleak. It was funereal. Had not Strauss himself, in one of the last acts of his long creative life, reacted to the searing news of Munich's bombing and burning in 1945 with the eloquent work for strings to which he gave the title *Metamorphosen*? Based primarily on a phrase from the "Funeral March" of Beethoven's *Eroica* Symphony, it reviews, first in proud, then protesting, eventually despondent, phrases, the climax of the era in which Strauss had come to represent the last hope of German music. Finally, in an inconsolable recurrence of the "Funeral March" motive, he pronounces the ultimate in eulogies—by himself, on himself, for himself, and all others to whom Munich was long dear.

Metamorphosen indeed! The very word is like a charm clearing the mind of the memory of yesterday, freeing it for the hope of today and the promise of tomorrow. The art of Strauss had fixed forever the mood of a moment in time, but this is an instance in which life is long, art fleeting. Not only are Munich's old major theaters restored to use, but the opera, the orchestra, the radio are once again functioning on the high level for which they have long been famous.

In addition to Rafael Kubelik as director of the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra, Munich's traditional association with first-rate musicians is once again in force and in being. Kempe is permanent director of the Munich Philharmonic, and Wolfgang Sawallisch is musical overseer of the State Opera under Günther Rennert's general direction. Together they make a match of interchangeable talents that can bring Kubelik to the opera for a much-admired *Boris* or call upon the others to render comparable services with the radio. As for Karl Richter's Munich Bach Orchestra, it is world-renowned wherever it has been heard live or from many fine recordings.

Only a proper concert hall remains to make Munich's musical life complete (neither the Herkulessaal in the Residenz nor the Kongresssaal of the Deutsches Museum is musically advantageous). This long-standing lack may be resolved when plans to construct a new music center on the Isar are consummated.

Whether the spiritual regeneration is a consequence of the physical or vice versa is not merely difficult to determine but almost unimportant. Very likely one contributed to the other, with the pride of accomplishment reflected in the young people who now appear in black tie or long dresses for a Sunday evening at the opera. The visitor coming into Munich these days from the airport sees more of the old than ever seemed able to be reconstructed from the rubble of '45 or even '55. There is also a newer kind of new than that to be encountered in some other of Germany's restored cities. It stimulates rather than obtrudes, providing a bridge from the past rather than a breech with it.

That all this coincides with an Olympic year cannot be construed as merely accidental or incidental. It is clearly the culmination of a massive incentive addressed to an overpowering need. Munich has been reborn from odes and laments and the best-meant of eulogies. It is singing in new and old tones, reclaiming its aural heritage, proclaiming itself once again as a place with a life and a lilt of its own. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CULTURAL OLYMPIAD

Munich/Augsburg/Kiel May-September 1972

KEY

Munich

BR Bayerischer Rundfunk
CT Cuvilliéstheater
DM Deutsches Museum
GT Gärtnerplatztheater
HK Haus der Kunst
HS Herkulessaal der Residenz
KS Kammerspiele
MK Münchner Kammeroper im Münzhof
MMT Münchner Marionettentheater
MS Münchner Stadtmuseum
NR Neues Residenztheater
NT Nationaltheater
RT Residenztheater
SS Schauspielhaus
SM Stadtsparkasse München
TL Theater in der Leopoldstrasse
WT Werkraumtheater
ZKB Zirkus Krone Bau

Augsburg

MT Marionettentheater
RH Rathaus
ST Stadttheater
KH Kongresshalle

Kiel

CHH Conti-Hansa-Halle
EH Exhibition Hall
KH Kunsthalle
OH Opernhaus am Kleinen Kiel
SS Schauspielhaus
SP Schrevenpark
S Schloss

EXHIBITIONS

Munich

June 16-September 30
HK World Cultures and Modern Art
June 9-October 15
MS Bavaria—Art and Culture
June 3-October 15
DM 100 Years of German Excavation at Olympia
DM Olympia and Technology
August 1-September 15
SM The Olympic Games on Coins and Medals

Kiel

May 10-September 24
KH The World of Yachting
CHH The Vikings
EH Exploration and Use of the Sea

Augsburg

July 15-October 15
RH Music in Bavaria

PERFORMANCES

*World premieres

August 1
NT *Sim Tjong* (opera by Isang Yun)*
KS The Theater Laboratory, Jerzy Grotowski, Wroclaw, Poland. Through August 16
GT *The Bartered Bride* (Smetana)
NR *Wallenstein II* (Schiller)
SS Negro Ensemble Company, New York. Through August 8

August 2
NR *Troilus and Cressida* (Shakespeare), premiere. Through August 5
NT *Der Rosenkavalier* (R. Strauss)
GT *The Cunning Little Vixen*
CT *A Man Full of Nothing* (Nestroy). Through August 6
MMT *Abduction from the Seraglio*

August 3
NT *Ariadne auf Naxos* (R. Strauss)
GT *The Queen of Spades*

August 4
NT *Wozzeck* (Berg)
GT *Betrothal in a Convent* (Prokofiev)

August 5
NT *Die schweigsame Frau*
GT *Rusalka* (Dvořák)
MMT *The Magic Flute* (Mozart)

August 6
NR *Egmont* (Goethe)
NT *Die Meistersinger* (Wagner)
GT Ballet
MMT *Die Kluge* (Orff)

August 7
NR *Wallenstein I* (Schiller)
NT *Sim Tjong* (Isang Yun)
CT *Astutuli* (Orff)
GT *The Nose* (Shostakovich)

August 8
NT *Salome* (R. Strauss)
NR *Wallenstein II* (Schiller)
GT *La Traviata* (Verdi)

August 9
NT Opera: *Oedipus Rex* (Stravinsky). Ballet: *Présence* (Zimmermann)
NR *Wallenstein I* (Schiller)
CT *Astutuli* (Orff)
SS *Danton's Death* (Büchner)
GT *The Merry Widow* (Lehár)
MMT *The Magic Flute* (Mozart)

August 10
NR *Wallenstein II* (Schiller)
CT *La Clemenza di Tito* (Mozart)
GT *Carmen* (Bizet)
DM Vienna Symphony

August 11
NT New York Ballet. Through August 14
NR *Wallenstein I* (Schiller)
CT *Capriccio* (R. Strauss)
SS *Sladek, the Black Imperial Soldier* (Horváth)
GT *The Opera Ball* (Heuberger)

August 12
NR *Wallenstein II* (Schiller)
CT *Abduction from the Seraglio*
GT *The Fairy Queen* (Purcell)
MMT *Abduction from the Seraglio*
HS Recital: Fischer-Dieskau

August 13
NT *Ariadne auf Naxos* (R. Strauss)
NR *Professor Bernhardi* (Schnitzler)
GT *The Impresario* (Mozart)
CT *A Man Full of Nothing* (Nestroy)
MMT *Die Kluge* (Orff)
SS *The Ruling Class* (Barnes)

August 14
NR *Troilus and Cressida*
CT *Capriccio* (R. Strauss)
SS *A Pair of Drawers* (Sternheim)
GT *The Man of La Mancha* (Leigh)
DM Moscow Philharmonic.
ZKB International Folklore Festival. Through September 10

August 15
NT *Salome* (R. Strauss)
NR *Professor Bernhardi* (Schnitzler)
CT *La Clemenza di Tito* (Mozart)
SS *Frühere Verhältnisse* (Nestroy), *Creditors* (Strindberg)
GT *Orpheus in the Underworld*
MK *Gianni Schicchi* (Puccini)

Augsburg

ST *Cornelia Faroli* (Kubelik)*

August 16
NT *Betrothal in San Domingo* (Egk)
CT *Abduction from the Seraglio*
GT Ballet: *Play Bach* (Bach/Lousier), etc. Through August 21
MMT *The Magic Flute* (Mozart)

Augsburg

MT *The Swabian Creation*

August 17
NT *The Magic Flute* (Mozart)
NR *Wallenstein I* (Schiller)
CT *Astutuli* (Orff)
SS *Le Coup de Trafalgar* (Vitrac)
GT *Die Fledermaus* (J. Strauss)
DM Jazz. Through August 20

Augsburg

KH World Congress of Jeunesses Musicales. Through August 24

August 18
NR *Wallenstein II* (Schiller)
NT *Die Frau ohne Schatten*
SS *Citizen Schippel* (Sternheim)
GT *The Tales of Hoffmann*
ZKB Ghana Dance Ensemble. Through August 21

August 19
CT *Capriccio* (R. Strauss)
NR *Troilus and Cressida*
SS *The Suicide* (Erdmann)
MMT *Der Mond* (Orff)

Kiel

SS *Mother Courage* (Brecht)

Augsburg

ST *Galileo* (Brecht)
MT *The Swabian Creation*

August 20
CT Recital: Claire Watson (matinee)
NT *Tristan und Isolde* (Wagner)
NR *Professor Bernhardi* (Schnitzler)
GT *La Belle Hélène* (Offenbach)
CT *A Man Full of Nothing* (Nestroy)
MMT *The Magic Flute* (Mozart)
HK Indian ragas: Yehudi Menuhin, Ravi Shankar

Kiel

OH *The Visit* (Von Einem), premiere
SS *Le Dindon* (Feydeau)

Augsburg

ST *Galileo* (Brecht)

August 21
NT *Salome* (R. Strauss)
CT *La Clemenza di Tito* (Mozart)
SS *Citizen Schippel* (Sternheim)

Augsburg

ST *Cornelia Faroli* (Kubelik)

August 22
NR *Troilus and Cressida*
GT *The Barber of Seville* (Rossini)
CT *A Man Full of Nothing* (Nestroy)
MK *Gianni Schicchi* (Puccini)
SS *Danton's Death* (Büchner)
HS Recital: Hermann Prey
ZKB Rapsodia Romana from Rumania. Through August 25

Kiel

OH *Pelléas et Mélisande* (Debussy)
SS *Mother Courage* (Brecht)

August 23
NT *The Marriage of Figaro* (Mozart)
GT *Fra Diavolo* (Auber)
MMT *Der Mond* (Orff)
SS *Play Strindberg* (Dürrenmatt)

Kiel

OH *A Night in Venice* (J. Strauss)
SS *Le Dindon* (Feydeau)

Augsburg

ST *Rashomon* (Ludwig)*
MT Kabarett International

August 24
NR *Professor Bernhardi* (Schnitzler)
GT *Le Médecin malgré lui* (Gounod)
SS *The Ruling Class* (Barnes)

Kiel

OH *Der Wildschütz* (Lortzing)

Augsburg

ST *The Rake's Progress* (Stravinsky)

August 25
NT Ballet
CT *Capriccio* (R. Strauss)
NR *Troilus and Cressida*
GT *The Man of La Mancha* (Leigh)
SS *Danton's Death* (Büchner)

Kiel

OH Stockholm Opera: *Masked Ball*
SS *The Balcony* (Genet)

Augsburg

ST *A Night in Venice* (J. Strauss)

August 26
NT Ninth Symphony (Beethoven)
NR *Professor Bernhardi* (Schnitzler)
GT *The Barber of Seville* (Rossini)
CT *A Man Full of Nothing* (Nestroy)
MMT *The Abduction from the Seraglio*
MK *Gianni Schicchi* (Puccini)
TL Moscow Puppet Theater, Sergei Obraszov. Through September 3
ZKB Ballet Folklorico Nacional de Mexico. Through August 29
DM A Bavarian Pageant

Augsburg

ST *Galileo* (Brecht)
MT Kabarett International

August 27
NT *The Marriage of Figaro* (Mozart)
NR *Egmont* (Goethe)
GT *Rules of Life* (Wimberger)*
SS *Sleuth* (Shaffer)

Kiel

OH *A Night in Venice* (J. Strauss)

Augsburg

ST *Galileo* (Brecht)

August 28
NT Ballet
NR *Professor Bernhardi* (Schnitzler)
CT *Albert Herring* (Britten)
SS *Citizen Schippel* (Sternheim)
GT *Die Fledermaus* (J. Strauss)
DM Berlin Philharmonic

Kiel

SP *Aqua Divina* (Stockhausen)*
SS *Le Dindon* (Feydeau)
OH Cologne Municipal Theater: *Wallenstein* (Schiller)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Augsburg

KH Concert: *Porgy and Bess, An American in Paris* (Gershwin)

August 29

NT *Der Rosenkavalier* (R. Strauss)
NR *Exiles* (Joyce), premiere
GT *Don Pasquale* (Donizetti)
CT *A Man Full of Nothing* (Nestroy)
MK *Gianni Schicchi* (Puccini)
SS *A Pair of Drawers* (Sternheim)
HS Concert: *Porgy and Bess*, etc.
BR New Trends in Music. Through September 2

Kiel

OH *The Visit* (Von Einem)
SS Pantomime Theater: Tomaszewski, Wroclaw, Poland

Augsburg

ST *Don Giovanni* (Mozart)
MT Kabarett International. Through August 30

August 30

NT *The Magic Flute* (Mozart)
NR *Troilus and Cressida*
CT *The Abduction from the Seraglio*
SS *Play Strindberg* (Dürrenmatt)
GT *Tales of Hoffmann* (Offenbach)
MMT *Der Mond* (Orff)
ZKB Korean Folk Arts Group, Indian Folk Arts (Bharata Natyam). Through September 2

Kiel

OH Royal Danish Ballet

Augsburg

ST *Rashomon* (Ludwig)

August 31

NT *Sim Tjong* (Isang Yun)
NR *Professor Bernhardi* (Schnitzler)
CT *Viva la Mamma* (Donizetti)
SS *Uncle Vanja* (Chekhov), premiere
GT *Mahagonny* (Weill)
DM Vienna Philharmonic

Kiel

SS *The Balcony* (Genet)
SP *Aqua Divina* (Stockhausen)

September 1

NT *Boris Godunov* (Mussorgsky)
NR *Exiles* (Joyce)
GT *Die Fledermaus* (J. Strauss)
CT *A Man Full of Nothing* (Nestroy)

Kiel

OH Sofia National Opera: *Boris Godunov*

Augsburg

ST *The Count of Luxemburg* (Lehár)

September 2

CT *La Clemenza di Tito* (Mozart)
NR *Professor Bernhardi* (Schnitzler)
GT Sadler's Wells Opera: *Gloriana*
MMT *Die Kluge* (Orff)

Kiel

OH Sofia National Opera: *Turandot*
SS *Mother Courage* (Brecht)

Augsburg

ST *Turandot*
MT Kabarett International

September 3

NT *Tristan und Isolde* (Wagner)
NR *Troilus and Cressida*
CT *A Man Full of Nothing* (Nestroy)
MMT *Der Mond* (Orff)
ZKB Japanese Folkloric Art Dance
SS Berlin Ensemble: *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui* (Brecht)

Kiel

OH Hamburg Opera: *Magic Flute*
SS Studio: *The Venetian Twins*

September 4

NT La Scala Opera: *Aïda* (Verdi)
NR *Professor Bernhardi* (Schnitzler)
CT *Viva la Mamma* (Donizetti)
SS Berlin Ensemble: *The Bread Shop, Señora Carrar's Rifles* (Brecht)
GT *Carmen* (Bizet)

Augsburg

ST *Galileo* (Brecht)

Kiel

SS Norske Teatret, Oslo: *Hedda Gabler* (Ibsen)

September 5

NT Ballet
NR *Wallenstein I* (Schiller)
SS Berlin Ensemble: *Coriolanus* (Brecht)
GT *The Merry Widow* (Lehár)
DM Gewandhaus Orchestra of Leipzig. Through September 6

Kiel

OH *Der Wildschütz* (Lortzing)
S NHK Symphony Orchestra, Tokyo

Augsburg

ST *A Night in Venice* (J. Strauss)

September 6

NT La Scala Opera: *Requiem* (Verdi). Through September 8
NR *Wallenstein II* (Schiller)
CT *The Abduction from the Seraglio* (Mozart)
SS Berlin Ensemble: *The Bread Shop, Señora Carrar's Rifles* (Brecht)
GT *The Fairy Queen* (Purcell)
MMT *The Magic Flute* (Mozart)

Augsburg

ST *Cornelia Faroli* (Kubelik)

Kiel

SS Schillertheater, Berlin: *Mother Courage* (Brecht)
SP *Aqua Divina* (Stockhausen)

September 7

RT *Egmont* (Goethe)
CT *Albert Herring* (Britten)
SS Berlin Ensemble: *Coriolanus* (Brecht)
NT La Scala Opera: *Aïda* (Verdi)
ZKB Poland Folk Arts: Mazowsze
GT *The Man of La Mancha* (Leigh)
DM NHK Symphony Orchestra, Tokyo

Augsburg

ST *Turandot* (Puccini)

September 8

NR *Troilus and Cressida*
GT *La Traviata* (Verdi)
CT *A Man Full of Nothing* (Nestroy)
HS Munich Philharmonic
SS Berlin Ensemble: *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui* (Brecht)

Augsburg

ST *The Count of Luxemburg* (Lehár)
MT *The Swabian Creation*
KH NHK Symphony Orchestra, Tokyo

September 9

NT La Scala Opera: *Aïda* (Verdi)
NR *Professor Bernhardi* (Schnitzler)
CT *Capriccio* (R. Strauss)
SS *Sladek, the Black Imperial Soldier* (Horváth)
GT *Rules of Life* (Wimberger)
MMT *Der Mond* (Orff). Through September 10

Augsburg

MT Kabarett International

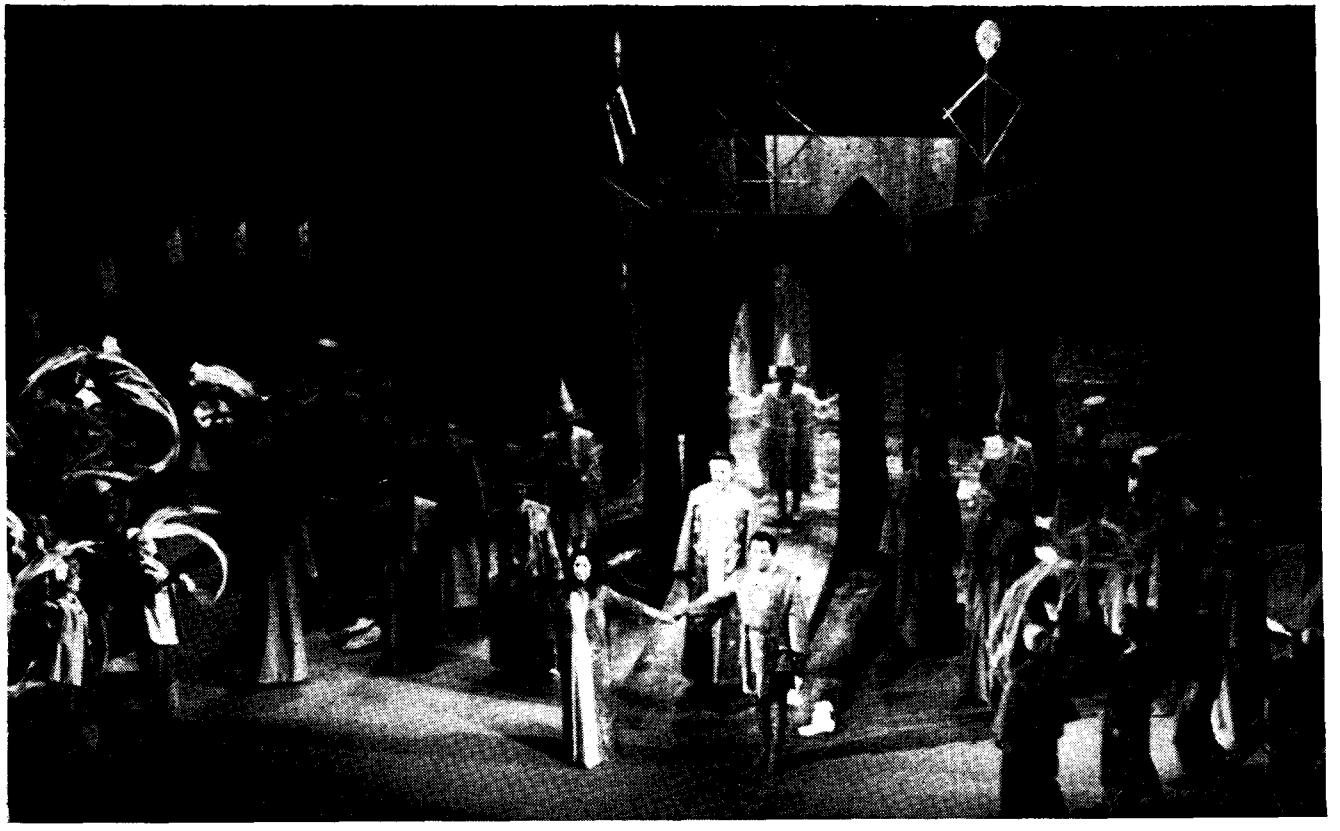
September 10

NT *Die Meistersinger* (Wagner)
NR *Exiles* (Joyce)
GT *Platée* (Rameau)
CT *A Man Full of Nothing* (Nestroy)
SS *Danton's Death* (Büchner)

Augsburg

ST *Turandot* (Puccini)

Opera performance in Munich of Mozart's "Magic Flute."



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LITERARY MERCHANTS OF LIGHT

BY ROBERT J. CLEMENTS

In his *Nova Atlantis* Francis Bacon made the point that no Utopia can be self-sufficient and that even insular Utopias must periodically send out learned men to collect and bring back new books and ideas from the outer world. These wandering emissaries he called Merchants of Light. For centuries this function of importing outside ideas has been carried on by German creative writers, most of whom spent *Wanderjahre* beyond the borders of the Reich as a natural phase of the educative process. In assaying these explorations, one's first impulse is to present a balance sheet of the literary and cultural emanations from Germany toward other nations of the world, noting, for example, that scarcely five years after Goethe's *Werther* (1774) had appeared Chinese painters were already at work on its pathetic scenes. Yet one may be doing a greater service to Germany in questioning the widely held Anglo-Saxon conviction that whereas France, the United States, Japan, and a few other countries are receptive caldrons of international currents, Germany has rather displayed a secular intellectual insularity. Not so. It is precisely the wanderings of German authors, serving as Merchants of Light, that have kept cosmopolitanism alive in the Utopia, importing the great intellectual movements from medieval Scholasticism to the present.

The Middle Ages were, especially with the Gothic incursions into Italy, an age of movement for the Germans, that ubiquity well expressed in the verse of the ninth-century *Lay of Hildebrand*: "Sixty summers and winters I wandered in strange lands." From the earlier invasions below the Alps came the Visigothic Bible, a crucial work for the importation of Christianity to the north. The clerics, the authors of the time, brought in the Latin language, Scholastic philosophy, and all the pious and hagiographic literature from the south. While wandering scholars and goliards brought into Germany drinking songs in Latin, minstrels imported the love poetry of the French troubadours so foreign to the blunt codes of the Nibelungen.

The Crusades led the poets even farther from the homeland, lading them with a heavy cargo of memories and experiences to report. The great lyric poet Walther von der Vogelweide, who saw the Holy Land, wrote: "I have seen so many countries and was happy visiting the best." The first major writer of knightly romances, Hartmann von Aue, also enriched his talent from experience on a Crusade, either that of 1189 or 1197. Yet even the great stay-at-home poets of the time, Wolfram von Eschenbach and Gottfried von Strassburg, emigrated at least through reading to borrow Breton and Norman materials.

In the Humanistic period Italy represented the "third classicism," with Rome again the *caput mundi*. Along with Latinizing their names (Fischer to Piscator, Schmidt to Faber, etc.), the German Humanists had to make their pilgrimage to Rome, or at least Bologna (Europe's oldest university town), Pavia, or Siena, a practice mocked by Sebastian Brant in his *Ship of Fools* of 1494: "That art and science we might learn/No need to foreign schools to turn." Konrad Celtis, poet and scholar, made his pilgrimage to Rome, Krakow, and Prague, bringing his learning back not only to the Rhineland but to Vienna. Ulrich von Hutten's Italian travels added the right aura for him to be crowned poet laureate at the court of Emperor Maximilian I.

Although Germany is widely thought to have participated too little and too late in the European Renaissance—with creative geniuses comparable to Shakespeare, Rabelais, and Cervantes absent there during the sixteenth century—the German Humanists actively brought to their homeland the great rediscovered texts of Greco-Roman-Alexandrian antiquity and performed on them the duties incumbent upon all Humanists: collating and establishing accurate readings, translating, annotating, and then publishing them—a task facilitated by the invention of printing in Mainz. They even found some ancient manuscripts of their own (the Rhineland had its share, as Petrarch had discovered before them). This Humanistic activity laid the foundations for the excellence and thoroughness of future German education.

A curious result of the Italian travels of some German Humanists (the same thing happened with Frenchmen and Englishmen newly arrived in Rome) was discovery of the high life and flagrant breaking of vows on the part of the clergy. This spurred them back to Germany to seed the Reformation. Johann Fischart's travel to Italy, reinforced by contacts he made in England, Holland, and France, made him a vigorous polemicist for Martin Luther. When Germans read his versetale "The Lucky Ship from Zurich," they could glean from it that the Protestants from Switzerland would come quickly to support those in Strasbourg.

If the Baroque movement was launched in Italy and on the Iberian peninsula, it took little time to reach Germany. Three major Baroque writers—Gryphius, Hofmannswaldau, and Johannes Scheffler—all traveled in Italy, the last receiving his medical degree from Padua. As the number of Baroque authors grew, both Catholics and Protestants shared in this great esthetic and religious movement propagated by the Jesuits. Yet the impact of Baroque was just as striking in German art and architecture, so that this time the many artists who had schooled themselves in Italy could share the title of Merchants of Light.

With the advent of the Enlightenment and Romanticism, many familiar names are added to the roster of emissaries. Frederick the Great's (1740-1786) love of things French guaranteed a very insistent cosmopolitanism during his reign. Lessing, whose plans for a "world tour" were interrupted by war, at least got to Holland and Italy. He did more than any contemporary to open up the horizons of German literature, especially through French and English models. Neo-Classicism in Germany was on one score more enlightened than in France, for it never turned its back on Shakespeare as an un-Aristotelian barbarian. In 1776 Maler Mueller even dedicates a work to "Shakespeare's ghost."

Among the Romanticists, Herder, Goethe, A. W. Schlegel, and Tieck all made their pilgrimages to Italy, among other countries. Improved travel conditions made the Mediterranean lands more accessible, and the German "drive to the south" became ever more intense. Mediterranean subjects abounded in Romantic drama (*Tasso, Don Carlos, The Bride of Messina*), and everyone dreamed now of "the land where the lemon-trees bloom." Inci-

Chairman of the Department of Comparative Literature at New York University, Robert J. Clements is well known to *SR* readers as the longtime conductor of The European Literary Scene.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dentally, if we are to believe one of Goethe's elegies penned in Rome, the social obligations of a Merchant of Light never needed to impede, even momentarily, one's scholarly dedication to literature.

If sleep overcomes her, I lie back lost in thought.
Ofttimes have I made up verses in her arms
While my fingers the measure of hexameter
Have counted on her back.

Germany shared the experience of European Romanticism in its political, as well as esthetic, or sentimental, character. Hugo, Pushkin, Byron, and Schiller all were writing poems to liberty. Germans not only watched the oppression of Spaniards, Greeks, and Italians but worried about their own oppressors as well, from the lofty Metternich to the petty Duke Karl Eugen of Württemburg, who stalemated poor Schiller so that the latter could barely make it to Jena, let alone foreign soil. Schiller had his revenge when he created the petty tyrant in his play *Wilhelm Tell*. The persistent drive for liberty personified in Goethe's Goetz and Schiller's Karl Moor was crowned (at least temporarily) by the widespread revolutions of 1848.

So far as Germany was concerned, Romanticism was a two-way street. After the *New Héloïse* of Rousseau, Goethe's *Werther* and Bürger's "Lenore" (translated by both Scott and Rossetti into English) were the two most seminal works of European Romanticism, the former accounting, incidentally, for thousands of newborn baby girls who were named Lotte (or Charlotte) and the latter for the thousands of Lenores. It became fashionable everywhere to agree with Madame de Staël's contention that, since the only true literature comes out of the soil, the woods, the blood, and the race, German literature was the only model to follow.

By the later nineteenth century the wanderings become unchartable in their multiplicity and geographical scope. Yet some of the Merchants of Light were still doing their duty. Take Rilke. His exposure to Florence in 1898 engendered a love of Michelangelo's art, which he reflected the following year in his *Tales of the Beloved God*, and strengthened his desire to bequeath to his homeland many fine translations of Michelangelo's verse (1914-1923). His first trip to Moscow supplied the materials and atmosphere for three of these same tales. Similarly, Hesse's trip to India in 1911 prepared the way for his novel *Siddhartha* (1922), whose hero learns the value of Buddhist meditation. This novel enlarged the scope of German literature, as indeed that of India, where translations of *Siddhartha* were executed into nine Indian languages. It is much harder to assess whether Gerhart Hauptmann's first trip to America in 1894 had anything to do with the naturalistic tendency of his later work.

Goethe in Italy—Traveling German authors kept cosmopolitanism alive, importing each intellectual movement.

A clear case of merchandising in light are the visits to France of Stefan George and of the Austrian Hugo von Hofmannsthal. Both were deeply influenced by the French Symbolists (George knew Mallarmé and Verlaine). Each in his own way drew something for the new German lyric poetry out of the Symbolists' doctrines. George especially learned from the movement the purity of rhyme, a relentless search for the right word, a preference of suggestion over statement, musicality, and other qualities that German poets learned in turn from him.

The advent of Hitlerism turned thoughts from poetry of symbols to that of commitment. It sent many German language writers into exile. Some like Heine a century before (grieving in Paris and condemning Germany from afar), were never to go home and give testimony about their travels. The first who come to mind are Heinrich and Klaus Mann, Hermann Broch, Czech-German Franz Werfel, and Viennese Stefan Zweig, "just another," as he wrote, "of those who seek a home they shall not find."

Many did return. One of the best equipped of these Merchants of Light was, of course, Thomas Mann, who went back with a great deal to say. However, when a holocaust has occurred in Utopia during one's absence and one has renounced his Utopian citizenship, one's reports are less appreciated. A much more telling voice was that of Brecht, returning after "changing countries more often than shoes," even though only one-half of Utopia was listening seriously. Brecht preached strong medicine for the convalescent country. Alfred Döblin and Carl Zuckmayer among many others urged milder balms.

Soon the postwar Miracle of Germany repaired the battle-scarred Utopia. "In the clearing of war," exulted Peter Huchel in his "Heimat," "arable land is gleaming. Everywhere life is rising." A new generation of authors, totally renouncing National Socialism or any generational responsibility for it, started matching industrial production with literary output. Alfred Andersch (ex-Dachau), Juergen Becker, Peter Bichsel, Heinrich Böll, Günter Eich, Hans Enzensberger, Günter Grass, Peter Handke, Walter Höllerer, Uwe Johnson, Siegfried Lenz, Peter Weiss are a few creating a new literature, many of them already known in English translation. Many are well known, because they travel on the campus-lecture circuits in America.

The farthest collective exodus of Germany's Merchants of Light was the Gruppe 47 pilgrimage to Princeton in April 1966, a convocation followed by westward travels to acquaint themselves with America. Gruppe 47 is a group of young, liberal, socially conscious German authors who hold periodic forums and who incline toward committed as well as creative writing. Before Princeton they had journeyed to Sweden, and after Princeton they planned a meeting in Moscow. Considering the vigorous critical analysis of their own culture, so obvious in their writings, I wondered at the time whether they would still feel objective enough about a warring, divided America and could really play the traditional role of Merchants of Light, which is to carry back with them positive ideas gleaned in their travels.

Remembering that Victor Lange was their host at the Princeton meeting, I asked him about this. His reply: "The American visit of the Gruppe meant nothing less than the beginning of a creative and continuous dialogue between a remarkable number of receptive, open-minded, and self-critical German writers—Grass, Weiss, Johnson, and Jakov Lind—and their American contemporaries. If during the past few years a progressive spirit has been translated into effective political action, this has in large measure been the work of those German writers who in 1966 discovered America." The Merchants are still plying their trade. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVELY GHOST OF LENI

BY HOLLIS ALPERT

Still alive in Munich, Leni Riefenstahl, Hitler's moviemaker, was the progenitor of the Olympic film as an art form, a tradition that continues today.

There is no doubt that Hitler harbored grandiose architectural plans, Olympian and otherwise, for the city of Nuremberg, where his fiery Nazi pageants were held and where, with some irony, the Allied prosecutors held trials of war criminals when Germany at last lay in shambles.

For a view of Nuremberg in its fullest glory, one must go to one of the most remarkable documentary films ever made, *The Triumph of the Will,* an awesome record of the huge Nazi Party Congress held in 1934. And, through the medium of film, the 1936 Olympic Games of Berlin can also be witnessed. Passing strange that we of this generation should owe any kind of debt to Hitler. But it was because he was a film buff, as well as a manipulator through propaganda, that the Nuremberg rally was given this artistic and monstrous glorification—its title was Hitler's—and the filming of the 1936 games had his blessing. Both projects were, of course, under the sole direction and supervision of Leni Riefenstahl, a name around which considerable controversy still swirls.

Irony of ironies, Leni Riefenstahl is to be found living today in Munich. She, who with her two-part *Olympia* created that form of reportage known as the Olympic film, will have no part in the 1972 games. Plans for filming the Olympics are well afoot, and it is partly because of her achievement with *Olympia* that they will take a different form than in the past. There is another reason why the more usual kind of reportage will be forsaken. Television has become so adept at covering the games and bringing them almost instantaneously to worldwide audiences that there is less reason for a film documentary. Leni's, in fact, was the only Olympic documentary that had a resounding commercial success. Even the great *Tokyo Olympiad,* made by Kon Ichikawa, had its troubles in the theatrical market place.

Both artistic and commercial reasons can be said, then, to be behind the change in format, a change sparked by David Wolper, who, in cooperation with the Bavaria Studios of Munich, has been given the responsibility of making a feature film of the 1972 games. Wolper, an eminent documentary and feature film producer (his most recent is *The Hellstrom Chronicle*), will serve as executive producer of a film to be called *Olympic Impressions,* or something on that order. With a budget of $1.5-million he plans to produce a 110-minute film with contributions by nine or ten internationally famous directors, each from a different country. Wolper is in the hectic process of engaging his directors. With contracts not yet signed and with less than five months to go before opening day, he is edgy about naming names.

However, an idea of the kind of personnel he is after can be got from the kind of names he would *like* to have on contracts. For Italy, he mentioned Federico Fellini and Franco Zeffirelli; for France, Claude LeLouch and François Truffaut; for England, John Schlesinger and Tony Richardson; for this country, Mike Nichols, Arthur Penn, Sam Peckinpah. He's going after the top, in other words, or pretty close to it. He's anxious to have a black director from Africa, and he also wants a woman director. Why not, then, Leni Riefenstahl? Sorry, said Wolper, no comment.

From other sources, though, the reason for the omission of Leni's name became apparent. It is the Germans, presumably, who ruled her out. She is still, after all these years, something of an embarrassment. In good health, and actively at work finishing a film on an African tribe, Leni, almost seventy, might seem an ideal choice to film some part of the Olympic project. What would she do now with modern equipment and a good crew at her disposal? We are not to be given the answer, for a dark cloud still hangs over her name.

The impression persists that her *Olympia,* well over three hours long, was neither newsreel nor art but propaganda attesting to the superiority and destiny of Hitler's Reich. As recently as 1965, a young West German film critic and director, Ulrich Gregor, wrote: "Leni Riefenstahl's films about the Olympic Games are, even in their purified versions that evade mention of Hitler and other Nazi leaders, still outspokenly fascistic in spirit. The films celebrate sport as a heroic, superhuman feat, a kind of ritual. This is especially apparent in the narration, which

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

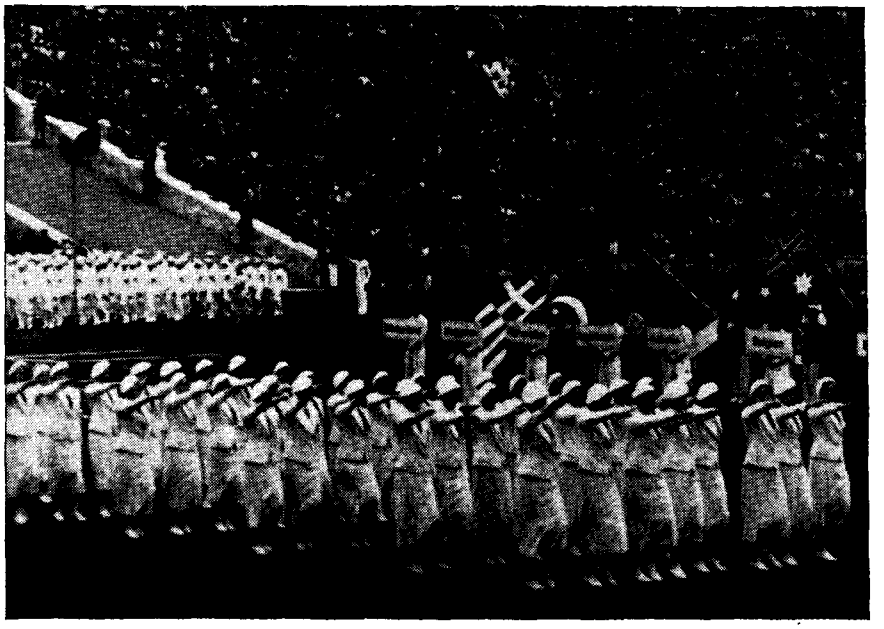
constantly resounds with words like 'fight' and 'conquest' and also in shots, for example, of marathon races through the forest that are stylized in Nordic mystery." This same general view can be found in film histories, such as Arthur Knight's *The Liveliest Art*: ". . . even the Olympic Games provided fodder for the Goebbels propaganda machine. . . ."

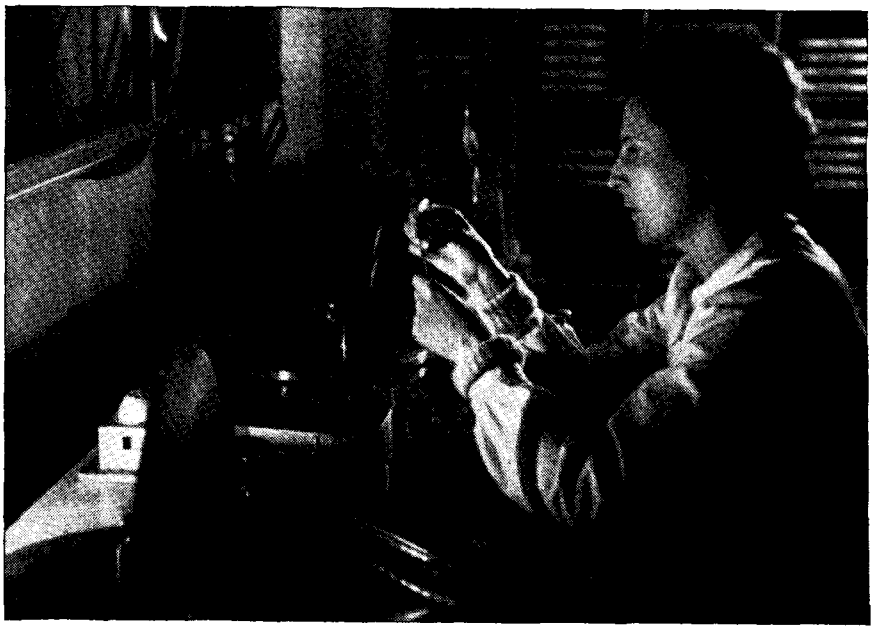
However, as research and information have accumulated about Leni's filming of the games, informed opinion has veered in her favor. Andrew Sarris, for one, after viewing a Museum of Modern Art print of the film in 1967, wrote: "Leni Riefenstahl emerges more honorably as an artist on a political tightrope than did such luminaries of the Soviet era as Eisenstein and Dovzhenko."

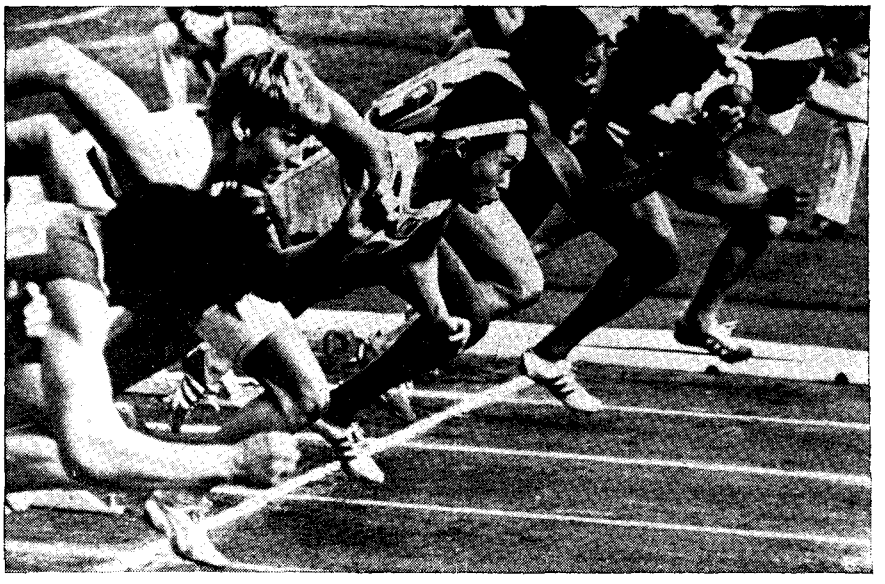
Viewed in the more dispassionate light of today, *Olympia* reveals little that can be regarded as fascistic in spirit. The shots of Hitler and his entourage are so few and far between that one tends, out of historical curiosity, to wish for more of him rather than less. Hitler's private feelings about Jesse Owens, the great black sprinter, are hardly printable, but in *Olympia* Owens is given his full due. Racial overtones, if present at all, exist only in the commentary. The Museum of Modern Art print is narrated, apparently, by a German with a British accent; on one occasion he refers to another American athlete as "the black panther"—a usage that hits one's ear and sensibilities now with a considerable jolt.

On the whole, one would tend to agree with John Grierson, a high priest of the documentary-film movement of the 1930s, who said of *Olympia*: "It is a great film report of a public event, and no other film has ever been so splendid in its capture of the poetry of athletic motion. It is the greatest sports record I have ever seen in the cinema."

The impression also persists that for the filming of *Olympia* Leni had almost unlimited resources, made available by her admitted friend Hitler, and the cooperation of Joseph Goebbels. However, international newsreel teams were also present, and many of the facilities were obviously intended for their use. While Leni undoubtedly had Hitler's full approval, Leni's official permission to make the film came from the Olympics Committee, and her particular







Marching team obliges with Nazi salute (top), in frame from "Olympia," produced and personally edited by Leni Riefenstahl (center). Tainted by Nazi associations, she made an art form of Olympic films, a trend followed in 1964 Tokyo Olympics (right).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aegis was a private film company, Tobis. "We didn't have gigantic sums of money," she told Michel Delahaye of *Cahiers du Cinéma* in 1965, "a million-and-a-half marks in all, less than people said. Beyond that, we had the problem of lack of experience with certain of the cameramen. We had engaged the best we could, but for the most part the best cameramen were out of our reach, as the big companies had a monopoly on them. In the beginning, no one believed in it, and we had to arrange things so as not to go over the budget we had been allotted." To Gordon Hichens, who interviewed her the same year, she emphasized that *Olympia* was clearly nonpolitical and not a German government film. Goebbels, in fact, had opposed its making; Leni was not one of his darlings. The thematic nature of the film was meant to be universal, a celebration of the beauty and grace of the human body.

To view the film is to find support for Leni's contentions. Classical images of the human form are linked with contemporary images of human strength and harmonious movement. Close-ups reveal tense muscles; faces of contestants are caught exulting in victory, saddened by defeat. Jesse Owens obviously fascinated Leni. The Japanese marathon victor, Kitei Son, though sometimes viewed in stride through "forests of Nordic mystery," can be considered at best an honorary Aryan, and it is not a German he fights for the lead, but a Britisher, whom he finally outlasts.

Innovative at the time was the use of slow motion to capture bodies in exquisite flight, particularly in events such as the high jump and the pole vault. One marvelous sequence shows swimmers photographed from below. "The swimmers in the Olympic pool," wrote Arnold Berson, "seem to fly before our eyes, as birds suspended over us momentarily, now revolving, straining themselves in a blend of men, water, air, and light." In her arduous editing sessions afterward, boiling down hundreds of thousands of feet of exposed film, Leni made imaginative use of sound, cleverly interspersing bursts of crowd noise between the action and shots of national partisans in the stands. Actually, only one sound camera was allowed to her inside the stadium; the jealous Goebbels, she later claimed, attempted to have it forcibly removed by some SS men. Leni took to standing guard over it herself until the games were concluded.

Her imaginative solving, through technical means, of a variety of filming problems had no precedent. The previous games had been held in Los Angeles, home of the world's pre-eminent film industry, yet there was no attempt to make a feature film of the event. One of the highlights of the Munich festival this year will be an evening devoted to films of the Olympics, the German authorities having collected samples from all of them with the likely exception of the first modern games held in 1896.

Such full reportage tradition as there is, however, was instituted by Leni, and there has been no dearth of attempts to outdo her achievement. Closest to it is Kon Ichikawa's *Tokyo Olympiad*, made during the 1964 games. Unfortunately, few in this country have seen Ichikawa's complete version. It was no sooner finished than an outcry against it came from Japan's Olympic Committee. Ichikawa had focused on *people* rather than on a strict capturing of the events; emphasized throughout was the theme of universal brotherhood, of which the spirit of competition was only a part. Shown at Cannes, the film was a triumph, apparently destined to be as important a classic as *Olympia*. But Japanese film interests, out of commercial considerations, sold off various exhibition rights without regard to protecting the artistic integrity of Ichikawa. By the time the film arrived here, virtual desecration of it had been committed.

> Ichikawa's vision was changed from an epic into a newsreel. No wonder the film died at the box office.

In the Cannes two-hour-and-fifteen-minute version nationalistic considerations were put aside; it was not of paramount importance who or whose country won a particular event. The ordeals of the race, the perfection required, the manner of winning or losing, the beauty inherent in the endeavor—these were Ichikawa's principal concerns. When a young woman is shown winning the 800-meter run, the camera at the finish line caught the expression on her face; it reminded viewers of the ineffable satisfaction of a woman who has just given prideful birth. For long moments Ichikawa keeps his camera trained on the Ethiopian runner Abebe Bikila, as, with rare dignity and composure, he paces himself through twenty-six grueling miles. Bob Hayes seems to catapult to victory in the 100 meters. Female gymnasts appear to perform a ballet. And always there are the emotions of winners and losers.

The rights to American exhibition of this important film were purchased by a television producer, Jack Douglas. First off, it was slashed to ninety-three minutes. The footage that was left made very sure that all we chauvinists knew that American athletes had won thirty-six of the events. Ichikawa's vision was changed, as one critic put it, from an epic into a newsreel. Understandably, the film perished at the box office.

Leni's *Olympia* also fared poorly in this country. Several artists in Hollywood, led by Budd Schulberg, launched a boycott against her when she visited the home of the film industry on behalf of her picture in 1938. The picture, when shown, lacked much of the opening footage, because Leni, in a tribute to the human form, ancient and modern, had included several shots of nudes. The outcry against the Nazis having grown, justifiably, to loud proportions, the film was hardly shown here at all.

While, given the circumstances, Leni deserves all due merit for the nonpolitical nature of *Olympia*, the same can hardly be said for her *The Triumph of the Will*, which still remains the darkest stain on her reputation. Naïveté hardly accounts for the worshipful shots of Hitler, his virtual deification through impressionistic montage, the overwhelming capture of Nazi pageantry and ritual. Yet, though the film was part and parcel of the very staging of the event, though it was destined to be used, as one writer had it, "to frighten little nations," it contained surprisingly little of the noisome racial doctrines being trumpeted by the Third Reich. Objectors to the film find that it did not capture reality but transformed it. Few have doubted the great craftsmanship required to make it. But *The Triumph of the Will* also demonstrates that film propaganda is a two-edged sword. Anyone not party to the mass hysteria, the fanaticism, revealed by the film, could only have been alerted to the kind of mystical power being wielded by Germany's Führer. And one fate of Leni's film was its use as what might be termed reverse propaganda. Sections of it were larded into the American armed forces' "Why We Fight" series, shown to every American serviceman during World War II. The ranting Führer, symbol of the devil, appeared as The Enemy incarnate. It was used, in other words, not to praise Caesar but to bury him. Indeed, it was one of Leni's artistic triumphs that aided in conquering her old friend and sponsor. That, perhaps, is one of history's ironies. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TINGEL-TANGEL OF THE POLITICAL CABARET

Cabaret started in France, but a few decades in Germany did more to this new form of theater than just tidy up the languorous Gallic neglect of final consonants. In the German version it is *Kabarett*, with the double "t" sounded assertively.

The original French cabaret cramped a tiny roomful of people round an entertainment podium much in the fashion of a university lecture (*conférence*). Whoever braved taking the podium had to consider himself an artistic personality of some note and, what's more, had to prove rather quickly to his audience that he was indeed an outraged artist indulging in quick-witted protest against the tired conventions of traditional bourgeois society. Rudolphe Salis, proprietor and, at the same time, waiter and bartender of the first cabaret in Montmartre, presented an evening of totally unrelated entertainments and tied the lot together with his own wit and charm. He became the first *conférencier*, or master of ceremonies, in the history of cabaret. It was 1881.

The first German cabarets began to appear around the turn of the century. There was a difference. The founder of the original French cabaret was the son of an inconsequential innkeeper who distilled the alcohol he sold. The originator of the German version was an aristocrat, Baron Ernst von Wolzogen, who tried to endow this enticing but rather coarse little immigrant with the benefits of German culture. Fortunately he failed. In addition, he gave his cabaret a more German-sounding name, Überbrettel, a wordplay on the proverbial theater boards. This attempt typifies the nationalistic reluctance of us Germans to accept foreign words into our language. It failed, too.

In Germany as in France, the new genre avoided the boards of a full stage and revolved around just the one slat, a podium. For many it was to become a springboard to fame. Still, cabaret in Germany never managed to be counted as a major or serious artistic venture. It has always seemed to remain a stepchild of the arts. We certainly enjoy it, but we are nonetheless a bit embarrassed when forced to talk about it. People came to refer to cabaret by a term whose unimportance needs no translation: *Tingel-tangel*. Yet some of the people whose names are associated with cabaret as avid fans or occasional participants, or both, can hardly be called minor artists —such people as Arno Holz and Bierbaum and Wedekind.

Some of them, like the members of the group The Eleven Headsmen, adopted stage names that when literally translated demonstrate the black humor of the early German cabaret: Dionysius Death, Chill Noose, Kaspar Hatchet, Till Gore, Seraphim Sepulcher. Other groups copied the idea, and so we saw The Twelve Headsmen, The Thirteen Headsmen, and then The Court of Summary Justice. None of these groups managed to hang together very long; for the most part they con-

Born in France and developed into a fine art in Germany, the Kabarett, with its sharp political satire, was part of Berlin night life, above. German jazz band in wing collars was a cool, 1930s combo.

Founder and director of the famed prewar Berlin cabaret Katakombe, Werner Finck is still active in entertainment circles. He has appeared in one-man shows in America and is the author of books of poetry, essays, and short stories.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sisted of gifted amateurs who played at cabaret like weekend painters. One of the few real professionals among the dilettantes was Marc Henry, who, in the tradition of Salis and Aristide Bruant, became an expert *conférencier* able to foster and unify the mood of the evening.

In the course of time the French cabaret, a unique amalgam of music hall, operetta, and dramatic comedy, developed into the German *Kabarett*. The development moved in two disparate directions: one toward "family cabaret," a euphemism for the sexy entertainment that appeals to middle-aged, middle-class gentlemen; the other toward "literary cabaret," the artful expression of Leftist political tendencies.

The most durable of the "podium theaters" founded around this time proved to be the Simplizissimus in Munich, which has been functioning more or less continuously since it opened in 1903. Its founding genius was the unforgettable Kathi Kobus, who had previously been a waitress at Zur Dichtelei. Simplizissimus saw whole generations of artists received with enthusiastic applause. Most famous among them were Joachim Ringelnatz and Karl Valentin.

The way in which one of the most important cabarets received its name is interesting. On opening their new club, Max Reinhardt and his associates asked themselves, "What sort of a name should we give our cabaret?" One of them remarked, "A name is but a bit of noise and a puff of air [*Schall und Rauch*]." The new cabaret had its name.

The grandest of all these miniature theaters was the Berlin KadeKo, (cabaret of the comedians). No longer a cramped, intimate little bistro, the KadeKo was a huge restaurant-type affair that served solid German food and found its spice in the presentations. Berlin's star *conférenciers*, Willi Schaeffers, Paul Nikolaus, and, on occasion, proprietor Kurt Robitschek, led the program, which generally underscored political humor. When a part of the *conférence*, the politics was again of a liberal-Leftist bent rather in the vein of the "drawing room Communists."

The KadeKo became enormously successful as a sort of citadel of the new art form, but more music hall than true cabaret. Typically, the performers used to appear in formal attire. Its first real competition came from a different kind of club. The Katakombe opened in Berlin in 1929, rejected the formality of the KadeKo, and let us perform in baggy street clothes and scuffed shoes. This was precisely what the public had been waiting for; they were tired of traveling first-class.

If you were to use contemporary terminology to describe us, I suppose you would call the venture a progressive commune of unknown young artists, some of whom eventually did make quite an impression.

Günther Neumann and Hans Eisler (later to compose the East German anthem to a melody by Peter Kreuder) took turns at the piano. In my role as *conférencier*, I concentrated on the news of the day. The volume of the news increased, reflecting the polarization of German political factions on the extreme right and extreme left. The fatal day of the "power seizure" finally arrived. The German people were seized by the religious atmosphere of the Führer's torchlight processions, by the love of fatherland that seemed to radiate from the Führer himself, by the scene at the Garrison Chapel in Potsdam, where Field Marshal Paul von Hindenburg in all his senility entrusted the national destiny to the little corporal, Adolf Hitler. Seized. Seized. And whoever failed to be seized by enthusiasm was seized by the police. They would like to have seized me as well, but I was fairly successful at evading their grip, precisely because what I continued to say every evening was just a little too evasive to be treasonable.

In those days cabaret was risky business: If you didn't want to lose your head, you were restricted to the most subtle of suggested satire. Of course, sensitivity was so keen then that the slightest tinkle of criticism had the effect of a whole carillon of bells ringing at once. These days—and this is precisely the problem of the cabaret in a democracy—no amount of noise can make a dent in the complacency of the public. At most someone may ask, "Eh, did I hear something over there?"

Today's cabarets may be artistically superior to the earlier version, but can you still call them cabarets in the true sense of the term? The *conférencier* has long since disappeared, and his once essential role has yet to be replaced. Today, they have directors and scripts, but no improvisation and no spontaneity.

The first postwar cabaret, the Schaubude in Munich, established this new style, and all the leading clubs now follow the same pattern: Munich's Lach- und Schiessgesellschaft, the Kommödchen in Düsseldorf, and the Stachelschweine in Berlin.

The radical Left cabarets, such as the Floh de Cologne or Munich's Rationaltheater, have even dropped the traditional humor in favor of an evening of adult education reinforced by aggressive electronic music. You might just as well be sitting in the Democratic Republic listening to propaganda; what is said certainly would not offend their censors. As for East Germany, it seems that any attempts to provide some humorous relief to the political structure and to kick a bit against the goad have all but dried up. You never hear any more about the Diestel in East Berlin or about the Pepper Mill in Leipzig.

The one individual who still seems able to deliver an extended monologue in the manner of the classical *conférencier* and to make it work is Dieter Hildebrandt of the Lach- und Schiessgesellschaft. He directs his barbs against the ruling powers, exhibiting his native distaste at being ruled. His position, traditional for the cabaret, is in the opposition, the Leftist opposition. Their continued preachments against inhuman conditions and in favor of social justice are supposed to be grist for the mill.

Then came 1968, the government change, and the Leftist Social Democrats were no longer the opposition party. Cabarets had accustomed themselves to supporting opposition Socialists with vengeance; now the Right was the party of opposition. The change in atmosphere was drastic. In fact, you might say that the change left cabarets lying in the doldrums waiting for a breeze.

If you take a good look at the whole situation, you may be tempted to draw a rather absurd conclusion. Artistically, cabaret people should be praying for precisely the opposite of what they want politically. This may, in fact, harmonize with one of the basic principles of the cabaret itself: Whatever happens to be on top ought to come down—at least to keep history moving and to keep us from getting bored. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LOTTE LENYA REMEMBERS THE CABARETS

The wife of the late Kurt Weill, Lotte Lenya moved in Berlin theatrical circles until they left Germany in 1933. Spunky at seventy, she was in London recently for the opening of a production of The Threepenny Opera *where she recalled the heyday of German cabaret satire for* SR *assistant editor Dena Kaye.*

"It was highly amusing, rather daring. I remember one night in particular. Hitler was already in power. An actor onstage raised his hand in the Nazi salute and said, '*Heil*, now what was his name?' He took a big chance."

"The performers/writers were very open about criticizing—they weren't afraid of the Nazis. Nobody knew how very, very grim it would be. We thought it would pass."

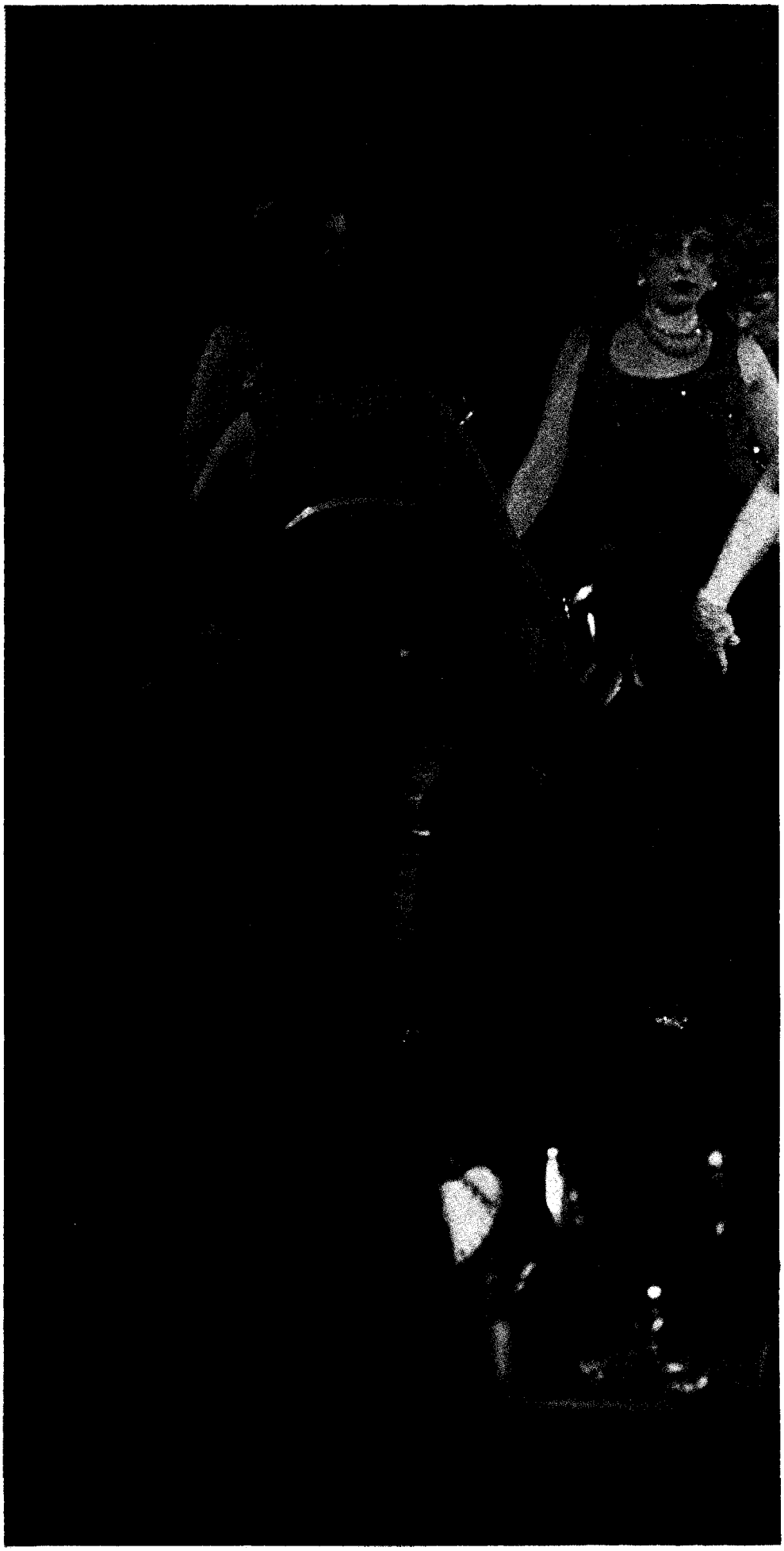
"Cabaret was in old cellars, not very elaborate. It was the equivalent of Off-Broadway. Today's garages, lofts, churches. Everybody who read the papers, who was informed, went. We all wanted to see what would be attacked. It was a combination of a satirical political column and a social gossip diary. And we all went to see the new programs. I remember a place called *Katakombe*. God, I haven't thought about that name in fifty years! Most of the performers were young. That's when you rebel."

"The Broadway production of *Cabaret* was very close to the feeling of cabaret in the Thirties. The cabarets were possibly less elaborate in reality."

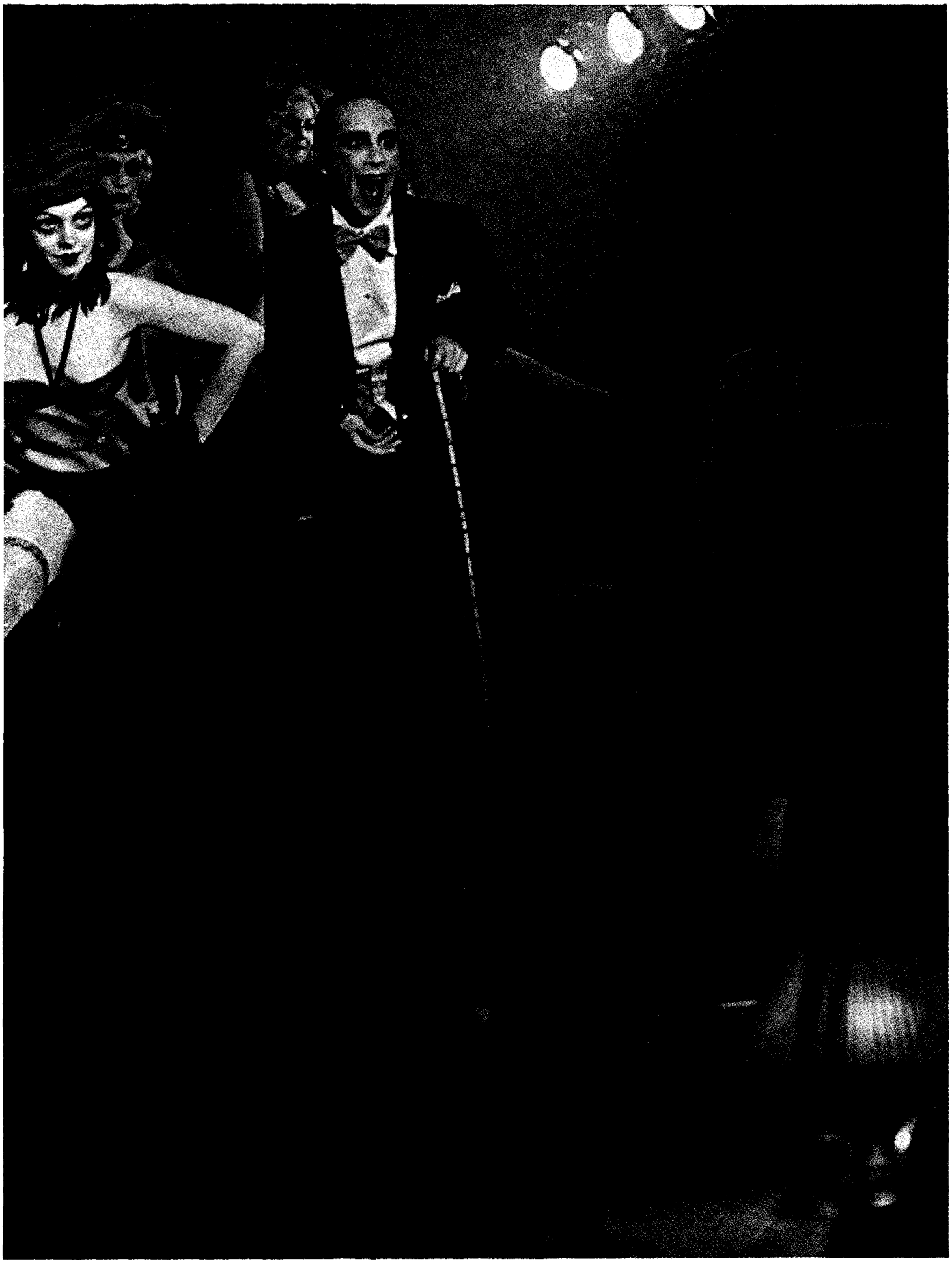
"The last time I was in Berlin to see a cabaret was in 1962. I found it much the same as it had been before the war. I went to a place called *Die Stachelschweine* [The Porcupines]. They just attacked different subjects."

"I think cabaret satire is more a European than an American form. Americans have a great sense of humor, but men like Mort Sahl are sustained only for a certain time. And Bob Hope is more of an institution. I think television has taken part of the snap out of satire, because it has to appeal to more of a varied audience. In Berlin in the Thirties, the audience was presold. They knew what to expect. The audience was won over from the beginning. And it was more than just gags."

"Wouldn't it be marvelous to have a political cabaret in New York?" □



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Joel Grey and dancing girls in the new film "Cabaret" evoke the smoky hues of the German Kabarett of the Thirties.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A LOAF OF LEBERKÄSE, A JUG OF LÖWENBRÄU, AND THOU

BY JOSEPH WECHSBERG

A champagne-and-caviar "second breakfast" and a musical festival to asparagus are among German odes to the art of eating.

To many Americans, German cooking means sauerbraten and potato pancakes, sauerkraut and sausages. The truth is that it means much more: *Good* German cooking can be very good, even if it doesn't approach the harmonious simplicity of bourgeois cooking in France and will never touch the supreme refinement of *la grande cuisine*; even if it doesn't have the lightheartedness of good Italian cooking. For, under the often overcast skies of Germany, people have large appetites for more robust dishes and, at its best, German cooking has character, distinction, flavor, and quite a few surprises.

It is no accident that of some 180 restaurants listed in the German version of the *Guide Michelin* none in Germany is awarded more than one star. There is justification for this, and also some arrogance. The *Michelin* is not as near perfect outside of France as in its homeland. In many cases, the one-star awards in Germany make little sense, and there are a few places that deserve more than one.

Many Germans eat five times a day. Some have a copious breakfast, with eggs, sausages, and even cheese, followed around 10 a.m. by *Gabelfrühstück*, "second breakfast"—anything from the worker's simple sandwich to caviar with champagne (*Sektfrühstück*) in high-class expense-account circles.

The *Mittagessen* (lunch) always begins with soup, clear or creamy, then meat with vegetables and potatoes, and afterward dessert; rarely more than three courses. The Germans grow almost forty different kinds of potatoes. The early spring potatoes are delicious boiled in their skins and served with fresh butter.

Around 4 p.m., there is *Kaffee*, favored by the ladies, which translates as a nicely set coffee table with weak coffee and a piece of *Kuchen* (cake), preferably surrounded by whipped cream and gossip. At night supper is often cold cuts, cheese, a glass of beer.

Contrary to a widespread misconception, sauerkraut is far from being the daily food of the German people, as the *Michelin* rightly states. The Germans' favorite vegetable is actually asparagus. The French, the Belgians, and the Dutch may be proud of their asparagus, but the *kultur*-conscious Germans even built a musical festival around the lovely *Spargel*. In Schwetzingen, near Heidelberg, people enjoy asparagus with Mozart and Rossini. Asparagus is boiled, not too soft, rather what the Italians call *al dente*. It is served with ham and melted butter, or with sauce Hollandaise, or with melted butter and fried bread crumbs, or cold on toast. In the great restaurants it is often presented ceremoniously.

Many restaurateurs complain that their guests eat too fast to be able to enjoy their food. The late Kaiser Wilhelm II was famous as a fast eater. His idea of a great banquet was eight courses in less than fifty minutes. Wonderful lobster from Helgoland or *Masthuhn*, capon stuffed with *foie gras* and truffles, was served, but just as the guests were beginning to enjoy these sublime dishes, His Majesty had finished, and, naturally, the guests' plates would be removed along with his. After a state banquet the guests were often so hungry that they would rush to a favored restaurant to have a good dinner savored in leisure.

Despite their predilection for hurried mealtimes, the Germans love decorative dining rooms. At the Adler in Bad Godesberg you are surrounded by old paintings, lace curtains, crystal chandeliers, autographs of Heine and Goethe, letters from various Kaisers. There are castle-hotels with pompous dining rooms, the walls hung with tapestries, and gilded candlesticks on the table. Here the border line between elegance and pretense is close. But there are also beautifully honest rathskellers where *Gemütlichkeit* is the dominating ambience; there, tables are large, and strangers join strangers after a perfunctory greeting.

Good German cooking is highly regional. The specialties of Berlin and Hamburg are quite different from those of Baden and Bavaria. Fine German cuisine is often derived from the best bourgeois dishes that you would make at home. Contrarily, the greatest French restaurants seldom serve a *blanquette de veau* or other dishes better left to the home cooks.

German cooking is rarely very subtle and rarely simple. Even good German restaurants offer something called veal fillet *nach Diplomaten-Art*, the excellent meat surrounded by a confusion of ragouts, kidneys, scrambled eggs, asparagus, and a sauce, the whole thing gratinéed with Parmesan cheese. A fine saddle of venison might arrive with almond croquettes, glazed chestnuts, Brussels sprouts, orange salad, and red currants.

In Hamburg and Bremen *Labskaus* is traditional seafarers' ragout made of beef, salt pork, salt herrings, potatoes, onions; in Westphalia they make a fine ragout, *Töttchen*, of calf's head and brains with many spices. Many restaurants offer *ragoût fin*, meat, sweetbreads, veal tongue, mushrooms; or *Pichelsteiner Fleisch*, a mixture of various meats and vegetables; or *Hoppelpoppel*, diced ham or bacon, eggs, onions, potatoes; and there is always an *Eintopf* (one-pot), a stew of meats and vegetables.

When in Berlin, go to Hardtke in Meinekestrasse and eat a *Riesenbratwurst* (giant bratwurst), or *Eisbein*, which is not "iced bone" but pig's knuckles with sauerkraut and a purée of peas. Elsewhere, order the delicacy *Königsberger Klopse*, soufflé-like poached meatballs made of veal and pork, served in a light lemon-and-caper sauce with potatoes. And wherever you go, order game, a glory of German cooking—either a tender *Rehrücken* (a saddle of deer, roebuck, or doe), hare, wild boar, partridge, or pheasant.

Munich is Germany's culinary capi-

Munich's culinary specialty is Weisswurst, fluffy as a veal soufflé and packed like a sausage. Huge one-liter stein holds beer, the lifeblood of Bavaria, quaffed with wurst, pretzels, and salted white radishes. Scene was photographed in Munich's Hofbräuhaus, whose trademark appears on mugs.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILL McBRIDE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Deli, Deutschland-Style

Munich is the city of Dallmayr. Dull Puritans might call Dallmayr a "delicatessen," but Munich is not a city for Puritans. Once I said that the good, churchgoing people of Munich hope to go to Paradise when they die, but that quite a few of them would rather go to Dallmayr while they are alive. Some people in Munich (I was told) didn't like this frivolous statement; none denied its intrinsic truthfulness. Dallmayr is the supergourmet store, in a class with Fauchon in Paris. Fauchon may be better in French vegetables and old cognacs, but no one can beat Dallmayr in sausages and cold salads.

On a recent visit to Dallmayr I counted eighty-three different sausages, among them eleven different kinds of liver sausages. To distinguish among them, you've got to be an expert in sausages and semantics. There is a *Gutsleberwurst* (country-estate style), and a *Gänselandleberwurst* (country-style goose-liver sausage). See what I mean? In short, Dallmayr is the Cartier's of delicatessens. It was founded circa A.D. 1700, perhaps a couple of years prior to Fortnum and Mason in London, which is not in the same class, I'm sorry to say, though they have better teas and cheeses. No Stilton at Dallmayr. But I remember the days when Paul Randlkofer, the owner and an art and food connoisseur, personally decorated the store windows in authentic Dallmayr-style, a mixture of Bavarian antiques and Malossol *nouveautés*. The fellow handling the caviar has done it for the past twenty-seven years, and believe me, he knows more about it than some very fancy restaurateurs in Manhattan. At Dallmayr you get nearly everything to make your gustatory happiness complete. Very fine varieties of coffee (though, God knows, few Germans know how to make good coffee), and some of the great German Moselle and Rhine wines, which, even my French friends admit, are among the world's greatest. J.W.

When Munich hostesses plan a party that is to be catered by the super deli called Käfer, they often lure their guests with the promise of a *Käfer Schanke*, a table of delicacies from this multilevel emporium. Its greengrocer department assembles all manner of tropical fruits and vegetables from around the world, some of it, like the tiny delicate shoots of watercress, from Europe's hothouses. Its assortment of breads, cheeses, and frozen foods (packed under the "Iglo" label) is vast and its shelves are stacked with such out-of-the-way items as "Chinese vermicelli" in cans and instant *nasi goreng*, that Indonesian specialty, in packets. If the displays, to say nothing of the smells, incite sudden appetite, there is hot *Leberkäse* downstairs and a small restaurant upstairs. There, amid the vitrines filled with smoked salmon and oysters on the half shell and hard by the *vivier* where live lobsters frolic, there are tables and chairs where one can chase the pangs with *Kalifornisches Farmersteak, Mexikanisches Maisgemüse, Kartoffeln in der Folie mit Sauerrahm*. If there is one thing that doesn't count in Käfer's, it's calories. H. S.

Home of the Frank and the Burger?

No proof exists that the frankfurter derives from Frankfurt am Main, or that the hamburger traveled from Hamburg to America (though local Chambers of Commerce will protest violently). Frankfurt am Main gave us Goethe, which is plenty, but the slender, delicate sausages, known in the United States as hot dogs, were made in many places in Europe B.G., Before Goethe. In Frankfurt they are now sometimes called *Wiener Würstchen*, while the ones sold in Vienna are called *Frankfurter* or simply *Würstel*, and the finest variety are, naturally *Sacherwürstel*. That gives you an idea of the widespread confusion. Personally, I believe that the pre-World War II *párky* ("pairs") in Prague were the best variety of all. And the connection between Hamburg and hamburger is still more nebulous. In Hamburg today, minced beef is called *Deutsches Beefsteak*, imagine! No relation to the American hamburger. The term *"Deutsches Beefsteak"* (which is not *"über alles"*) indicates the schizophrenic character of German food terminology. There is a well-known German dish with a French name, *ragoût fin*, which is as unknown in France as American vichyssoise. J.W.

tal. Some people think the cooking of Baden or the Rhineland is finer, but nowhere is there as much interest in eating and drinking as in the beer city. Munich proves that quantity does not necessarily suppress quality. If there exists a *Schlaraffenland* on earth, the mythical paradise where roast pigeons fly through the air and chocolate truffles grow on trees, it must be Munich. There are enormous beer palaces, owned by the large breweries—the Hofbräuhaus is the best known, but there are many others—where the menus have epical scope. Yet there, too, is the Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten, where the late Alfred Walterspiel once ran the most famous restaurant in Germany. Walterspiel believed in the French idea of gastronomic simplicity; characteristically, he called his cookbook *My Art in Kitchen and Restaurant*.

A short walk from the Restaurant Walterspiel is a simple inn, the Bratwurst-Herzl, where Georg Walterspiel, the son of the great restaurateur, took me for *Weisswürste* (white sausages). They are the greatest culinary invention of Munich, Bavaria, Germany. The sausages, astonishingly, are almost white, light and fluffy, made in the early morning while citizens and foreigners sleep off last night's beer. I consider them a veal soufflé in the shape of overfed frankfurters, delicately spiced, very carefully cooked—never in boiling water, for they may burst. Cutting and eating them is a ceremony that only a born and well-fed *Münchner* can explain to you. They are served, in sincere places, only until noon; it is said that they are no good when they hear the 11 o'clock bells. It just goes to show you what the *Fresser*, or gourmands, of Munich will do.

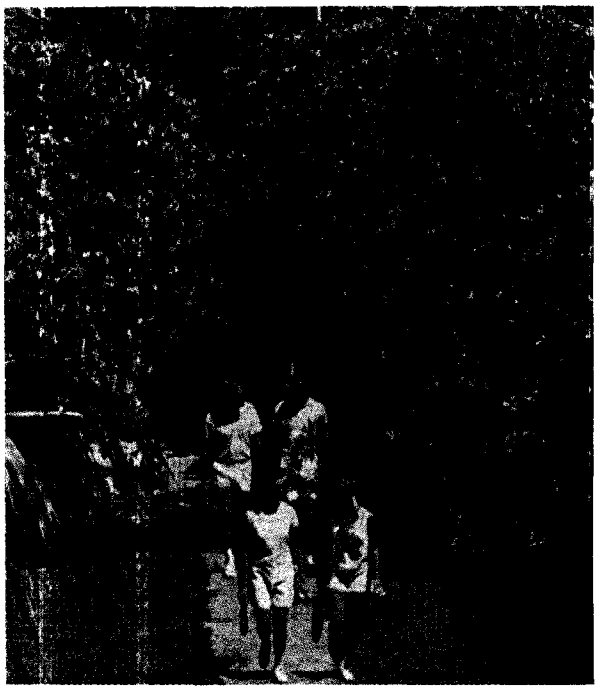
In a beer city such as Munich, one has to be specific. To ask just for "beer" is like asking for "red wine" around Bordeaux. There is always a good reason for a liter of beer. Some people have it for breakfast. Around 10 a.m., some stores and restaurants hang out signs *Frischer Leberkäse* ("Fresh Liver Cheese"). *Leberkäse* is the common man's caviar. It's neither liver nor cheese but an oblong baked loaf of ground meat, bacon, spices, with a fine crust on top. It should be eaten hot, a thick slice, with dark bread and mustard and, naturally, a liter of Bavarian beer. This midmorning snack is called *Schmankerl* in Munich. With all due respect to Mr. Brundage and his Olympics, it rates a gold medal from me. □

Musician, traveler, and epicure, Joseph Wechsberg lives in Vienna, writes on all three subjects for American publications, and is the author of cookbooks, travel books, and memoirs, no less than three of which were published in 1970.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There is a place that looks exactly like these postcards.

Oddly enough it's where we took the pictures.

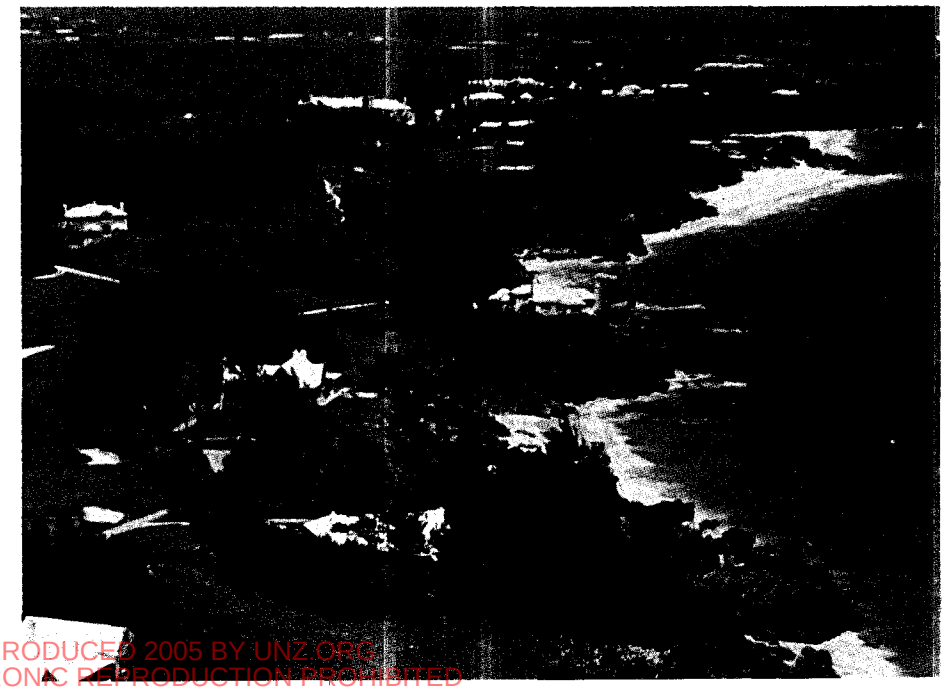


These pictures were not retouched. So, if they are some of the reasons that you come to Bermuda, you will not be disappointed.

Actually, we can promise you countless scenes like these, because, in reality, Bermuda is a 21-square-mile picture postcard.

It is made up of picturesque winding roads for you to cycle along, through flower-bordered lanes, golf courses with awesome views of our multi-coloured sea. All this and maybe some of the nicest people you've ever met—Bermudians.

They enjoy making visitors happy, but they can't make you happy unless you're here, and it takes so little time to get here. Bermuda is only 90 minutes away from the United States coast. See your travel agent. Or write Bermuda: 610 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020 —6 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60602.

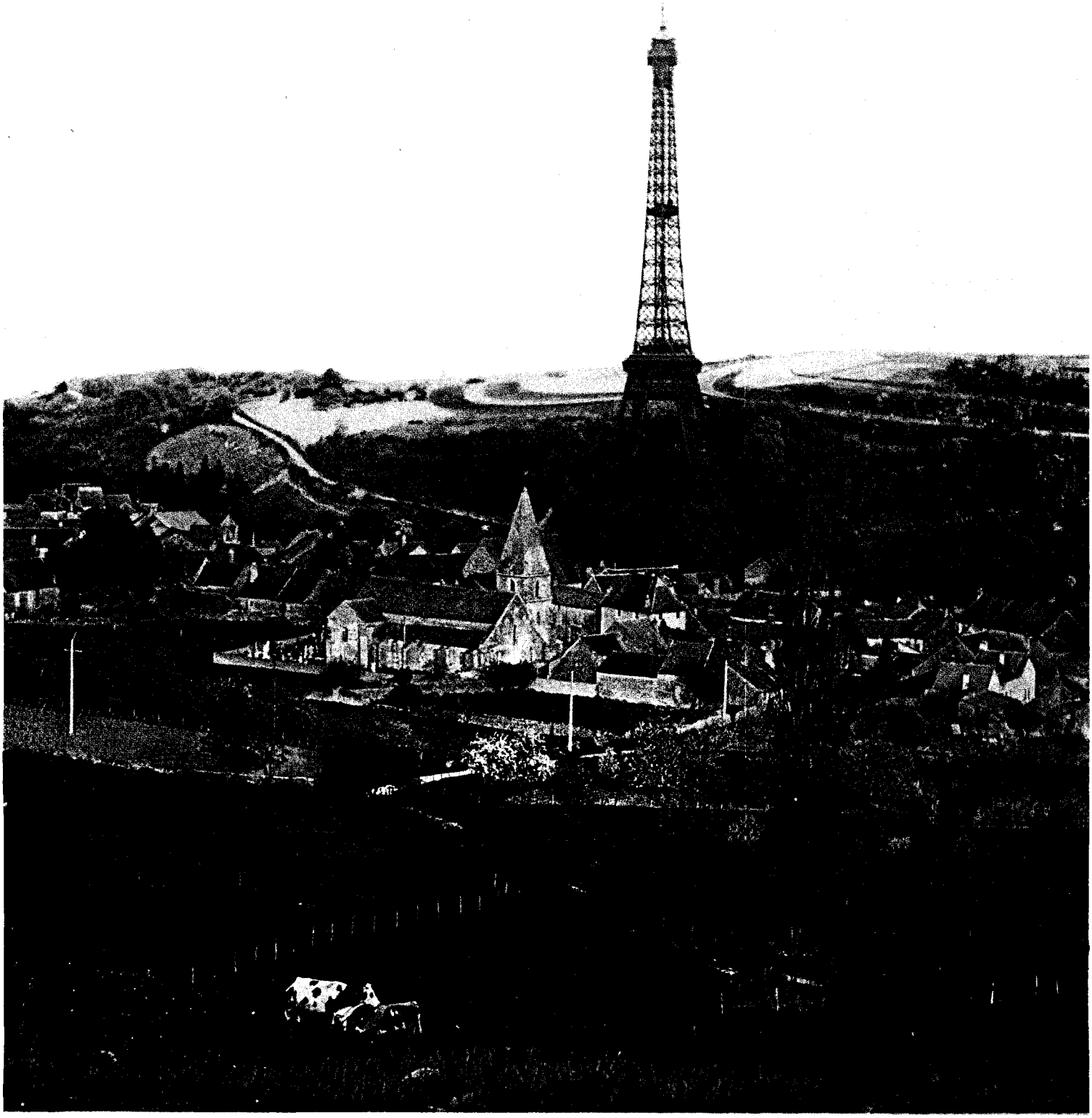


Bermuda

Wish you were here.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DO WE HAVE TO PUT AN EIFFEL TOWER IN EVERY TOWN TO GET YOU TO APPRECIATE THE REST OF FRANCE?



Seven day tours are only $203 plus air fare and feature unspoiled places like the Châteaux Country of the Loire Valley, Burgundy Wine Country, Brittany, Normandy and the French Riviera.

For complete tour information see your travel agent or write the French Government Tourist Office, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10020.

And don't worry, most tours wind up in Paris, so you'll be able to get at least one shot of your wife next to the Eiffel Tower.

France

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THROUGH DARKEST BAVARIA IN A GUMDROP ON WHEELS

BY RICHARD ATCHESON

I'm no Juan Fangio; in most places I'd rather leave the driving to somebody else. But in Bavaria it's an exhilarating experience. After seeing Munich, a visitor would do well to get in a car and go. My recollections of Bavaria always involve myself at the wheel of a car, speeding with uncharacteristic gusto through superb scenery. German rectitude provides for perfect signposting: The signs always agree with your map, and you just can't get lost. The roads are uniformly excellent, from autobahn to country lane. And the important thing is that what you are driving through turns out to be, almost magically, what you were looking for.

Apart from the topography, which is altitudinous with mountains, lambent with valleys, serene with lakes, the essence of Bavaria is what man has done to it. In view of the numbers of marching feet that have traversed this area, it's a wonder that so many fortress towns still stand, so many onion-domed churches rise from so many timeless villages. You can still stop and walk through a dense coniferous forest on a clean bed of pine needles—no fences, no barbed wire, no litter.

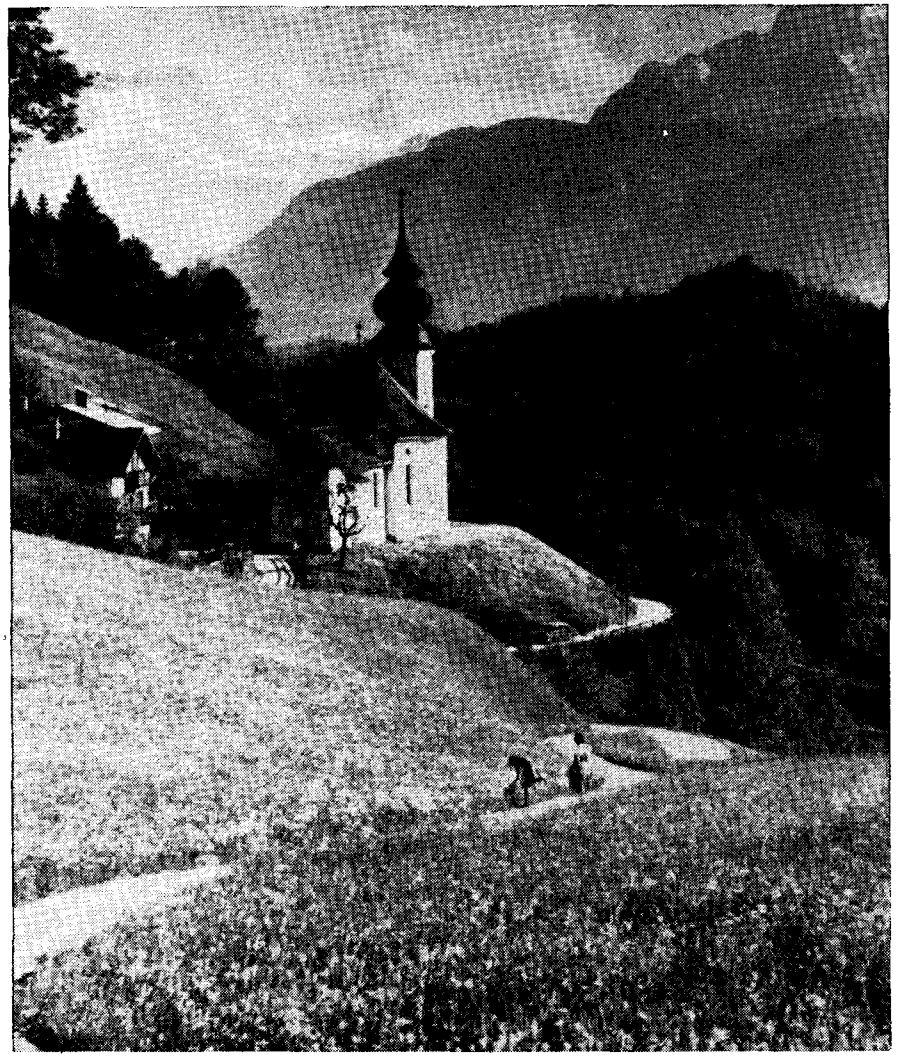
That's what I loved most when I was there in my early twenties, a private in the United States Army. Bavaria was so open and accessible. I was stationed in Darmstadt, a war-ravaged city in Hessen, but I had friends in Bavaria, and since I was the company clerk and could write my own weekend passes I was always driving south on Friday afternoons. For a time I borrowed the Isetta of a friend. Remember that car? It looked like a gumdrop on wheels, and I'd put-put along on back roads at bicycle speed, feeling very much a part of the empty woods and fields and vineyards. Everything seemed to be cast in human scale, to be somehow the right size for people.

I remember how lovely Garmisch was in winter. My friends and I drove everywhere in the mountains, gasping at the lushness of the white landscape. Snow was banked six feet on the sides of the road, evergreens hung to the ground with sugar coats, icicles gleamed from every Alpine eave. And if you crunched through the huge drifts to a fence post, you could take up a handful of tiny snow crystals and make them shine with the sparkle of diamonds in the sun.

How many disparate people have gazed at Bavaria's beauty! Once the fur-bearing Celts made their rude home there. Then the Romans came and had their way. So did tribes of wandering Bohemians and pushy Franks—the Danube's almost undeviating progress straight across the middle of the country naturally brought scavenging nomads. And in due course a Bavaria with dimensions not unlike the present ones came into being.

Bavaria comprises 27,239 square miles of rich real estate, smack in the middle of Europe. Its principal cities are some of the loveliest in Germany—Munich, Nuremberg, Augsburg, Würzburg, and Regensburg—and its borders are the Austrian Tirol on the south, Czechoslovakia on the east, Thuringia and Saxony on the north, and Hessen and Baden-Württemberg on the west. The Bavarian Alps, clearly visible from Munich, include the famous Zugspitze, Germany's highest peak (9,721 feet); from its summit you can gaze into Austria, Italy, and Switzerland. There are lesser mountains elsewhere in Bavaria and masses of forests, notably the Bohemian forest on the eastern frontier and the great green expanses of the

Bavarian beauty—It's a wonder that so many fortress towns still stand, so many onion-domed churches still rise from so many timeless villages.



Formerly an editor of *Holiday*, Richard Atcheson is a free-lance writer and the author of a recent book on communes. He served with the U.S. Army in Germany, to which he often returns on assignment.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Franconian forest in the northern region of Bavaria. Industry has grown enormously in Bavaria since the war, especially around Munich, but agriculture and forestry are still the mainstays of the economy; one-third of the state is still covered in conifers, and the air is almost always sweet.

Bavaria's history is a long, nasty story of tribal strife, petty tyrants, puffed-up dukes, all spoiling for a fight. Pepin the Short. Carl the Fat. Arnulf the Bad. Henry the Quarrelsome. Otto the Illustrious. Ludwig the Stern. Albert the Pious. A semblance of stability was introduced when the Wittelsbach dukes took charge in 1180. But it was still a matter of feuds, deals, duels, betrayals, patricide, fratricide, regicide, and suicide—right up to the revolution of 1918. And then it was the Red Terror, followed without intermission by the White Terror, assassinations, beer-hall putsches, Nazis, air raids, devastation, invasion, American occupation. As late as 1946, Bavaria's shape changed again, shrunk by loss of the Palatinate.

Hard times. Yet it must be said for the Wittelsbachs, despite their hateful ways and their dull parochial courts, that they were enthusiastic patrons of the arts and religion and great imitators. So they left behind grand avenues lined with Renaissance facades. They immortalized themselves with baroque palaces and theaters and churches of tooth-grinding rococo. They endowed monasteries and then sacked them to barter in ecclesiastical plate; they gave precious jewels to ladies of doubtful virtue and then took them back again and kicked the hussies out. Lola Montez was only the most famous of that large unhappy band. Then came Ludwig II—Mad Ludwig they called him—whose court was epicene, his frivolities Gargantuan, his follies the grandest of all. Linderhof, Herrenchiemsee, especially Neuschwanstein—fairy-tale castles of spun-glass delicacy in the time of Lincoln. Ludwig once seriously thought of pawning Bavaria and buying some other country, the true measure of his madness.

It's all wonderfully there to see, and yet some of the sights are sobering. In the midst of loving all the pretty things, my wife and I paid a duty call on Dachau.

Dachau is an important place to visit, once. The way to the camp is not prominently marked, but it's not hard to find; I found it first many years ago before there were *any* signs. And I remembered the way this time. So this was my second time around, and twice is twice as hard. But my wife needed to be there, for reasons of the soul. It lays a lot of ghosts to rest because

It was still deals, duels, betrayals, patricide, fratricide . . . then the Americans.

when you're there you see that it's just a memorial now, a dead thing, and that this particular episode of man's obscenity is over. For my wife, who was a child in England during the war, this was a good thing to feel. Certain nightmares were exorcised for her that day.

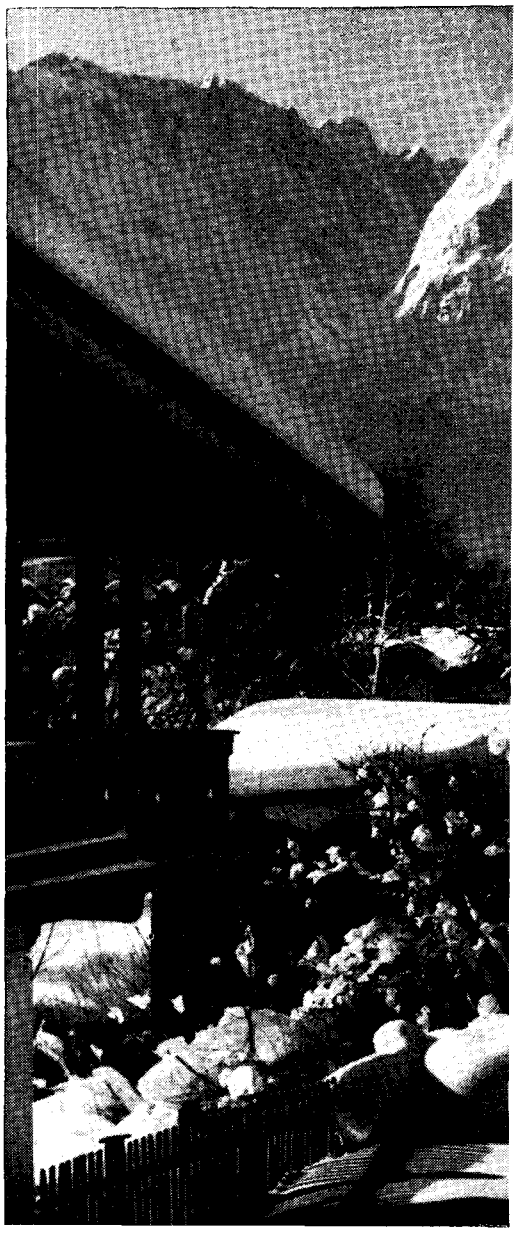
In the museum, which is simply a black-and-white photo montage of the camp's history, I learned that the police-president of the state, under whose authority the camp was founded as a detention center for Communists, Social Democrats, and other enemies of the state, was Heinrich Himmler. There were pictures of early detainees standing around in their lederhosen with expressions on their faces that read, "What the hell is going on here?" And that reminds one that the first victims of Nazism were the Germans themselves. For many of us who travel to Germany, that is a very essential thing to remember.

I have some dear old friends in Germany, and the dearest lives in Bavaria. This lady, whose name is Gertrud Wagner, lives in a thousand-year-old house in Rothenburg, a medieval walled city in the northern part of Bavaria near Würzburg. Trudl is a woman with a great heart who has made me welcome in her house since I was very young, and the Bavaria I know best I know through her. Apart from taking pleasure in the formidable battlements, worn cobbles, and stone-cold churches of that famous old town, it was our task to persuade Trudl to come with us for a few days.

Happily, she agreed, and we set off to the south, the Alps our destination, to stay in charming old hotels in places like Garmisch and Mittenwald and Reit im Winkl, to have each other's company, to see the works of Mad Ludwig and others, to drink a little Steinberger and a few beers, to eat good Bavarian food. Having a good time is the best and easiest thing to do in Bavaria.

It was during this excursion that I learned something new about the Germans. In Garmisch we spied a distinguished-looking elderly couple standing by the curb, and I pulled the car over so that Trudl could ask directions. As we drove away Trudl said, "Imagine that, they were so nice and polite—but they were Prussians."

Her astonishment that a Prussian could be polite reminded me of my

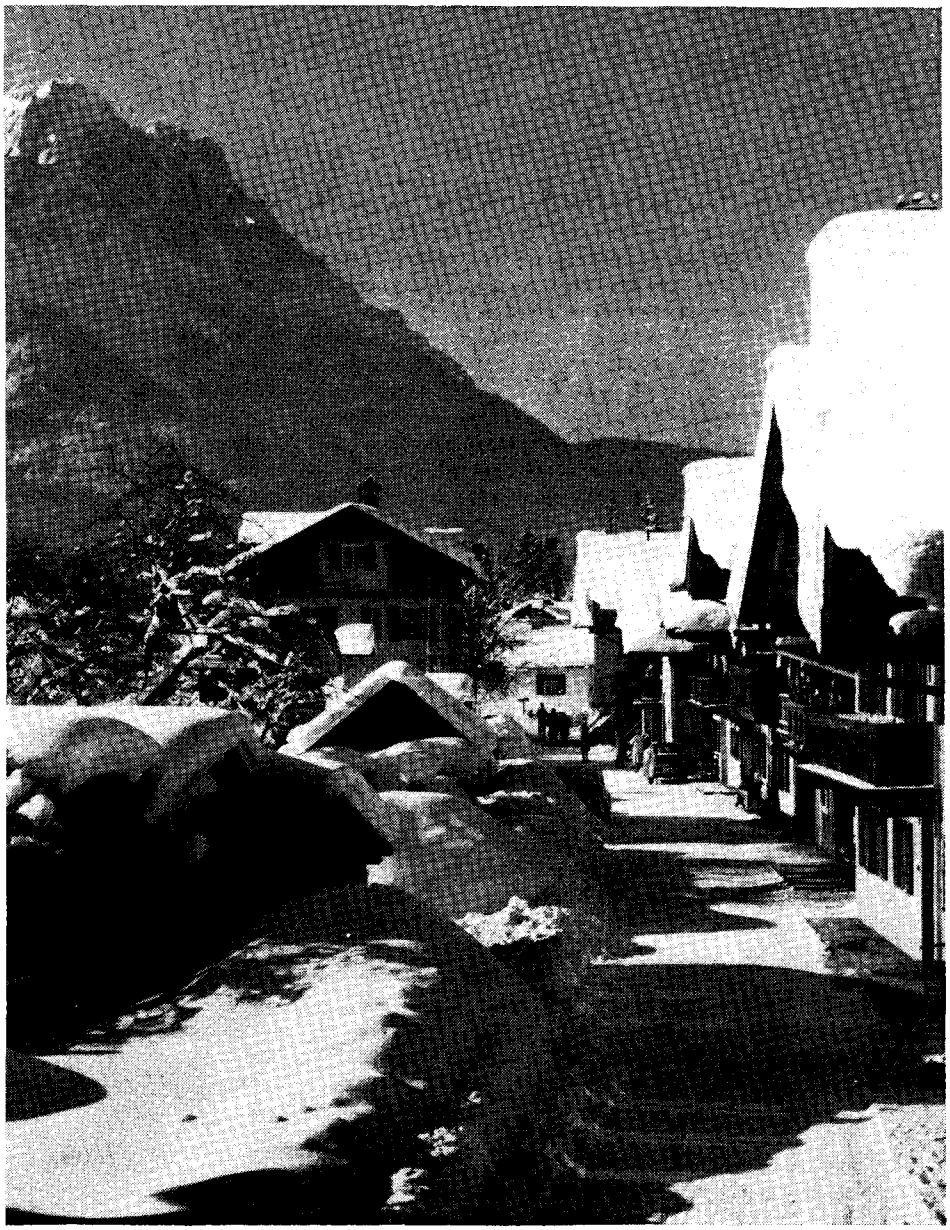


Garmisch in winter—Evergreens hung to the ground with sugar coats, icicles gleaming from every Alpine eave, a handful of tiny snow crystals shining like diamonds in the sun.

southern maternal grandmother and her invariable surprise that a Yankee (notably my father) could be a gentleman. It turns out that there are centuries of rivalry between Bavarians and Prussians; they never were good political bedfellows. But the basis of dispute today lies in the obvious fact that Bavarians are easygoing and relaxed, while Prussians tend to be rather formal and fiercely industrious.

I know a girl from Cologne who lives in Munich now and much prefers the south. "In the northern part of Germany," she explained, "the people work to live. In the Ruhr they live to work. In Bavaria they live." Of course, all

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



things are relative. In the laziest Bavarian village you will see women sweeping out the very gutters in front of their houses when they can't think of anything else to do. The difference may be that a Prussian can always think of something else to do.

The manager of one of Munich's biggest hotels, an energetic young Prussian recently transferred from Berlin, confessed that he has had some adjustment problems. "My staff is very good," he loyally pledged. "But in Berlin when I held a staff meeting my people were ready with answers before I finished my question. Here I make my question, and there is a long silence, and, finally, in five minutes they think of an answer. A splendid answer perhaps, but you see I must learn to be patient. And as a Prussian this is hard on me."

A visitor with a good ear can hear the difference in the regional accents, just as in the American North and South. Prussians speak distinctly ("correctly," as they and Yankees would say), and Bavarians use slurred dialect. They drop hard consonants (e.g., *ich* becomes *ih*), and they are lazy about grammar. In some parts of the state even Bavarians will not understand the locals. Schwabians (southwestern Bavarians) are particularly notorious for incomprehensible speech. I once spent an evening in a *Gasthaus* in Neu Ulm and understood not one word spoken to me; and though by German is poor, I usually do better than that.

Bavarians love a good laugh, but it's often primitive stuff. This is farmers' country, and there's nothing refined about the humor. Drive with a Bavarian through a village where pigs are kept, and he's likely to cry out, "Oh, what's that I smell? How delicious!" When Bavarians meet in a beer hall, it doesn't take them long to get bawdy in their jokes and songs. When we passed near the tiny town of Schneizlreuth, Trudl was inspired to burst into several verses of a ghastly old song about a poor girl named Kunela from Schneizlreuth who couldn't get a husband, because she constantly snuffled and wiped her runny nose on her sleeve. It doesn't tell well in English, but in German it's hilarious, because the words are part of the sound effects.

If you're in the vicinity of Schneizlreuth, then you're in southernmost Bavaria and you're in trouble. The whole area is breathtakingly beautiful, and how are you ever going to decide where to go? Nothing is very far from anything else. If you're greedy, you find yourself rushing up mountains and down valleys; you perch on the edge of lakes such as the Tegern See and the Schlier See; you observe longingly that Salzburg is no distance at all, Innsbruck just over there, the Boden See close by to the west. Our choice was to move with only a few detours in an easterly direction on the Alpenstrasse, a specially maintained route through some of the most spectacular Alpine country. This brought us at length to Berchtesgaden, a town bigger than I wanted it to be, with little charm. While there we drove up the Obersalzberg to see what was left of Hitler's mountain redoubt.

As it happens, not much. The network of interlacing roads, put there by Bormann and deplored by Speer as the ruin of the natural landscape, seems to go nowhere. The old SS barracks were converted to an inn, now closed and weathered; the army barracks stand in ruins. Of the Berghof, Hitler's house, there remains not one trace, just a blasted and overgrown hillside. The famous Platterhof Hotel, where Hitler's guests of state were lodged, has become a United States Army facility called the General Walker Hotel; it turns its back on the former center of the compound, which is as empty, as devoid even of ghosts, as are the Wilhelmstrasse and the Potsdamerplatz in Berlin. In short, there's nothing there—except the view that Hitler so enjoyed from his big window. We were way up here on top, and the clouds were way down there below us, and even lower down were all those tiny people.

A similar though sillier sense of power must have surged through Ludwig's brain a century before when he was King and built Snow White's castle on a mountaintop. I wonder how sane I'd remain if I were master of these lushly forested mountains, these ice-cream peaks—and with Wagner on the payroll to do the background music. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUTTING THE STARCH IN THE GERMAN PRESS

Brawling and lurid, circumspect and proper, tough yet traditional, the new German press is vital, healthy, and free.

To the visitor surveying a corner kiosk there would seem to be little sense of inhibition in the German press. The cover of the satirical monthly *Pardon* recently displayed an armored Volkswagen complete with two machine guns, a periscope, and an outsized bazooka; the cartoon was a blast against Defense Minister Helmut Schmidt's unpopular proposal to "draft" citizens' automobiles in times of national emergency and for occasional maneuvers. In a recent issue of *Stern*, the *Life*-like weekly, six pages of action close-ups revealed copulating donkeys, hippopotamuses, seals, elephants, lions, turtles, and insects embellishing an article entitled "How Animals Make Love."

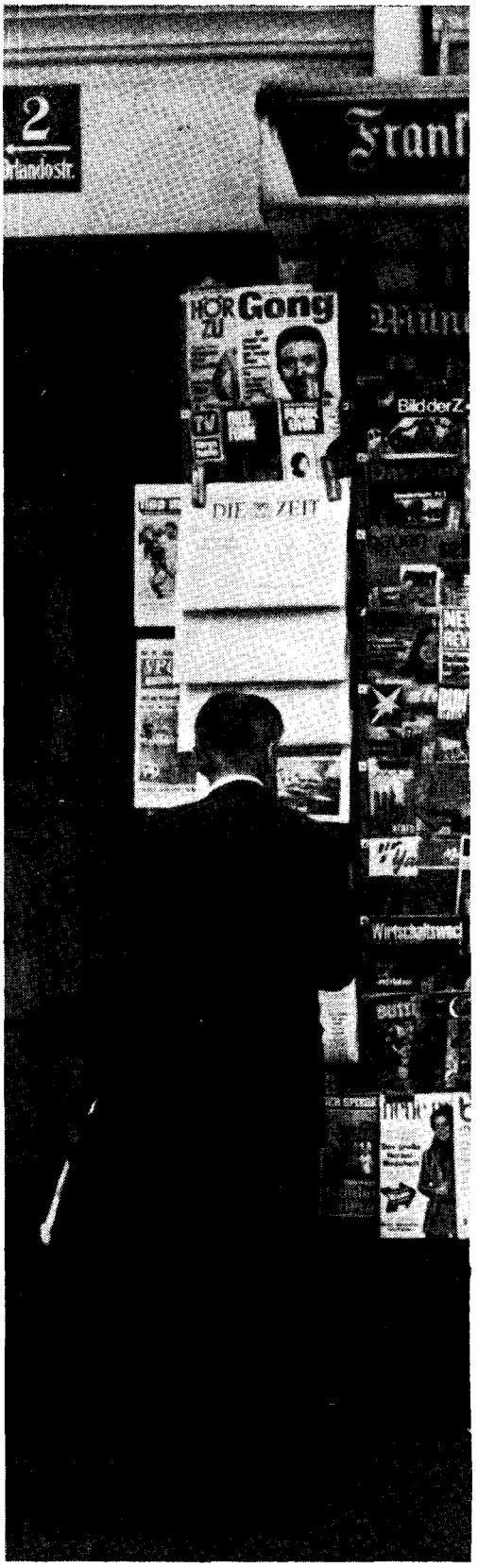
On television, the Leftist commentator Hans Merseburger effectively swings his editorial cudgels against all comers. For balance there is right-of-center Gerhard Löwenthal, himself no mean stick wielder on channel ZDF's *Magazin*. In Bavaria the brilliant politician Franz Josef Strauss functions as a kind of George Wallace in lederhosen. He heads Bavaria's Christian Social Union (CSU), sister party of the nationwide Christian Democratic Union (CDU), currently the opposition party in Bonn. Strauss is reportedly the real power behind the nationalist-oriented Rainer Barzel, who as chairman of the CDU is the leader of the opposition to Chancellor Willy Brandt and his Social Democrats. Through his weekly newspaper, *Bayern Kurier* (which critics ironically dub "his master's voice"), Strauss lashes out against Brandt's *Ostpolitik* ("A Versailles of Cosmic Proportions!") or calls him "the Sellout Chancellor!" Strauss is reportedly wielding his CSU majority in Bavaria to attempt to change existing TV regulations for more control of the state-run (but editorially independent) Bavarian Broadcasting Company and to provide legislation toward the establishment of commercial TV under CSU control or ownership.

The memory is still fresh of the notorious *Der Spiegel* affair in 1962 when Strauss, then Minister of Defense in Konrad Adenauer's Cabinet, ordered a gestapo-like raid on the editorial offices of the weekly newsmagazine. Publisher Rudolf Augstein and several editors were arrested on suspicion of treason. *Der Spiegel* published allegedly classified material charging Strauss's Bundeswehr with inefficiency. Although the affair contributed to the ousting of Strauss from his post and hastened Adenauer's resignation, the government to this day has not paid one pfennig in compensation to the innocently held editors. The author of the "treason" article, Conrad Ahlers, is now Brandt's State Secretary and chief governmental spokesman.

A man frequently in the news is the noted West German author Heinrich Böll, president of the international Pen Club. In a recent *Der Spiegel*, Böll condemned the national mass-circulation *Bild-Zeitung* for its "blatant Fascism, lies, and dirt." He attacked *Bild* for a headline: "Baader-Meinhof Gang Continues Murdering"—an a priori indictment without trial or evidence of the anarchist group headed by Andreas Baader and his companion Ulrike Meinhof. Baader and Meinhof and up to thirty suspected collaborators are sought by the police in the biggest manhunt in West German history for alleged involvement in four bank robberies, shoot-outs with the police resulting in three dead and a number of seriously wounded, and a list of automobile thefts.

Böll has in all seriousness urged the authorities to grant amnesty to Baader and Meinhof and has urged the police to pursue, in his mind, the real culprit, that symbol of postwar West German evil incarnate, the handsome, personable, silver-haired publisher of *Bild* and a host of other publications, Axel C. Springer. "He should," wrote Böll, "be publicly brought to trial for *Volksverhetzung* [instigation of the people]."

In Springer's national daily *Die Welt*, columnist Rudolf Krämer-Badoni accused Böll of supporting violence in the



An American journalist who lives in Switzerland, Adolph Schalk is European correspondent of *U.S. Catholic*, participates frequently in televised press panel discussions in West Germany and Switzerland, and is the author of *The Germans*.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Anything from a photo layout of copulating seals to articles that read like doctoral dissertations is included in the vast outpouring of periodicals flooding the kiosks.

guise of freedom of opinion. Munich's progressive, left-of-center, but sober daily *Süddeutsche* then lashed out, quoting numerous Springer news stories "that stink to high heaven!" Springer newspapers, it is often claimed, unabashedly manipulate headlines so that they bear little resemblance to the news content below them.

Sample: Headline in *Abendblatt* (January 30, 1972): "I Have Hughes' Millions." In the story Edith Irving, wife of Clifford Irving, is quoted as saying that the $650,000 paid by McGraw-Hill in royalties to Howard Hughes for his autobiography is intact in a Swiss bank account. But not one word about Hughes's millions or that Mrs. Irving could possibly have access to them.

Sample: Headline in *Die Welt* (November 29, 1971): *"New York Times*: Does Brandt Deserve the Nobel Peace Prize?" *The New York Times,* of course, did not ask this question. By juxtaposing the question with *The New York Times* in the headline, *Die Welt* leaves the impression that the *Times* cast the award in doubt.

At a Jesus People Festival in Düsseldorf recently, one deeply agitated participant rose up during a common prayer session and cried out, "Lord Jesus! Please see to it that *Bild* reporters describe this meeting accurately!" Springer's *Bild,* which fluctuates between three and four-and-one-half million street sales daily, accounts for 20 per cent of West Germany's weekday publications. His group of publications owns about 30 per cent of the daily (including Sunday) newspapers. Often passing up important national and international news, or relegating such to a back page, *Bild*'s blood-curdling crime reporting has become an indispensable third ingredient, along with cream and sugar, for the silent majority's daily coffee consumption.

But Springer also publishes the prestigious *Die Welt,* which is often mentioned even by respected critics in the same breath as *The New York Times.*

Springer owns fifteen newspapers and magazines and has controlling stock in numerous other enterprises. In West Berlin alone his 2,000 employees produce four dailies and two Sunday newspapers with a total of 1,017,000 copies, or 65 per cent of the West Berlin press, and in Hamburg he controls 70 per cent of the daily press. From the penthouse of a glass skyscraper located smack against the Wall in West Berlin, he directs his $200-million press empire with a total of 12,000 employees. And Caesar is his middle name.

The well-known Berlin publicist Sebastian Haffner wrote recently that Springer's empire "can soon be compared with that of Nazi Propaganda Minister Josef Goebbels," who paved the way for the Nazi take-over by gaining control of newspapers one by one until he captured 82.5 per cent of all newspapers published in Germany. Even now Axel Springer has the largest private press monopoly in German history.

Springer is a strong supporter of United States intervention in Indochina, and a consistent and aggressive opponent of Brandt's *Ostpolitik.* Janos Hajdu, correspondent of the Hungarian daily *Nepszabadsag,* complained on a Hungarian-produced TV documentary on West Germany, also shown in the Federal Republic, that not one Springer editor was willing to talk to him, "even for a few minutes." Recently, Springer papers have published reports implying that the Brandt government has promised millions of marks to the Soviet Union as reparations for World War II atrocities. The government rejected the report as "pure fabrication."

When radical students hijacked Springer trucks and tried to destroy bundles of his newspapers, Springer countered with headlines denouncing the "Criminal Terrorists" and sold more copies than ever. According to *Stern* revelations (January 23, 1972), Springer newspapers published classified information about the Moscow and Warsaw peace treaties with the Federal Republic, received from allegedly paid informers, among them Arthur Schwinkowski, CDU vice president of the Schleswig-Holstein *Landtag* (state parliament), and two West Berlin Social Democratic deputies, Dr. Franz Deume and Willy Bartsch.

In 1967 Springer also, according to *Stern,* sent spies equipped with miniature cameras to the offices of the na-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tional TV studio ZDF, allegedly for the purpose of uncovering incriminating information about the broadcasting directors, and, in general, discredit the state-run TV apparatus. This was to pave the way for commercial TV and another take-over by a new Krupp in a changing Germany, where the word is mightier than the cannon.

In spite of all this, Springer defies easy classification. By no stretch of the imagination can he be called a Nazi. His generous contributions to Israel are legendary, and German-Jewish reconciliation is one of the cornerstones of his editorial policy. He fights not only extremists of the Left but also of the Right. No other German daily comes even close to the technical excellence of *Die Welt*, which is also one of the more readable serious newspapers in a country where mastheads are studded with Ph.D.s, and much of the copy reads like doctoral dissertations.

Nor can Springer be described as a William Randolph Hearst-come-lately. His chauvinism is far too complex for that. While he is against *Ostpolitik*, he is not necessarily against reconciliation. For many Germans he is the symbol of their self-respect: repentance, yes, but on a foam-rubber cross. Others see in him the modern knight who will save them from the fiery tongues of Communist dragons. Still others regard him as the voice of "law and order" in a bourgeois world of potted plants, lace curtains, and garden dwarfs so dear to German hearts. He is at once too lovable to be a villain and too dangerous to be a hero.

David Binder, correspondent of *The New York Times*, thinks that much of the furor over Axel Springer is overdone. "Springer," says Binder "is a threat to no one but himself." Many Springer readers, according to a view widely held by observers of the German press, are becoming more sophisticated through other media and no longer take his hysterical anti-Communism so seriously. Circulation is slipping. It seems only a matter of time before Springer's newspapers turn to a more sober presentation of the news.

The well-known author and Springer columnist Hans Habe regards *Der Spiegel* with its cross-examining, nihilistic approach and its one-sided muckraking as a far greater threat to German press freedom. "The majority of Germans," he says, "still look up to authority. They are willing to accept a government merely because it is a government. Without the Springer press the opposition in Germany would not really have a voice. It is indispensable as a controlling and stabilizing factor."

Dr. Willy Schenk, correspondent of Zurich's *Tages Anzeiger*, says, "What I miss is a responsible conservative press in Germany. Sure the conservatives need a voice. But Springer doesn't fill the need. Aside from his papers there is really not a good conservative newspaper except the *Rheinische Post*." Nevertheless, he finds that Swiss newspapers fall far behind the quality of West German newspapers, which are "among the best in the world. Here,

From a penthouse of a glass skyscraper smack against the Berlin Wall, he directs his $200-million press empire.

Axel Springer—no Hearst-come-lately.

journalists are perhaps too aggressive regarding domestic affairs, but this is far better than in Switzerland, where journalists are too timid."

If the young German democracy has flourished so well, it is largely due to a thoroughly democratic yet tough German press. Even so the German journalist is still bogged down by the heavy demands of tradition. German newspapers have long been identified as *Kampfblätter* (fighting journals), as journals that had to struggle against incredible odds to defend democratic values against authoritarian repression. Even in the Weimar Republic, journalists tended to view their mission as *Meinungsbildung* (opinion molding) rather than the neutral dissemination of information. After World War II the Allies created a licensing system allotting newspapers only to persons who were politically clean. As a result, in the beginning most West German newspapers were the voice of licensed political parties. While partisan influence has to a large extent disappeared, those early postwar origins have left a heritage and an aptitude for political-style infighting.

Although the tradition of mixing opinion freely with information is still very much in evidence, the trend is toward more impartiality. Who-what-when-where-and-why are often buried in long, tendentious news essays, especially in that elegant intellectual weekly *Die Zeit*, which many regard as the world's best German-language paper. But crisp, short news stories are gradually invading the German newspaper world. Ironically, United States newspapers, with the increasing demand for interpretative reporting, are allowing more opinion to seep into news reports.

Most foreign correspondents accredited to Bonn regard this free approach of West German journalism as a sign of health and vitality. Its aggressiveness is largely confined to domestic issues. Many foreign journalists credit the West German press with the best international coverage in the world. And most educated Germans would complain about the provincialism of the U.S. press. You can't even call *The New York Times* a truly national paper. The Federal Republic has several: *Frankfurter Allgemeine, Süddeutsche, Die Welt.*

The public relations attitude of West German governments, from Adenauer to Brandt, is evident in countless ways. The Bonn beat is a godsend for the lazy journalist, for he is given so much information that he could file a good story daily just from handouts. Thousands of journalists from all over the world have been guests at government expense, lodged at the best hotels and guided by pretty hostesses. The complex of buildings in Bonn comprising the West German press and information office, the international press center—not to mention the cultural center, Inter Nationes, some miles away—has no equal in the world.

Here it is not the government that invites journalists to its news conferences but the other way around. The government official or spokesman comes to the conference at the invitation of the *Bundespressekonferenz*, a bloc that includes all German journalists accredited to Bonn; foreign correspondents are eligible to attend through their own association.

In the past year Chancellor Brandt has granted seventy-eight interviews. Imagine President Nixon doing a thing like that. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who's Who in Rock

Is the Demand a Drain?

BY ELLEN SANDER

Things move so fast in pop that all too frequently changes are not perceived. The very vitality of the scene often obscures its subtleties, its moments of importance just below the surface, and its newer artists. There is a very definable upper echelon of performers, and it is clear that they will not go the way of the teen stars who characterized rock's infancy.

Paul Simon, Neil Young, and Neil Diamond will be as viable and popular, phasing in and out, as Frank Sinatra was for the generation during which he was active. The time will come when, for example, Stephen Stills, John Lennon, or Stevie Winwood may have problems in producing significant albums. But their problems are always in terms of context; they are always defining and improving their tools. The important thing is not that Stephen Stills may make an album or two that will leave much to be desired but that he is still working, well received, able to maintain a creative attitude while getting the bugs out of the system. Pop audiences may seem fickle, but nostalgia and loyalty figure heavily in their choices. These audiences are as talented in listening as their artists are mercurial. The demand for a continuous flow of product is both a disciplining and a draining force on pop's creative community. The Byrds, for example, have gone through several uncomfortable transitions. Roger McGuinn's role, once so important to the group's facade, has shifted, perhaps unwisely, perhaps not. The point is that a Byrds audience will see them through. This was the case, years back, with the Who. When they first came to this country, they could hardly play music. They put on an apocalyptic stage show to cover up. Nobody was fooled, but the audience sensed there was a harder reality buried in the Who's inconsistencies. Today, the Who is one of the finest performing bands working, their flash intact, their music spectacularly polished.

Though the nature of trends dictates the search for new horizons almost seasonally, good rock will endure, and professionalism will always ensure top artists a place, provided they come through musically and regardless of how many false starts they make. Unfortunately, in recent years there has been such a plethora of product that it is difficult to see a special tree in the forest, to sense a young or new artist's importance as he or she (or they) is coming onto his identity. Now is the time for the solo writer/stylist. So—Carol Hall, Jackson Browne, John Prine, George Gerdes, and Harry Chapin do not go unnoticed. They are each highly sensed writers with a strong sense of personal style, and they are likely to become the bards of their era. Van Morrison, all during the time that pop was heavily centered upon groups, sang in the shadows. Randy Newman, Harry Nilsson, Linda Ronstadt are just coming into their own out of the same circumstances that brought Carole King and James Taylor along. On the other hand, an artist such as Ellen MacIlwain can survive a spotty and lackluster debut like *Honky Tonk Angel*, through which one can catch a fragment of the kind of powerhouse confidence she can understate for effect. Now it's groups that have to be watched lest some be lost prematurely, because of inaction, as were Siren and Jo Mama.

Fanny, for instance, sounds like a winner winding up to score. Their third album, *Fanny Hill*, gives a good glimmering of the directions their assets will take. Fanny's vocals are exuberant and refined. Moreover, there are strong writing talents developing in the group. Highly original and topically significant song ideas weave in and out, realizing pop's ability to detail the times. June Millington's "You've Got a Home" is a single mother's lullaby, tenderly dramatizing one facet of a radical change the concept of family is undergoing as sex roles merge and become confused before they stabilize. It is a song of love from mother to child, without regret, self-pity, or euphemism:

And when you wake I'll build a fire to keep you warm.
Stay home from school, thank God there's shelter from the storm.
Someday we'll have a little cottage by the sea
And watch the sunrise from the seashore, you and me.

Someday I'll have to tell you
Why I've chosen to live alone.
You may not have a father
But you've got a home.* □

*By June Millington. ©1972 Braintree/Tinkle Tunes. Reprinted by permission.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 29: licensed, declines, silenced.

In the important upper audio frequencies, some cartridges suffer as much as a 50% loss in music power.

So, there's a lack of definition in the reproduction of violins, oboes, pianos, and other instruments which depend on the overtones and harmonics in the upper frequencies for a complete tonal picture.

The Pickering XV-15 cartridge delivers 100% Music Power 100% of the time. Which is why we call it "The 100% Music Power Cartridge." At 100% Music Power, *all* the instruments are distinct and clear, because Pickering XV-15's have no music-robbing output drop anywhere in the audio spectrum.

Pickering XV-15 stereo cartridges are priced from $29.95 to $65.00, and there's one to fit anything you play records with. For more information write: Pickering & Co., Inc., Dept. S, 101 Sunnyside Blvd., Plainview, L.I., N.Y. 11803.

PICKERING

"for those who can hear the difference"

All Pickering cartridges are designed for use with *all* 2 and 4-channel matrix derived compatible systems.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We had our own ideas about what a book club should be...

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so we started one: The Saturday Review Book Club.

21. MEMOIRS OF HOPE
Renewal and Endeavour
Charles de Gaulle
Publisher's Price, $10.00

08. WHO OWNS AMERICA?
Walter J. Hickel
Publisher's Price, $6.95

17. CHANCE AND NECESSITY
Jacques Monod
Publisher's Price, $6.95

10. THE DECLINE OF THE WASP
Peter Schrag
Publisher's Price, $6.95

11. UNCOMMON SENSE
James MacGregor Burns
Publisher's Price, $6.95

15. FLANNERY O'CONNOR: THE COMPLETE STORIES
Publisher's Price, $10.00

15. IBSEN, A Biography
Michael Meyer
Publisher's Price, $12.95

13. THE ROCKY COAST
Rachel Carson
Publisher's Price, $6.95

18. THE CITIZEN KANE BOOK
Pauline Kael, Herman J. Mankiewicz & Orson Welles
Publisher's Price, $15.00

16. CRISIS IN THE CLASSROOM
Charles E. Silberman
Publisher's Price, $10.00

15. THE MYTH OF THE MACHINE: Technics and Human Development
Lewis Mumford
Publisher's Price, $12.00

17. I'M OK—YOU'RE OK
Thomas A. Harris, M.D.
Publisher's Price, $5.95

13. TEACHER AND CHILD
Dr. Haim G. Ginott
Publisher's Price, $5.95

17. CITIZEN NADER
Charles McCarry
Publisher's Price, $7.95

494. BODY TIME, Gay Gaer Luce
Publisher's Price, $6.95

422. THE NAKED CHILDREN
Daniel Fader
Publisher's Price, $6.95

445. THE OYSTERS OF LOCMARIAQUER
Eleanor Clark
Publisher's Price, $4.95

215. THE 12-YEAR REICH
Richard Grunberger
Publisher's Price, $10.00

223. MEET ME IN THE GREEN GLEN
Robert Penn Warren
Publisher's Price, $7.95

395. ARIEL and CROSSING THE WATER
Sylvia Plath
2 volumes count as one.
Publisher's Price, $10.90

102. STORIES AND PROSE POEMS
Alexander Solzhenitsyn
Publisher's Price, $7.95

082. DESCHOOLING SOCIETY
Ivan Illich
Publisher's Price, $5.95

268. DUCE! Richard Collier
Publisher's Price, $12.50

305. THE MORTGAGED HEART
Carson McCullers
Publisher's rice, $7.95

018. WHO PUSHED HUMPTY DUMPTY?
Donald Barr
Publisher's Price, $10.00

049. KNOTS
R. D. Laing
Publisher's Price, $5.95

099. THE NEW INDUSTRIAL STATE
John Kenneth Galbraith
Publisher's Price, $8.95

490. MORTAL CONSEQUENCES
Julian Symons
Publisher's Price, $6.95

498. GROW IT!
Richard W. Langer
Publisher's Price, $8.95

We created a book club intensely concerned with today's ideas . . . issues . . . and insights.

Obviously this club will not appeal to mass tastes; we don't want it to.

This club is designed to attract a membership of people like yourself: people who enjoy the intellectual stimulation of confrontation and challenge . . . people who are indeed interested, informed and involved and who choose their reading accordingly.

You're never likely to find among our selections those books one might consider as fleeting best sellers, historical trivia or heavies, needlessly tedious reading of any kind.

As you can see from our introductory list, we choose those books we consider the most worthwhile from every field of contemporary writing — casting the same critical eye used in selecting material for *Saturday Review.*

You'll find among club selections provocative and insightful readings on *politics, economics, sociology, science, psychology, art, drama, music, education, the environment, the media. Fiction,* too, when it merits your consideration.

The mechanics of membership — and what we believe is a generous offer — are outlined in the reply form.

Please bear in mind that, as a member, you will never have to keep a book you don't wish to read and own. Should you ever receive a selection that fails to please you — for any reason — you may return it within 10 days for full, unquestioned credit.

We think that the *Saturday Review Book Club* will fit your own ideas of what a book club should be. To see if you agree with us, take a few moments now to look over the titles in this advertisement. Then let us know which *four* you'd like to receive as your introduction.

Use the convenient reply form.

Select 4 books now. They're yours for just $1.

Send no money now — just your choice of introductory books with your name and address. After your books arrive, you'll have 10 days to decide about your membership.

Saturday Review Book Club, 230 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

Please accept my application for membership which entitles me to receive the *four* introductory books I've indicated below — all for only $1.

[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

If I'm not delighted with these books, I may return them within 10 days; my membership will be canceled and I will owe nothing.

If I keep them, I will receive the Club's free newsletter. Each issue describes the forthcoming selection plus dozens of alternates. If I do not wish to receive a selection, or prefer an alternate — or wish no book at all — I will instruct you on the convenient form always provided.

I need purchase only four books during the coming year — at savings averaging 20% off publishers' prices. I may cancel my membership any time after these purchases. A modest shipping and handling charge is added to all shipments.

Mr.
Mrs. _____
Miss (please print).

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

0325S

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lenny Bruce: Case Continued...

by BENJAMIN DEMOTT

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

88 **Lenny Bruce: Case Continued . . .** by Benjamin DeMott

98 **Book Business,** by Alan Green

100 **"The Stone and the Violets,"** by Milovan Djilas

101 **"A Woman of Feeling,"** by Violet Weingarten

104 **Criminal Record,** by Haskel Frankel

105 **"Dr. Kinsey and the Institute for Sex Research,"** by Wardell B. Pomeroy

108 **"The House of Life: Rachel Carson at Work,"** by Paul Brooks

109 **Books for Young People,** by Zena Sutherland

111 **Book Forum: Letters from Readers**

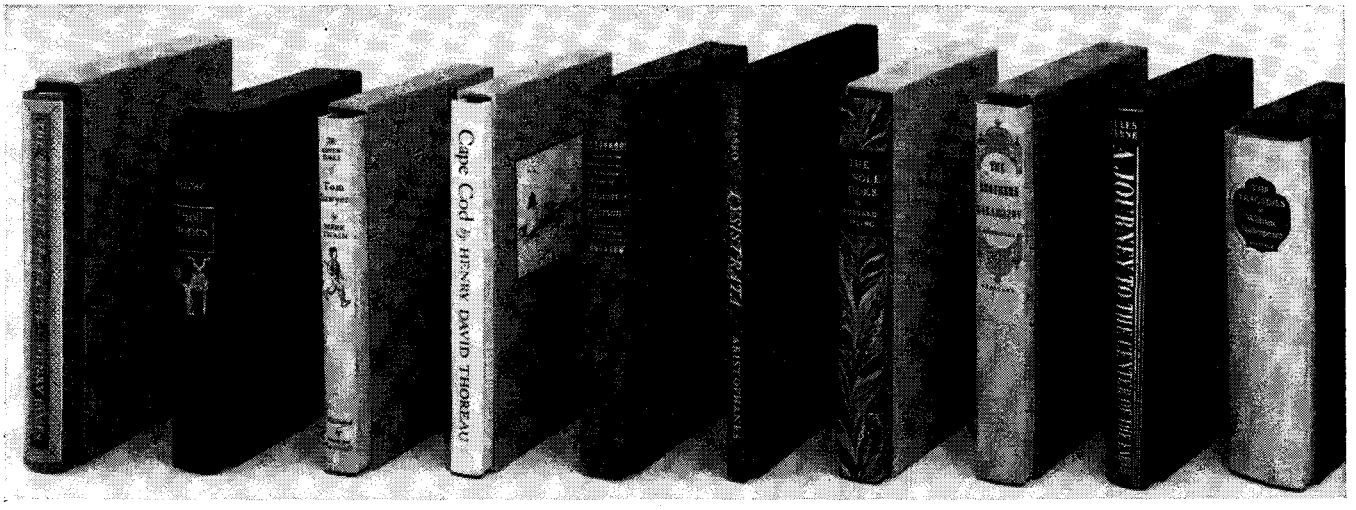
Why think again about Lenny Bruce? The comedian's life story—his progress from innocuous "impressions" of Cagney *et al.* to noisy railing at prudes, from prosecution for affronting community standards to death by a drug overdose—hasn't lacked for chroniclers. The quality of his performance as an entertainer is continually assessed and reassessed by experts. And famous minds aplenty have bent themselves to fixing a place for him in cultural history. (On one occasion in the mid-Sixties, no fewer than a hundred leaders in the arts and professions—a group including Theodor Reik, Reinhold Niebuhr, Lionel Trilling, Norman Mailer, William Styron, and James Baldwin—signed a statement describing Bruce as a social satirist "in the tradition of Swift, Rabelais, and Twain.")

Despite the assurance and seriousness of the estimates, though, Bruce's case can't truthfully be marked closed. At one level his pitiable disasters amount only to another standard-form show biz fall—a chapter to be fitted between, say, James Dean and Janis Joplin. But at a different level the story moves out through the politics of obscenity to broad themes of responsibility—a range of unmet and largely unacknowledged moral and pedagogical obligations flowing from the intensified egalitarianism of the present age. Bruce's agonies, viewed in the latter perspective, cease to seem merely accidental or personal. And the reckoning made of them, by those who from year to year recover the performer to memory, emerges as a guide to conventional wisdom across the spectrum of contemporary cultural politics.

As might be guessed, the special value of Julian Barry's Broadway success *Lenny* lies precisely here: in the briskness and fullness with which it represents current assumptions, among the hip and knowing, about the comedian himself, and about the issues presumed to figure in his story—the uses of authority, the "hypocrisy of standards," the survival prospect for individuality, the relations in modern life between self and others. The chief dogma embodied in the play concerns the place of truth-telling in the common life of contemporary man. In the playscript (to be published by Grove), as in the production that made a star of Cliff Gorman, *Lenny* lays it down that nowadays when a truth-teller appears among us his fate is predetermined: the tribe of the superstitious (*i.e.*, ordinary men, "Them") will despise him, hunt him in a pack, and cruelly dispatch him. This conviction has strong roots, clearly, in the feelings of loneliness and isolation that are norms throughout late twentieth-century urban noncommunities; the notion that separateness and exile are inevitable for everyone of good faith is nourished in numberless ways—by the closed circuit TV in the apartment house lobby, by the example of isolatoes like the journalist I. F. Stone, ceaselessly by the enclave-character of the society.

Still, the absence of qualifications from the dramatization of this theme in *Lenny* is striking. Both Mr. Barry's acts take for their frame a mindless barbaric ritual of sacrifice, complete with drums, chants (Yadda Yadda), and other apparatus of frenzy. (In the Broadway show the dances are staged *Hair*-style by Tom O'Horgan.) The tableau of Bruce's bathroom death by needle presents the comedian as martyr (stage directions earlier on specify gestures alluding to the Crucifixion). And, most important, the hero-martyr is presented as approaching sainthood at each step of his way—a model of probity, purity, selflessness. Other men consent to deal with hoodlum club-owners; Lenny refuses. Other men present themselves for profit as enthusiasts of socially approved causes—polio campaigns and the like; Lenny refuses. Other men are ruled by the values of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Few books should be made this good

Choose Any One of These Superb Collector's Editions... for $2.95 (half price)

Few books have the power to fascinate generation after generation of readers. The 10 shown above are among them . . . each presented in an edition of elegance and durability to fully match the greatness of the work.

And we would like to offer you your choice of any one of these exquisite collector's editions at half price, to introduce you to the many pleasures of membership in The Heritage Club.

1. *THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY* by HENRY JAMES, with an introduction by R. W. Stallman and illustrated by Colleen Browning. Acclaimed as the finest of all James's novels and one of the most psychologically revealing and beautifully written novels in the English language.

2. *DROLL STORIES* by HONORE DE BALZAC in the translation by Jacques LeClercq, illustrated with antic drawings by Boris Artzybasheff. Tongue-in-cheek tales of honor and dishonor, faithfulness and unfaithfulness, love and sex.

3. *TOM SAWYER* by MARK TWAIN, with an introduction by John T. Winterich and illustrated by Norman Rockwell. Considered by many to be the most important American novel in its influence on American literature.

4. *CAPE COD* by HENRY DAVID THOREAU, with an introduction by Joseph Wood Krutch and illustrated by R. J. Holden. A masterpiece that should be on everyone's bookshelf in this day of ecological crisis.

5. *WRITINGS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON,* selected and with prefaces by Saul K. Padover, illustrated with 16 full-page lithographs by Lynd Ward. An excellent selection by the leading Jefferson authority.

6. PICASSO'S *LYSISTRATA*—by ARISTOPHANES, with 46 illustrations by the world's greatest living artist, Pablo Picasso, in a new translation, and with a special introduction, by Gilbert Seldes. Indecent, vulgar, and uproariously funny, a classic comedy 2500 years young . . . its timeless themes of love, sex, and war, as relevant today as ever.

7. *THE JUNGLE BOOKS* by RUDYARD KIPLING, with an introduction by Bonamy Dobrée, illustrated with original paintings by David Gentlemen. Perhaps the greatest children's stories of all time, containing the complete round of Mowgli stories.

8. *THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV* by FYODOR DOSTOEVSKY, in the Constance Garnett translation, revised and with an introduction by Avrahm Yarmolinsky, illustrated with powerful lithographs by Fritz Eichenberg. The work that Sigmund Freud considered "the most magnificent novel ever written."

9. *A JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH* by JULES VERNE, with an introduction by Isaac Asimov, illustrated with colored gravures by Edward A. Wilson.

10. *SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDIES,* with an introduction by George Rylands, illustrated with striking woodcuts by Agnes Miller Parker. *Hamlet, Macbeth, King Lear, Romeo and Juliet,* etc.

By any standard, books like these should cost about ten dollars a copy. But since we publish relatively few titles and our members help us decide in advance which they should be, substantial savings are possible. Even today, we can still give our members the extraordinarily beautiful books they've come to expect for only $5.95 each, plus shipping.

Do you like the idea of such a club? Then we would welcome you as a member.

Simply by mailing the attached order form, you can get your choice of any one of the books shown above at only $2.95 (plus 50¢ for shipping and handling)—a savings of 50%—and the chance to acquire other beautiful Heritage Club editions.

In months to come, you will have a choice of such remarkable volumes as Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast, The Dead Sea Scrolls, The Invisible Man* by H. G. Wells, and *Tales of Mystery and Imagination* by Edgar Allan Poe. *Every book will be designed, decorated and embellished by an internationally famous artist* and so well made you will cherish each volume as a proud possession and sound investment.

You're not bound to take any of these books. The Club gives you the option to make substitutions from a backlist of some 50 or more books in print.

The Heritage Club

Del Mar, California 92014

Please send me, as a new member offer, my volume of

_____
(clearly print your choice)

for half price and reserve for me a twelve-month trial membership in The Heritage Club. If I decide not to join, I will return the volume within 15 days—my membership reservation will be cancelled and I will owe nothing. Otherwise, I'll keep the book and remit the half price of only $2.95 plus 50¢ shipping and handling. From a prospectus you will send me, I may then select the books I wish to receive during my membership.

GUARANTEE: During your trial membership, you will never pay more than $5.95 plus 50¢ shipping and handling on any Heritage Club selection.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

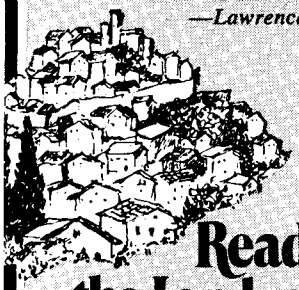
State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

0803805

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Thoreau would have admired this fine book."
—Lawrence Durrell



Reading the Landscape of Europe

By May Theilgaard Watts. "An altogether beautiful book on nature and man and their interaction in seven European countries . . . One comes away from it with heightened awareness, sharpened perceptions and a capacity for new enjoyment of the outdoors."—*N. Y. Times.* With 150 pen-and-ink drawings by the author, $8.95

HERE'S ENGLAND

A Highly Informal Guide by Ruth McKenney and Richard Bransten.
"One of the brightest travel books of this or any year," says the *Saturday Review.* Revised third edition with drawings by Osbert Lancaster. $6.95

Israel's own bestselling guidebook

The latest edition of the #1 source of travel information on the Holy Land, prepared by local Israeli experts. Sightseeing attractions, accommodations, transportation, costs, weather, etc.—plus exclusive 48-page, newly updated restaurant guide.

BAZAK ISRAEL GUIDE
1972-1973
Illustrated, paperbound, $3.95

At bookstores
Harper & Row
49 E. 33rd St., New York 10016
1817

Lenny Bruce (left) after first bust, (right) as portrayed by Cliff Gorman—"approaching sainthood . . . a model of probity, purity, selflessness."

the marketplace, become careerists, whore after fame and money; Lenny refuses. Other men pass themselves off publicly as clean-spoken, when on their home turf they're foul-mouthed; Lenny refuses. Nor is the performer seen simply as a great refuser, a spurner of temptation; he is rich in familial and civic contributions. He cares for the child his wife has deserted; struggles for the rights of the minorities; speaks up in behalf of the sensitivities of the frail, the clumsy, the ugly; begs his audiences to give over the moral blindness that wakes furtive shame in generation after generation of the young, and in the end he dies for his fellow man—dies that each of us may say shit eternally. And the death is inevitable: this understanding lies at the play's center. The good ones go to the wall—it is ever thus in our society: by the vile system is the virtuous man ground down.

A second hip dogma embodied in *Lenny* holds that human goodness equals, is nothing other than, the shedding of taboos; to be truly civilized one has first to perceive the hypocrisy of "standards of decency," and thereafter to strike through to "acceptance" of all impulse, desire, and utterance as holy, hence ripe for publicity. Mr. Barry's Bruce runs through the famous thirty-line bit detailing a marital conversation about orgasm ("Didjacome. Dijacomegood. Did you come. Good. Dijacomegood," etc.) and then flails at the audience:

Now if anyone in this room or in the world . . . finds those two words "to come" decadent, obscene, immoral, amoral, asexual, if you think I'm rank for saying it, if you, like that peace officer, would go into a courtroom and describe the act "to come" as perverse, then you probably can't come. See . . . let me explain something . . . about obscenity . . . about "decent" and "indecent" . . . if you believe there is a God . . . a God that made your body . . . and that you can do anything dirty with that body . . . if you keep telling little children to cover up, cover up, cover up, that the body is dirty . . . titties are vulgar . . . then the truth is . . . the fault lies with the manufacturer and you have got to shlep God into court with me and B. S. Pulley. Okay . . . alright. You wanna hear the bit?

The third dogma shaping the play is subtler: it holds that neither the first nor second dogma above, nor any other of the sweeping "truths" or principles about human history and society that the good man adopts as his own, are taught to him by others. True ideas well up from within the individual: the man of quality has no need of teachers. Julian Barry picks up his hero's career as Bruce is discovering his resources as a commentator on the deceits of a commercial culture: the play shuttles —in a series of nonconsecutive, conventionally O'Horgan-esque dissolves and fast cuts—between Bruce's wretched marriage and his nightclub lectures on sexual and linguistic inhibition, between his confrontations with cops and D.A.'s and his own efforts to prepare a defense against his prosecutors. But at no point is the comedian seen in the company of teachers or guides; he has plunged into intellectual labyrinth on his own. He's at one moment a fleering despiser of credulity:

TO LEPERS: Listen you people . . . Who are you waiting for, Saint Francis? It's just a bullshit story. He never kissed any lepers

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

. . . he danced with two Merchant Marines and we threw him out of the Parish.

At the next he's an arguer about the uses of sexual candor:

. . . "Let the kid watch? That's pretty bizarre." Maybe it is bizarre, letting the kid watch [grownups copulate] . . . but assuming that it's true, that your child will ape the actions of the actor and that what he sees when he grows up he will do . . . your kid is better off watching a stag movie than *King of Kings*. Mine anyway, because I just don't want my kid to kill Christ when he comes back. And that's what's in *King of Kings* . . . But tell me about a stag movie where somebody gets killed in the end or slapped in the face or hears any Communist propaganda . . .

Yet nowhere is Bruce a student, someone influenced by opinion other than his own: iconoclasm, so goes the myth, is totally self-propelled.

Are these harmful dogmas? Harmful or not, they're relatively easy—Nos. 1 and 2 at least—to combat. People may have a hundred reasons for wishing to locate all viciousness in The Others (society), and all purity and nobility in the single soul or tiny group (*e.g.*, those who appreciated Lenny), but we can usually be teased back into acknowledging that this formulaic an account of things denies substantial realities both of the character of the individual —*any* individual—and of the social dynamic. Again: men and women may have a hundred reasons for criticizing this or that sexual or other taboo, this or that failure of law-enforcement agencies to adjust to changes in community understandings of decency and indecency; but we can usually be teased back into conceding that civilization involves acquiring taboos as well as shedding them, and that, as John Sparrow once wrote, it's as much the duty of the state "to keep its citizens shockable as it is its duty to keep them from being shocked."

Dogma 3, however—that which maintains the essentially natural or spontaneous character of the truth-teller's beliefs, their independence of outside influence—is a shade trickier. To repeat, Julian Barry's play portrays Lenny Bruce as no man's student: his "advance" from conventional comedy to satirical inveighing against repression occurs at no prompting save from within. Bruce's friends, in this account, are determined to block the advance, not to foster it. When Lenny grouses about the empty life of the jokester ("jokes, jokes . . . meaningless jokes is what my life is all about"), his companions recall him to his struggles for Success ("we worked like bastards . . . the Strand . . . Broadway Open House . . . you gotta swing with your career now or forget it"). When Lenny turns

Lady Peel unravels the tangled strands of her life story. Do come.

EVERY OTHER INCH A LADY
an autobiography by
BEATRICE LILLIE

Aided and abetted by John Philip; written with James Brough. Just published, with 66 photographs, and at all booksellers now.

DOUBLEDAY

for the Accomplished traveler

TOUR of THE LOST WORLDS

For those of you who have already been to the Far East please notice the unusual itinerary of Travcoa's Tour of Lost Worlds: This includes: Malta, Libya, Unusual Turkey, Armenia, Georgia, Azerbaijan, Iran's Caspian Sea, Kuwait, Afghanistan, Central Asia-Tashkent, Samarkand, Bukhara, Alma Ata, Siberia, Outer Mongolia, Cruise on the Japanese Sea, and Japan's Northern Hokkaido.

islands REDISCOVERED

For those clients who have already seen the South Pacific Travcoa includes inaccessible islands on our Tour of Islands Rediscovered. The itinerary includes: Galapagos Cruise, Easter Island, Island of Savaii, New Hebrides, Solomons, Malaita, New Britain, New Guinea, Trobriand Islands, Timor Island, Mauritius, Reunion, Madagascar, Comores Islands, Seychelles, Nairobi.

TOUR of AFRICAN KINGS

Tour of African Kings is designed for those travelers who have already seen the game reserves of East Africa and now desire to view the ancient primitive culture and native life that once was part of African kingdoms along the West Coast. This includes: Niger, Togo, Dahomey, Cameroons, North Cameroons, Congo, Kinshasa Congo River Cruise, Rwanda.

Other tours by Travcoa. Limited membership, fully escorted.

☐ Orient ☐ South Pacific ☐ Eastern Europe
☐ North Africa ☐ Central America ☐ Lapland & Baltics
☐ Africa Safaris ☐ Islands Rediscovered ☐ Holy Land & Middle East
☐ Lost Worlds ☐ Around the World ☐ South America

For descriptive folders see your travel agent or write Dept. SR1

Travcoa

111 North Wabash, Chicago, Illinois 60602

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BULL'S BLOOD.

Now, from Hungary, comes Egri Bikaver—a robust, full-bodied Hungarian red wine which, because of its deep color, is called "Bull's Blood." Mildly dry yet smooth, it is excellent with steak, roasts, venison and goulash. This wine, a classic in its homeland, is now available in quantity and distributed to a number of better package stores. Look for the bull's head on the label.

International Vintage Wines. Merchants of the finest bottlings of Europe and California.
601 Fourth Street, San Francisco, California 94107

New unabridged illustrated edition.

ISIS UNVEILED

H.P. Blavatsky

■ The facts and doctrines of occultism by the great 19th-century occultist—in a completely new annotated edition of this American classic first published in 1877. "With its striking peculiarities, its audacity, its versatility, and the prodigious variety of subjects . . . it handles, ISIS UNVEILED is one of the remarkable productions of the century" (N. Y. HERALD, 1877). "Exhaustive" and "extremely readable" (the WORLD). New index and bibliography. *Fifty photographs and drawings.* #0193 two vols., 1700pp, $20

At bookstores—or postpaid from Quest Books, Dept. SR, Box 270, Wheaton, Illinois 60187

against the idea of a Career ("Career. Career. What a weird choice of words. Throwing jokes in some toilet . . . You know . . . a Doctor . . . a Lawyer . . . that's a career"), his companions try to shake him out of the questioning by proposing a new gig ("Look, Lenny . . . What do you say I book you into Montreal for a couple of weeks?"). There are, in other, academic words, no "outside sources," no supplementary readings.

It's largely because this line is taken that the complex matters of "obligation" mentioned above come in for notice. Lenny Bruce was unquestionably tormented by personal ambition, by resentment of the humiliations suffered by every "common" entertainer (celebrities inspire curiosity and judgmental scrutiny, not respect), and by awareness of the shabbiness, stupidity, and uncreativity of performers publicly regarded as his peers. But other forces drove him hard, and among these none seems to have matched the potency of the encouragement and tutelage of his educated audiences—hip reviewers, political and cultural liberals. The latter took up this comedian as a spokesman—at another level from theirs, naturally—a performer capable of translating the taunts at official morality hitherto contained in unread modern classics or small-circulation literary magazines into noise that might actually disturb the powerful.

No need for Lenny to become inward with the complicated quarrels of psychoanalytical theorists about the historical meaning and function of repression; exegesis of problems of cultural continuity was also, quite plainly, not on. To burden a comic with the familiar wearying ambiguities of men of mind would be to steal from his power to sting the complacent. He needed to know only enough to sneer.

More than a few of the educated who cosseted Bruce as a "prophet" regretted having done so at the end. Touched by his destitution, then by his death, one even offered up a *mea culpa*. The English writer and director Jonathan Miller declared self-accusingly in the *New York Review of Books*:

> . . . we, his sponsors, his eager fluting publicists, must . . . bear some of the responsibility for the way things turned out. . . . Those of us who supported him in print were sometimes too excited, or else too selfish, to notice that Bruce's uneducated simplicity often led him to yield without criticism to the flattery of overelaborate interpretation. Underneath all that hipster cool, it is to be remembered that Bruce was . . . badly read, and so keen to be accepted and admired by educated people

"You're being recalled—He's going to try mammals."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[RAMPARTS TOURS]

Up, Up and Away?
No no, Over Down and In.

The aim of Ramparts' tours is not romantic escape. It is more like a flight to a new reality. We do not stand in line to file in lockstep past the tourist shrines. We do not stay at the Hiltons, we do not visit Greece, Brazil or Portugal. But more important than what we subtract from the usual commercial tour is what Ramparts adds. We use our good contacts in each country to assure an insider's view of places selected for their political and cultural interests, and we arrange tours that no individual traveler could set up on his own, and no commercial travel agency would bother with.

Chile

Chile must be the most interesting country in this hemisphere. The peaceful revolution there is as unique as the country's natural beauty and grace. Our itinerary includes a full week of political and cultural events: tours of El Teniente nationalized copper mine, visits to a worker-controlled factory, a hospital, child care center, school and to Che Guevara squatters township, meetings with government officials, politicos from left to right, labor unionists, teachers, and worker-priests. The second week is for vacationing outside of Santiago: the ocean, lakes and fjords and the Andes. June 17–July 2, July 8–23 and August 5–20. Sixteen days, $850 from New York, $925 from Los Angeles.

East Africa

As Chile offers a new Latin American political model, so Tanzania serves for black African nations, newly free and attempting to radically reform domestic institutions and steer an independent foreign policy. Politics and cultural events will dominate this itinerary, which includes Nairobi in Kenya, for meetings with political representatives, students and workers plus tours; then onto the game preserves at Serengeti and Ngorongoro crater and the Moshe/Arusha areas, finally to dar es Salaam in time for Saba Saba Day, the major national holiday and fair. July 1–22, twenty-one days, about $1400 from New York.

Israel

A unique introduction to new political controversies: the question of withdrawal from the occupied lands, the effect of several hundred thousand Palestinian Arabs inside the Israeli economy, the growing tensions between Oriental and European Jews and the program of the Israeli left opposition. We will meet with a wide range of political viewpoints, visit artists, journalists, officials, students, stay overnight at a kibbutz, and travel to the Sinai, through the Negev, to Eilat, Sharm el Sheikh, Jerusalem, Galilee, the Golan Heights, Nazareth and the Dead Sea. Late September for 21 days, about $1000 from New York.

Russia & London

A week in London, two in Russia, including Leningrad, Kiev, Odessa and Moscow. Various departure dates this summer, but reservations close soon. Twenty-one days, $680 from New York.

Scandinavia & East Germany

Including a close look at Scandinavian social democracy, health and housing, the cooperatives, urban planning; plus extensive sightseeing in the Norwegian fjords, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Oslo, Dresden, Leipzig and Berlin. July 3–24, $825 from New York.

Prices include airfare, all tours, most or all meals. For detailed itinerary and further information, write Ramparts, 2054 University Ave., Berkeley 94704.

Ramparts: Send me information on your tour to:

☐ Chile ☐ East Africa ☐ Israel

☐ Russia/London ☐ Scandinavia/East Germany

I am .....

Address .....

City..... State..... Zip.....

Ramparts, 2054 University Ave., Berkeley, Calif.

SR

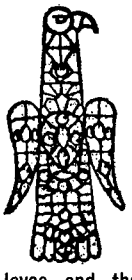
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Leave the rest of the world behind. Cruise Scandinavia, North Africa or Greece.

Choose from three extraordinary itineraries, far from the crowded tourist circuit. Unregimented days. Unforgettable nights. Thirty-four 14-day air/cruise adventures between March and November. Next time take a Travel Dynamics adventure and get away from it all. Contact your travel agent or write for brochures.

Travel Dynamics, Inc.
A Division of Fidelity Corporation
919 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022
(212) 371-5570

school of irish studies



The School of Irish Studies offers accredited courses in Irish literature, history and civilisation during a six-week session each Summer; and through two fifteen week semesters. The 1971/72 year round programme offers courses dealing with Irish literature from 1800 to the present with particular emphasis on W.B. Yeats, James Joyce and the Irish Dramatic Movement. Courses in history and civilisation study the major phases in Ireland's historical and cultural heritage.

The School of Irish Studies is recognised by the Irish Department of Education and endorsed by the American Committee for Irish Studies.

For further information:

The Secretary
School of Irish Studies
27 Harcourt Street
Dublin 2, Ireland

EUROPE BY CAR

45 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10020
9000 SUNSET BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90069
SAVINGS ON CAR RENTAL • PURCHASE
FREE 72 pg CATALOG

that he was sometimes deceived by the overcomplicated program which certain missionary intellectuals read into his act . . . As intellectual support for his act grew, he began to take seriously all that stuff about being the prophet of the new morality and would replace a lot of his regular material with sententious sermons. . . . He was so generously open to intellectual flattery, so pleased to discover that he had authoritative support, that he sometimes failed to realize how much he was being used as a dispensable stalking horse for middle-class liberal dares . . .

Miller went on to speak of the likelihood that intellectuals with whom Bruce came in contact had been influenced by Lionel Trilling's essay on "Freud and the Crisis of Our Culture," and that these people pressed on Bruce the claim that "the biological core of human nature, inaccessible to the repressive threats of culture, offered a life-saver for the individual who found himself drowning in modern life." Leaping at "utopian possibilities," they used Bruce as a "conveniently self-sacrificing public spokesman on behalf of the doctrine."

Like many confessions—or accusations—this one is a shade overheated. Nobody can dwell on it, in casuistical introspective mood, without spoiling his memory of Bruce's best turns. (Many classic bits—Father Flotski, Massed Man [the Lone Ranger], What's a Gwine?, Christ and Moses, Frank Dell, How to Relax Colored People—are reproduced from tapes in *The Essential Lenny Bruce* [Ballantine paperback, $1.25]. This volume, together with attentive listening to Bruce LPs—a United Artists album of a Carnegie Hall performance is especially notable—provides a useful introduction to the comedian's gifts.) And, as everybody knows, there's not so much first-rate comedy that any of it should be spoiled. Bruce was often praised for novelistic invention, the capacity to seize on the single detail that can spring an imagined person or situation into sight. For the present writer the major marvel was Bruce's way of erupting into voices—his sudden jagged furious casting off from himself into multiple personae. How many languages this man knew from inside! With what ferocity, agility, and swiftness he darted among them, snapping, searing, a wild mimetic wire—"early American demagogue," "hick," "old Jewish man," "impersonal commentator," "MCA shill," "senile moron," "delinquent kid," "toughie gunman," "Britisher," "German agent," "religious leader," dozens more. Time and time over the laughter welled from an image of furious incomprehension—somebody stunned to blankness by accents that (in that day) hadn't been heard before:

WELK: Awright. Send in da new boy! . . . Huwwow, thonny. How're you? My name is Larry Welk. The agency, Mr. Glazer, told me all about you. You're gonna be perfect boy for my band—you're deaf . . . vatsamatter vit you sonny? How come you don't talk to me?

MUSICIAN [stoned out of his kug]: Ah, like hello man, ah . . . you know, like, ah . . . alotta cats put you on, Mr. Wig, but, ah . . . you really something else, sweetie, ah . . . really, you know, like . . . like . . like when I laid the scene on some people, I said like I'm gonna make the scene with Welk, you know that cat's busted up, ya know, but, ah . . . I said no matter what, you're the best banjo—or whatever your ax is—you swing . . . that's it, sweetie, swing with your ax . . . you know, like . . . I got Bird's ax, man, he gave me his ax, you know, like, and you're pretty wild, Mr Funk, and, ah . . . I really wanna make the scene with you baby, you know . . .

WELK: WHAT THE HELL YOU TALKING ABOUT?

Yet another reason for hesitating to make heavy weather about Bruce and the "missionary intellectuals" is that much of his best comedy depended on a body of experience—show biz—that the bright-boy fans knew little about. Bruce's fiercest jokes were on his own world, not that of "organized religion" or organized repression. He was forever inviting his audiences to imagine the MCA shill as Universal Man—as Cardinal, as Pope, as President, as key Counselor to Youth: would this not be hell and are we out of it? The irony cut many ways, to be sure, and the comedian's control of it was uncertain, lacking in moral clarity (the comparison with Swift is waffle). But at many moments this "standup joker" has the harsh, aggressive abstractness of the show-biz-exploitative mind in exact focus. And in nailing its unreality he obliquely judged all whom show biz cons.

Sane as it is, though, to savor the first-rate Bruceian bits, and to resist polluting them with "cultural issues," it's an impropriety to ignore the decision to cut the comedian's "education" from this play. For that decision betrays assumptions about the responsibilities of the fortunate and the well-educated that do indeed deserve—however solemn-seeming to say so—critical scrutiny. The chief assumption, speaking bluntly, is that no responsibilities exist. Summarize it once more: so far as can be judged from evidence outside *Lenny* proper, Bruce had tutors of a sort; these people were fascinated by the possibilities of an unlettered comic as sage; whether by intention or by ineptness they offered up immensely oversimplified versions of hard his-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

artist: peter chermayeff

The ideal
Seas that are permanently protected from man's abuse.

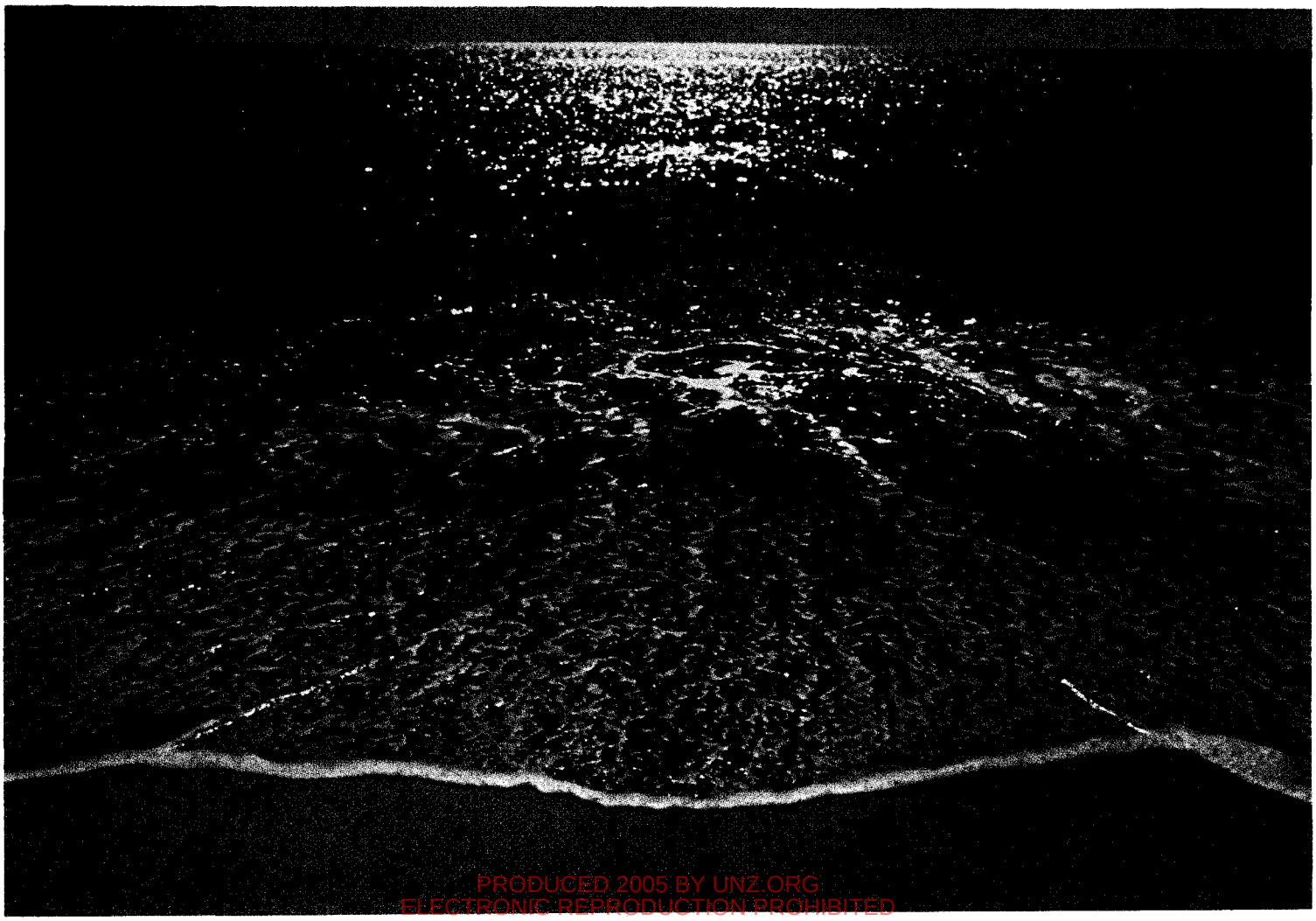
The real
Thoughtlessly, man spews waste into the world's oceans. From the air, from the streams, from ships, all of it from ourselves.

We must find new and better ways to guard our waters from ourselves. Our solutions must be swift. They must be creative and mature. For tomorrow the waters of the world will inherit what we do today.

Throughout the world, man must learn to function without fouling the oceans—and the air and earth that adjoin them. Until then, we cannot protect the environment in which life began—and on which our lives still depend.

AtlanticRichfieldCompany

magnum: erich hartmann



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And you thought you knew New York.

Would you take the children to the Old Rhinebeck Aerodrome if you knew they staged mock duels between World War I fighter planes? Or to see the performing bears at the Home of 1,000 Animals in Lake Placid? Can you imagine a 16-course tea lunch in Chinatown without one of them being chop suey? Haven't you always meant to visit Niagara Falls? Have you heard that Saratoga is the summer home of the New York City Ballet? Or about the boat trip through the underground caverns on the Indian River? What does a 50-lb. muskellunge look like and what do you do with it when you get it? And haven't you always planned on counting the Thousand Islands one day? Do it all this summer. In New York State.

New York State

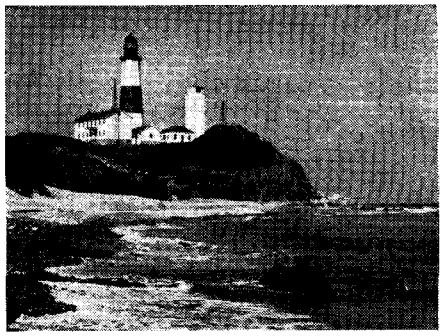
PROCURED 2018 BY UNSTATE
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

torico-psychological concepts to be purveyed as gospel; as the comedian's ecstasy in the role of Teacher led him into ever more public, ever more functionless challenges of community values, they cheered; when he was gone they (with rare exceptions) took no part of the blame on themselves. But the play considers none of this worth attention, and thereby implicitly condones a shrugging off of responsibility.

As goes without saying, Lenny Bruce's life story will sink beyond meaning in an instant if made to bear Symbolic Weight. It is, at the maximum, best seen as one more reminder of the poverty of interaction among the lettered, half-lettered, and unlettered in this avowedly democratizing society —a symptom, maybe, of the casualness with which obligations continue to be sloughed off. Such symptoms abound. One or another man of mind is forever discovering "something of value at that level"—in Bob Dylan or the Beatles or Rod McKuen, etc.—and puffing it extravagantly, without binding himself to continuity of critical concern, or to genuine effort at exchange. And, as already intimated, the pattern is hardly limited to pop culture and show biz—witness (in the world of education) the relations, or absence of them, between elite universities and community colleges, ethnic studies departments and "regular faculties," teacher's colleges and graduate arts and science departments, etc., etc.

It is, of course, a long way from here to the final curtain at the Brooks Atkinson Theater in New York, where audiences are nightly on their feet to salute Gorman's effort at reincarnating a sacrificial victim. And, as is obvious, the subject raised—the continuing national obliviousness to the job of learning how to exchange, how to "popularize" without lying, how to effect nonexploitative communication between levels of mind in a democratic society—is enormous. In a sense, though, the size of the problem guarantees a touch of permanence at least to the issues in Lenny Bruce's life, if not to the memory of the range of exacerbated tones in his voice. The hearings on "obscenity" are over, the furious doomed pathetic campaign for self-justification is bound to be forgotten, the court's judgment—a brutal one—fades on dusty dockets. The true case is continued.

Benjamin DeMott's *Surviving the Seventies* is a March Penguin paperback.



Know New York. Tour #7: 3 days. 376 miles round trip.

Marine Academy. You move from New York City to the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point to the Old Westbury Gardens.

Sagamore Hill. Then you move on to the home of 'Teddy' Roosevelt, furnished as it was when he lived there. You continue to the 1810 farmhouse where Walt Whitman was born.

North Shore. You visit the elaborate Vanderbilt Museum, then head out farther on Long Island.

Shelter Island. You drive from Riverhead to Greenport and a ferry ride to Shelter Island. Then you take another ferry to Sag Harbor, famous as a whaling center in the 19th century.

Montauk Point. The end of Long Island, with its 1795 lighthouse. Then you head back through the Hamptons, a world of beautiful homes and beautiful beaches.

Old Bethpage. You then move from Quogue to the Old Bethpage Village Restoration, a fascinating pre-Civil War farm village. Then you go to famous Jones Beach.

For details, send in this coupon.

New York State

Dept. of Commerce
Vacationlands Distribution Center
P.O. Box 490-617
Latham, New York 12110

Please send me your Know New York Tours and your 4-color booklet, 1972 Vacationlands, New York State.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gamay Noir

This red wine grape flourishes in the vineyards of The Christian Brothers

For some time now we have been nurturing a delightful French émigré in our vineyards here. The Gamay Noir grape is the authentic grape of Beaujolais. In its home district it is the grape used to produce the famous fruity, flavorful Beaujolais.

We are quite pleased with the manner in which this red varietal has taken to our Napa Valley vineyards, and we are now ready to offer an unusually fine wine from it. The Christian Brothers Napa Valley Gamay Noir has several highly desirable characteristics. It has a great mellowness and velvety softness, with a rich taste of the grape and is perfectly dry as are most noteworthy red wines.

Proper aging, both in oak casks and in the bottle has developed all of its early promise. You will notice, too, that our Gamay Noir has a particularly fine bouquet.

Gamay Noir is an exceptionally pleasing wine — one that should be enjoyed at cool room temperature. Try it with a rare roast, or a steak. It is equally at home with spaghetti or cheeses.

You will find our Gamay Noir most reasonably priced at about $2.25 a bottle. Should your wine merchant fail to have it in stock, write to me.

Brother Timothy F.S.C.

Brother Timothy, F.S.C., Cellarmaster
The Christian Brothers Winery
Napa Valley, California

Worldwide Distributors: Fromm and Sichel, Inc.
San Francisco, California

Book Business

Alan Green

Psychohistory, a relatively new literary term, is about to gain greater currency. Next month Basic Books will publish *In Search of Nixon: A Psychohistorical Study,* by Bruce Mazlish. Mazlish is professor of history at M.I.T. and was trained in psychoanalysis. Probing Nixon's writings, speeches, and the records of his childhood, youth, and career back to his days as freshman Congressman, Mazlish attempts to discover the subtle interplay between Nixon the man and Nixon the public figure. He raises such interesting questions as: What personality traits have molded the President's decision-making processes? What inferences can be drawn from his frequently unpredictable decisions on such matters as Communist China, inflation, and the Supreme Court? What might his use of the word "bums" in reference to radical students signify? Do political questions—pacifism, abortion, subversion—have a peculiarly personal meaning for Nixon? Mazlish never forgets that he is not diagnosing a patient but dealing with a President. Out of the material available to him, the author reaches certain conclusions about his subject. Many of his balanced judgments, however, may be lost on readers who are hung up by their political biases, for Mazlish is neither entirely friendly nor unfriendly to Nixon.

The roots of psychohistory may go back to Sigmund Freud's *Leonardo da Vinci: A Study in Psychosexuality,* published in Vienna in 1916. That study, which analyzed the Renaissance genius on the basis of his work and from available records, was recognized as a pioneering effort, and it was generally well received. In 1939, in his *Moses and Monotheism,* Freud attempted to discover in the law-giver's life the origins of Christianity. The reviews were mixed. The *Catholic World* found it "full of repetitions" and "replete with borrowings from unbelievers." *The New York Times Book Review* was dubious about the work; they questioned the wisdom of publishing it "at this time"—a period when Hitler was supreme in Germany, and the Brown Shirts, the Silver Shirts, and Gerald L. K. Smith were poisoning the American atmosphere. On the other hand, *The Saturday Review of Literature* said that "even those who disagree with Dr. Freud's premises and conclusions will find his ideas fruitful and stimulating."

In 1967, Houghton Mifflin published *Thomas Woodrow Wilson,* which Freud and William C. Bullitt had collaborated on thirty-five years earlier. The study was poorly received by critics (and many analysts and historians), who charged that it was inaccurate, unprofessional, and insincere. But, Erik Erikson's *Young Man Luther* and his *Gandhi's Truth*—published, respectively, in 1958 and 1969—were widely acclaimed as full flowerings of a new and valuable approach to history and biography.

Freud, Professor Mazlish points out, often compared psychoanalysis to archeology: "Making sense out of bits and pieces of surviving materials." When these are dredged up not from direct contact with memories, dreams, and associations but from the historical record of a living personality, the process can become fascinating to all of us who are witnesses to the man and his times. In the Mazlish book we are more than witnesses, for, he writes, "My comments and findings have tried to reveal as much about us, the American people, as they do about the President himself."

Another psychohistory to be published by Basic Books next fall is a study of Hitler by Dr. Walter Langer, a practicing analyst and brother of the distinguished historian William L. Langer.

Naturally, other books about Nixon are on the way in this Presidential year. *Catch the Falling Flag,* by Richard J. Whalen, a 1967-68 Nixon speech writer and adviser, is coming from Houghton Mifflin in May. It is described as "the first book by an insider to lift the curtain on Richard Nixon and offer an intimate, critical portrait of the President as a campaigner."

Meanwhile, in April, a book referring to Nixon but not about him is due from David McKay. *John Edgar Hoover,* its subtitle states, is "A critical examination of the Director and of the continuing alliance between crime, business and politics." This scrutiny of the FBI chief and his half-century-long career is the work of Hank Messick, crime reporter and author of six books, including the best-selling *Lansky,* all of which, according to McKay, "document the formation and evolution of a national crime syndicate."

The thrust of the book is summed up in Messick's description of the meetings at Clint Murchison's resort hotel in La Jolla: "And so, year after year, the nation's top Red Hunters—Hoover, [Joe] McCarthy, Nixon—gathered each

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

June at the Hotel De Charro to plan their campaigns while enjoying every luxury that money—Murchison's money—could buy. That it was sometimes necessary to brush elbows with top gangsters bothered no one. . . ." And he tells of continuing associations of Hoover and his friends with such big business—and right-wing—figures as Murchison (Texas oil), Alfred Kohlberg (China Lobby), Lewis Rosenstiel (liquor), Roy Cohn (McCarthy Committee lawyer), and Howard Hughes (not then reclusive). The author relates this wealthy group, and some top members of organized crime, to Nevada-Havana-Bahamas gambling.

Messick tells many stories, some of which have never appeared before in a book about Hoover. Examples: on the eve of World War I, Hoover, soon to be famous for superpatriotism, left his draft-vulnerable clerkship in the Library of Congress for a draft-exempt job in the Department of Justice; FDR was amused by Hoover's "spying" on such of his advisers as Harry Hopkins; the FBI, searching for enemy agents in Honolulu in 1941, failed to detect Japanese espionage in and around Pearl Harbor; La Cosa Nostra was largely an FBI invention. Messick reports why Johnson and Nixon continued Hoover in office long past his retirement time, whereas Kennedy planned to appoint a new FBI director. He also details the severity with which Hoover has dealt with critics inside his Bureau.

If you are a fan of C. P. Snow and the eleven novels that comprise his famous Strangers and Brothers series, you're probably mourning its completion ("Where are the Snows of yesteryear?"). Well, you can begin rejoicing. There will be a new—though nonseries —Snow novel in May: *The Malcontents*, which Scribners describes as a story of young radical idealists who plan to expose a prominent English political figure as a racist and find themselves counterattacked by the Establishment. Lord Snow, a celebrated Cantabrigian, who has plotted his new work like a mystery novel, joins a distinguished Oxonian on the same Scribners spring list. *The Elizabethan Renaissance: The Life of the Society* is the third volume of A. L. Rowse's impressive work on the late Tudor era. Students of Shakespearean witches and seers will particularly relish the chapter devoted to the sorcery and astrology which affected the art, thought, and politics of the period.

I've no idea who, if anyone, is at fault in the plagiarism being charged against *The Memoirs of Chief Red Fox*, published by McGraw-Hill. But I can tell you how easy it is for a great publisher to be innocently trapped in such a situation. In the Forties, Little, Brown received a remarkably well-told story of aviation adventure written in prison by a convict. They accepted it, paid the author an advance, anounced the book, and sent galley proofs to readers they thought would like it. Back came glowing comments. Just as the book was printed, one such reader recognized it as a word-for-word copy of a novel available in the prison library: *Island in the Sky*, by Ernest K. Gann, which Viking had published some seasons earlier. Little, Brown abandoned the book, announced its chagrin, and joined the consensus that their felon-author must have been a crook. Moral: no editor of a novel can have read every other novel, and there's no end to checking nonfiction.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

THE REST IS SILENCE

Here are the last recorded words of a dozen real and fictional characters. Mary C. Aragon of Sun Valley, California, wants you to fit them to their respective speakers. For the last word on this quiz, see page 111.

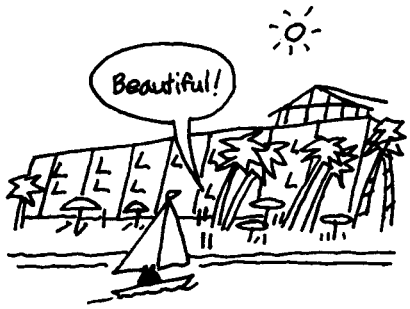
1. Le's do it now. Le's get that place now. ( )
2. Lord help my soul. ( )
3. Ah, my angels! ( )
4. I am going in search of a vast perhaps. ( )
5. I owe a cock to Asclepius; will you remember to pay the debt? ( )
6. Don't worry, darling. I'm not a bit afraid. It's just a dirty trick. ( )
7. *Thus*, I give up the spear. ( )
8. More light! ( )
9. Mother, it's getting dark. ( )
10. Too late!—Here is faithfulness. ( )
11. The blind man! ( )
12. The rest is silence. ( )

A. Capt. Ahab
B. Catherine Barkley
C. Emma Bovary
D. Goethe
E. Père Goriot
F. Hamlet
G. Lennie
H. Nero
I. Studs Lonigan
J. Poe
K. Rabelais
L. Socrates

Stay at our place in Jamaica.

THE MONTEGO BEACH HOTEL.
Nicely posh, with everything to do including a slew of water sports (two championship golf courses nearby).

The Caribbean is azure, the beach is the silkiest, and at the beach bar the rum concoctions are fantastic.



A Trafalgar House Resort Hotel
For details see your travel agent or
Ray Morrow Associates,
51 East 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 697-2340

Round The World
CRUISE
4 months for as low as $2,700 First Class

- Beautifully appointed, all-air-conditioned 210- to 350-passenger cargo liners to Acapulco, Panama Canal, Port Everglades, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Buenos Aires, Capetown, Durban, Lourenco Marques, Singapore, Hong Kong, Kaohsiung, Keelung, Kobe, Yokohama, Vancouver, B.C., San Francisco, Los Angeles. Monthly sailings.
- Up to 40 days in port gives you time for lengthy shore excursions.
- All accommodations are first class with private bath or shower.
- Swimming pool, spacious lounges, Continental and Chinese cuisine, full range of shipboard activities.
- **No Age Limit.** Doctor and nurse on board.
- The M.V. Oriental Esmeralda and M.V. Oriental Carnaval are registered in Liberia. The M.V. Oriental Rio is registered in Taiwan.

See your travel agent or contact
ORIENT OVERSEAS LINE
THE LEISURE LINE

General Passenger Agents:
Orient Overseas Services, Inc.
311 California St., San Francisco, California 94104
Please send me more information on your Round-The-World cruises.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____
SR

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FTD Speed-A-Gift

Now you can wire a beautiful, fresh flowers and gift combination almost anywhere in the country.

Just call or visit your FTD florist and choose from his Speed-A-Gift collection.

It's so easy. No wrapping, no mailing, no worries. Why not surprise a loved one, thank a friend...or just remember someone in a very special way for no special reason?

Available through your FTD Florist.

Pictured above is SG-17, Cups and Caddy. Colorful, footed mugs designed for display on functional see-through caddy. Has easy-carry handle for no-spill service.

The gift that travels by wire.

FTD

Speed-A-Gift DELIVERY SERVICE

THE STONE AND THE VIOLETS

by Milovan Djilas
translated from the Serbo-Croatian
by Lovett F. Edwards

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich,
238 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Edward Wasiolek

■ This is a collection of thirteen tales about a land of sorrow and anguish. "How long," remarks the narrator of one, "had Montenegro—or so my grandfather had told me—endured evil! There . . . were no songs except laments, and every second hearth had been extinguished. And how Serbia had suffered in the times of Karageorge. And Bosnia, and the Voivodina. We Serbs were fated, I thought, to struggle for bare existence alongside other peoples. As my grandfather had, and his grandfather, and my own father, so, too, must I struggle with my enemy as long as I had breath in me. All this weighed upon me like some talisman, some holy testament, handed down from the distant past, from the unhappy Serbian past."

The enemy had been, of course, the Turks, Magyars, Bulgarians, Germans, but it had also been the rulers of Serbia who had betrayed the people and "had grown rotten and corrupt in power and lordship and revenge." Most of all, it had been the spirit of evil in men, which was older and more primitive and more lasting than the ravages of history that came and receded and came again with the regularity of the seasons. It is an evil deeper than ideology and historical identity—deeper even than the sacred ties of love, family, and clan. Milovan Djilas has included a personification of it in an old Serbian folktale about Tsar Dukljan, the Prince of Darkness, who had once ruled the world, and against whom God's most powerful lieutenants had been impotent. Only God himself could overcome Dukljan, but He could not destroy him, for the Prince of Darkness is immortal, and "one day he will break his fetters, once again to rule over the world and men." Tsar Dukljan, together with the evil he incarnated, "was essential in the nature of things and men . . . the supreme law, the inevitability of all things," and "no man could evade him as long as he was alive." Evil as an incomprehensible, inevitable, and inexhaustible force runs through these tales about war, love, and revolution.

Djilas describes its manifestations simply, pausing little to analyze the workings of the human heart, as if convinced beforehand that the terrible wrongs that men do to each other are to be noted but cannot be explained.

Milovan Djilas—"the personification of resistance to evil."

Those who suffer will in turn make their tormentors suffer, and the tormentors will always find justification for their cruelty, and habit will almost always quiet their consciences. He records how the Magyars in a border region had turned, once the war had given them the power, upon the neighbors they had lived and worked with and had committed every bestiality that their strength could command. They did so automatically, without forethought or reason, propelled by some primitive urge to humiliate the men, rape the women, and destroy the villages. A band of escaped Serbians retaliated, paying back savagery with savagery in the same unreflective and automatic manner.

One of the most beautiful stories in the collection tells of a young girl, dedicated to the highest ideals of the revolution, who falls in love with the youngest of three brothers. When he is imprisoned, she seduces or is seduced by the older brother, even though they realize that the coupling violates the ideology they serve, the family they venerate, and the youth they both love. When the young brother returns home, love and honor demand that the elder tell him about the affair, and the confession goads the brothers to heroism and death. The narrator places no blame on either the older brother or the girl. Things might have turned out differently, he says, if she had not come into the family but, once she had entered it, the result was inevitable. Years later the middle brother, who recounts the story, meets the girl, now a wife and mother and still selflessly dedicated to the revolution, and he feels, with a mixture of horror and attraction, the power that drove his two brothers to their deaths.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Love, like war, is ever presented as savage and destructive. Its pleasures are almost always enjoyed outdoors on the moist earth and by the rapid currents of rivers; the love is obsessive, breathless and grasping, stolen before it is lost. For hardest of all for men to bear is the sense of loss that attends their pleasures and corrupts their heroisms. This is what drives them to desperation and to cruelty, and is perhaps the deepest source of Tsar Dukljan's power.

The power of the Prince of Darkness is eternal and cannot be overcome, but it can and must be resisted: "Tsar Dukljan is man and man's fate, and, because of man, man must be his most pitiless opponent." Something of this resistance is conveyed in these tales: the renunciation by Marko Miljanov of the power and honors he has won in order to remain true to himself and his past; the violets an old man tosses into a pit, where the enemies of the people had been thrown by their executioners, as a token of respect for their souls; and, most of all, by the example of Djilas himself, who has been the personification of resistance to evil, as political thinker, writer, and man. Indeed, the majority of these tales were written while he was imprisoned for dissidence at Sremska Mitrovica.

Edward Wasiolek is professor of Russian and Comparative Literature at the University of Chicago, and author of *Dostoevsky: The Major Fiction.*

A WOMAN OF FEELING

by Violet Weingarten

Knopf, 229 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Elizabeth Easton

■ What ever happened to the young female liberals of the 1930s and Forties? The girls who carried signs for "Students Against War and Fascism" in the May Day parade and sang, "I hate war, and so does Eleanor"?

Violet Weingarten, author of *Mrs. Beneker* and other books, takes a look at one of them in her latest novel and finds her still going to peace rallies, holding a candle in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and singing "We Shall Overcome" as she marches in Washington. The morning after the rally at St. Patrick's she has cramps in her feet from sitting for hours on the cold sidewalk, and her pale raincoat is stained with soot and candle wax. She promptly feels ashamed of herself: How can she think of such things when Vietnam is being destroyed?

Jo Melvin Baer, Mrs. Weingarten's heroine, is, as the title states, "a woman

Mexico TODAY

New revised edition by John A. Crow. This unconventional guide to the background and character of our Southern neighbor has been thoroughly updated, with new information of interest to Americans who might want to live in Mexico. Illustrated, $7.95

Also by John A. Crow

ITALY: A Journey Through Time $7.50

GREECE: The Magic Spring $8.95

SPAIN: The Rock and the Flower $8.95

At bookstores

Harper & Row
49 E. 33rd St., New York 10016
1817

IN MEXICO CITY
IT'S THE
MARIA ISABEL SHERATON

In the center of Mexico City's excitement. Two of the city's liveliest bars, its swingingest discotheque, one of the great restaurants with one of the greatest views. Some of Mexico City's smartest shops are right here in the hotel. Our rooftop pool is famous. 850 air-conditioned rooms and suites. No charge for children in same room with adults. You're in the whirl of another world a few short hours from any place in the U.S.A. Bienvenidos.

See your travel agent or call free.

800-325-3535
MAKES IT HAPPEN

Maria Isabel-Sheraton Hotel
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS, A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

GREECE
IS NEVER OUT OF SEASON

where ancient legends and lasting memories go home with you!

Visit Greece . . . an exciting beautiful country, and return home with lasting memories. It is a moment of your lifetime that must be experienced. Thrill to the lingering echoes of mythological characters of yesterday and at a sidewalk cafe, taste the delicate flavor of ouzo, the "in" ambrosia. Treat yourself to a Dionysian feast in the gay night-spots of Athens, tour the Parthenon, or spend a day relaxing on the swinging beaches.

Planning for such an adventure is really quite simple with our **1972 Tour/Cruise Guide.** Free for the asking, this mini-cyclopedia of travel was created to help you decide how, when, and where to spend your vacation. We will make all the arrangements for you, including your air travel from any part in the U.S., hotel accommodations in Greece or any part of the Mediterranean. We can book you on the cruise ship of your choice, reserve guided bus tours and even arrange yacht or car rental.

See your travel agent, or send for brochures.
TRAVELINE INC.
680 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. N.Y. 10019
Tel. (212) PL 7-0909 GS?

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

European sightseeing by car and driver-guide.

The best way to see Europe is with an attractive and very knowledgeable European. For the last 12 years thousands of Americans have been doing just that with Take-A-Guide. We're a unique sightseeing and touring service that picks you up at your hotel and takes you to places your friends probably missed.

TAKE-A-GUIDE
London-Paris-Dublin-Edinburgh
19 East 73rd, New York (212)-628-4823

How To Travel... and Get Paid for doing it!

How would you like to train for a career in the exciting, romantic, rewarding business of Travel? Picture yourself planning trips . . . discovering thrilling new places . . . traveling to far off exotic lands. Imagine seeing, exploring and telling others about the "Wonderful World of Travel"—and getting paid handsomely for doing it, too? ■ **Sounds hard to believe? But it's true!** And now **you** can learn quickly and easily in your spare time with our accredited home-study course that has prepared thousands for careers in Travel. As a Travel Agent you'll enjoy many privileges not available to the general public. **And,** you'll travel at reduced rates—**sometimes absolutely free!** ■ **To tell you the full story** of this exciting opportunity, we've prepared a "Travel Career Kit" and a 20-page Travel Career Fact Booklet. To get your Career Kit and Booklet FREE and without obligation, just mail the coupon. No salesman will call.

NORTH AMERICAN SCHOOL OF TRAVEL, Dept. 21404
4500 Campus Dr., Newport, Calif. 92660
Rush **"TRAVEL CAREER KIT"** *& Booklet – ALL FREE!*
NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

FRAMES *the tours your friends recommend*

One of Europe's oldest Tour Operators offers a wide variety of escorted tours.

FIRST CLASS GRAND TOUR OF EUROPE
28 days from London £468
HIGHLIGHTS OF EUROPE TOUR
27 days from London £301
SCENIC TOUR OF EUROPE
20 days from London £206
MOTORCOACH TOUR OF SPAIN
19 days from London £222
SCANDINAVIAN TOUR
15 days from London £295
MOTORCOACH TOUR OF RUSSIA
20 days from London £221

MANY OTHER TOURS FROM 1 TO 12 DAYS IN BRITAIN & ON THE CONTINENT.
WRITE FOR COLORFUL BROCHURE TO:
FRAMES' TOURS N.Y. Ltd. Est. 1881
114 EAST 32 STREET, N.Y.C., N.Y. 10016
Bookings ONLY Through Your Local Agent.
RATES ARE PAYABLE IN US DOLLARS

WILDERNESS VACATIONS

GET THE FEEL OF PRIMITIVE WILDERNESS LIVING

Here is a chance to do it. AWE saddle pack trips into the great Wilderness Areas of Arizona, Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho and Montana. Well guided but not pampered. 15 people max per trip. Ride, hike, climb, fish, read, sit. 7 and 11 day trips, April-September. From $210. For brochure write:

AMERICAN WILDERNESS EXPERIENCE
Box 1108 Boulder, Colorado 80302

of feeling." But while she acts on her emotions Jo also tries to analyze her motives. She sits in her fourteenth-floor apartment in a luxury building on the East Side of Manhattan and worries about whether or not she should have a full-time job instead of tutoring underprivileged children three mornings a week. Whatever the children get out of it, Jo feels her volunteer work in East Harlem is basically a self-centered kind of occupational therapy.

Her marriage is a happy one. Women's Liberation, Jo admits, is not for her. The trauma of being summoned to appear before the McCarthy Committee in the 1950s and taking the Fifth Amendment to protect her former friends leaves ripples of insecurity. But that experience, Jo finds, doesn't help much in dealing with the problems of her own grown-up children. Like so many middle-aged, middle-class parents, Jo and her husband, Ben, have trouble communicating with the younger generation.

Maggie, their happily married daughter, thinks about adopting a little American Indian girl as a sister for two-year-old Luke. Jo is dubious about the wisdom of adopting anyone as long as it isn't necessary. And yet, on honest inspection, she fears that all her arguments sound racist.

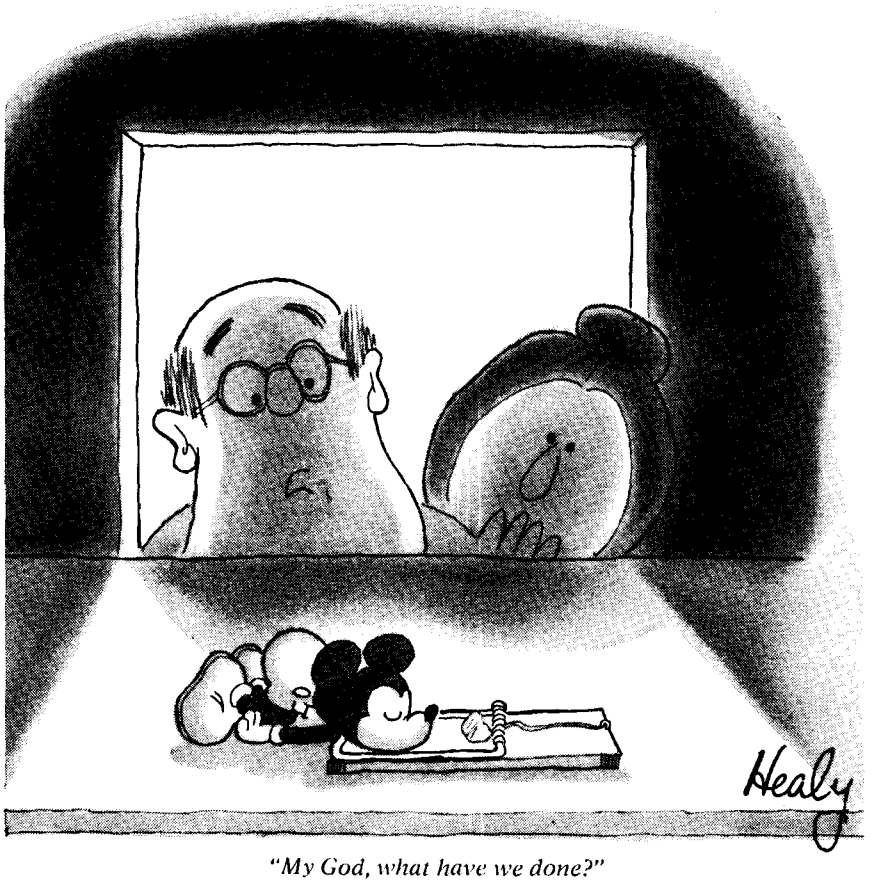
Peter, their son, has dropped out of Yale Law School, tried teaching and found it unsatisfying, and become involved with a young female hippie wanted by the FBI for questioning about a fire bombing.

Both Maggie and Peter, Jo discovers, resent their parents' liberal past. "There you go," says Maggie, "always comparing things today with what it was like when you were a groovy young radical. Take my word for it, it's different. . . . *Just don't compare today with when you were young! You don't know! It's not even the way it was when I was young!*"

Jo is reminded of the Chinese curse "May you live in interesting times." The American version, she feels, is "May you live to see yourselves as your children see you." And yet what is the alternative? Her friends, some of whom disinherit their children or write them off as lost, don't seem to manage any more satisfactorily.

Lately we have had a plethora of novels about Jewish mothers. Jo is a Jewish mother, but Mrs. Weingarten avoids clichés and presents her from Jo's own point of view. She is warmhearted and concerned, intelligent and involved. She questions herself and her world. Hers is an intensely contemporary story, honestly told, which will appeal to the many women who face Jo's problems or something very like them.

Elizabeth Easton is on the editorial staff of the Book-of-the-Month Club.



"My God, what have we done?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John/nie/Walk/er/Red/La/bel.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7

It takes a little longer to call for our Scotch, but people must have a lot of time, or a lot of taste, because they've made it the world's largest selling Scotch.

100% Blended Scotch Whiskies. 86.8 Proof. Imported by SOMERSET IMPORTERS LTD., New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Criminal Record

Fact

A Chair for Wayne Lonergan. *By Hamilton Darby Perry. Macmillan. $7.95.* In October 1943, pretty socialite Patricia Burton Lonergan was found naked and dead in her New York townhouse. Her husband, RCAF pilot Wayne Lonergan—described by the press at the time as a "sex-twisted" fortune hunter—was convicted of the murder and subsequently spent twenty-one years in prison. The author not only reconstructs the entire crime and its aftermath, but makes a case for acquittal of Wayne Lonergan by raising "reasonable doubt." Mr. Perry candidly admits that his highly readable book offers "a biased presentation."

Haunted New England. *Photographs by Mary Eastman. Text by Mary Bolté. Chatham. $8.50.* The ghosts of New England live again in this collection of thirty-six vignettes. Some, such as the one telling of Ocean-Born Mary of New Hampshire, are too brief: Mary's life is correctly synopsized but her numerous manifestations in protection of her home in Henniker, New Hampshire, are not recounted, merely alluded to. Many black-and-white photographs show the haunting grounds of the shades and evoke the appropriate mood.

Fiction

The Erection Set. *By Mickey Spillane. Dutton. $6.95.* Mike Hammer is not with us this time, but Dogeron Kelly is, and Spillane devotees will hardly notice the difference. Villains abound—among others, all the legitimate members of the wealthy Barrin family, who want to deny Dog, the clan's bastard, his inheritance. The Spillane girls, behaving true to form, merely have to sight Dog to feel an irresistible urge to tear off their clothes. That violently sado-maso-machismo world which was once exclusively Spillane's has become such a literary commonplace that what used to titillate now tires. Still—and how's this for a book bonus?—the nude blonde on the dust jacket is named Sherri Spillane.

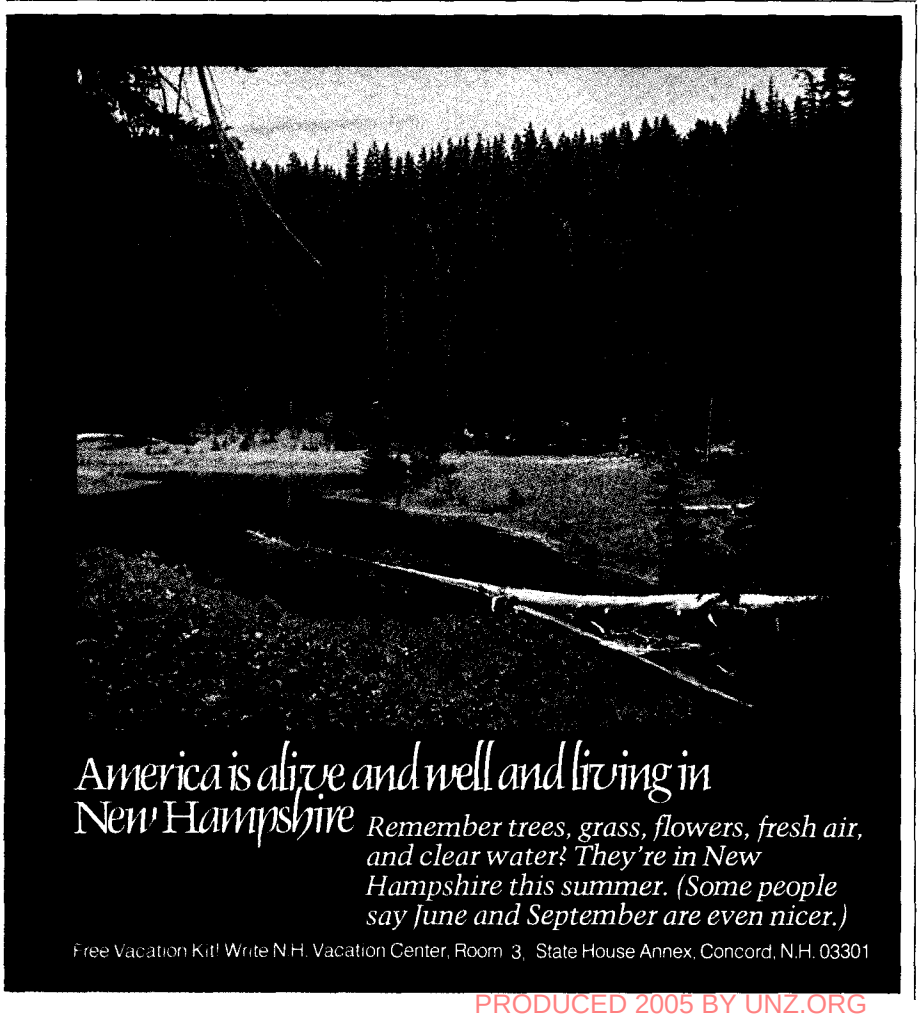
The Ledge. *By Gertrude Schweitzer. Delacorte. $6.95.* Catherine has a broken heart, and she is in fairly rough shape. So what does she do? She goes to work as secretary to a former Senator who has even heavier woes. His main problem is that he is suspected of having pushed his first wife over a ledge. This is a ladies' gothic complete with a nervous-making house and servants to match. Need I say, though, that instead of chilling me with horror *The Ledge* simply left me cold?

The Nixon Recession Caper. *By Ralph Maloney. Norton. $5.95.* Except for the ending, when too many Mafiosi muscle in on the action, this caper is a refreshing breeze through the world of crime. It is also a deft poke in the ribs at Connecticut exurbia, where high-powered New Yorkers live on more than they earn. The author brings four of these countrified slickers together—all unemployed, thanks to the Nixon recession, all posted on the club bulletin board for their debts—to pull off a local bank heist. Good crime combined with delightful satire.

The Tricks of the Trade. *By Robert L. Fish. Putnam. $4.95.* Kek Huuygens, master smuggler, returns. Kek's problem this time is to transport from Buenos Aires to Barcelona a highly explosive suitcase containing valuable contents of a sort that offends even our unscrupulous hero. The plot is slight, but it is entertaining to see how much a master craftsman like Mr. Fish can do with so little. How a smuggler known to every customs agent in the world manages to move a suitcase—unopened—from country to country is in itself worth the price of *The Tricks of the Trade.*

The Body of a Girl. *By Michael Gilbert. Harper & Row. $5.95.* Stoneferry on Thames seems a pleasant and peaceful English village until a buried skeleton turns up at the river's edge. It is all that remains of a young unidentified woman who had been strangled and stripped before burial over a year ago. What follows is a beautifully plotted, absolutely fascinating novel of police detection.

Blood on a Harvest Moon. *By David Anthony. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. $6.95.* When her husband disappears, Elaine Maynard asks Morgan Butler, a former husband and erstwhile private detective, to locate her current spouse. Butler finds Maynard in Virginia. He also discovers a corpse. Another body, charred in a fire, turns up in Atlantic City. Somebody—could it be Maynard himself?—is killing off everyone involved in a crime that goes back to World War II. This is one of those books you find yourself praising with faint damns. The author does everything satisfactorily, but nothing really dazzles. **Haskel Frankel**


America is alive and well and living in New Hampshire
Remember trees, grass, flowers, fresh air, and clear water? They're in New Hampshire this summer. (Some people say June and September are even nicer.)
Free Vacation Kit! Write N.H. Vacation Center, Room 3, State House Annex, Concord, N.H. 03301

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DR. KINSEY AND THE INSTITUTE FOR SEX RESEARCH

by Wardell B. Pomeroy

Harper & Row, 479 pp., $10

Reviewed by George Krupp

■ Two middle-aged men, close friends and professional colleagues for thirteen years, are walking up a hill in San Francisco. One of them calls out to the other, who has gotten a little ahead, to hold up for a moment. "I want to look at this marvelous window display," he explains. After he discusses the display for a few minutes, the two men proceed up the hill.

The man who stopped to look into the shop window was Alfred Charles Kinsey. His companion was Wardell B. Pomeroy. In recounting the incident in his new book, *Dr. Kinsey and the Institute for Sex Research*, Pomeroy notes that the actual reason Kinsey stopped was not to examine the display but to rest for a moment. "An ordinary man," Pomeroy comments, "might have said, 'Wait a minute until I catch up. You're going too fast.' Not Prok."

Not Prok, indeed—for Kinsey, affectionately called Prok by those close to him (a nickname students originally synthesized from Prof. K.), was a man unwilling or unable to express his personal emotions. Thus he could not acknowledge his physical distress. He could not talk as one mortal human being to another, not even to a good friend, although he was suffering from a heart condition that was sapping his strength and would soon claim his life.

If one can judge on the basis of the book, Kinsey rarely, if ever, emerged from behind the mask of impersonality, a mask that no doubt served him well in his quest to elicit from other people the intimate facts of their sexual behavior but that limited his ability to establish emotional relationships with his associates. Certainly the mask blocked Pomeroy's view; not once does Kinsey appear as a man who, like all other men, must occasionally struggle to cope with ambivalence, uncertainty, and despair and to transcend the separateness that characterizes man.

Consequently that part of Pomeroy's book that focuses on Kinsey as an individual often seems to have been written by someone who, having never met the man in person, must reconstruct him secondhand from inadequate information. More than once this may prove frustrating to a reflective reader. Why, to return to the San Francisco incident, did Kinsey feel compelled to conceal his fatigue? Was he—and is Pomeroy himself—in the grip of the male mystique: pointless stoicism as the white badge of courage? Or does it reflect a mortification of the flesh? Or the denial of feeling?

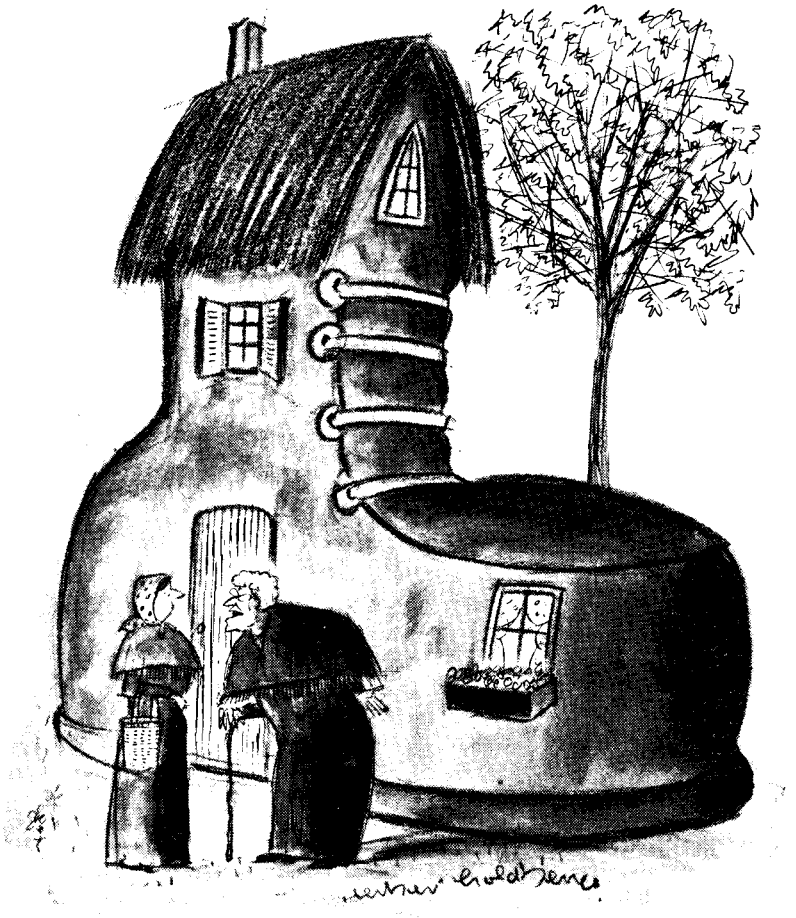
Pomeroy writes: "Often he woke up at night with cramps in the calves of his legs, and if I was traveling with him I would massage them in an attempt to relieve the severe pain, which he bore stoically. He refused to see a doctor about this condition, so we never knew what caused it. It was characteristic of him that he would not be babied: he was too busy to go to doctors." It takes a certain immaturity to persuade oneself that one can be "too busy to go to doctors" to obtain relief from chronic pain and that medical consultation amounts to being "babied." Such a philosophy has a logic of its own and can lead to a fatal conclusion. "Prok," Pomeroy states, "literally and knowingly worked himself to death."

Thus, according to Pomeroy, Kinsey in effect committed suicide. And corroboration comes from Professor Theodore W. Torrey, chairman of Indiana University's zoology department. Writing to Pomeroy about a conversation that he had had with Kinsey only two weeks before his death, Torrey recalls: "I urged him to think of his responsibility to himself, his family, and to his colleagues and to enter into rest and relaxation for whatever period was required to restore his health. As he walked toward my office door he turned and said, 'I'll think about it, but if I can't work, I'd rather die.'"

The sentiment belongs in a Hemingway novel, and one need not be a psychiatrist to recognize it as an expression of the same kind of romanticism that Kinsey so brilliantly demolished in the field of sexual behavior—a romantic mythology based on stereotyped and outmoded ideas that seem impervious to refutation on the basis of medical, empirical, and documented evidence. They are ideas that conform not to the facts of human existence but to the fantasies of human beings.

It is tragic that Kinsey, the man, could not have taken advice from Kinsey, the scientist. For it was as a scientist, impatient with the posturing of other people, that he could write to a man who insisted that if he was not operated on, in order to change his sex, the only possibilities left to him were insanity or suicide.

"You must not decide," Kinsey wrote, "that there are only two possibilities in the world. Actually, there are thousands of possibilities. . . . You are asking the whole world to change in accordance with your desires. You have made practically no attempt to fit yourself into the realities of the world. Until you do you are going to be in continuous trouble. This is written to you out of the goodness of my heart, for I wish that life could be made more com-



"You'd think at least one of them would visit me!"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Meet Old-fashioned Mr. Jennings (the ice-cream parlor man)

Always be polite to Mr. Jennings.
He'll keep us young forever.
He doesn't care for war,
he doesn't care for jewels,
he doesn't care for architecture.
Mr. Jennings knows what counts.
Sodas.
And heavenly sweets.
Ethereal creams.
Blasphemous blendings of
delectable fruits.
(And it's a wondrous place
to spend lunchtime, dinnertime—
even suppertime.)
No matter how many years you live,
everything in Mr. Jennings' place
tastes as good as treats did
when you were a kid.
Guaranteed.

Old-fashioned Mr. Jennings

Luncheon
Dinner
Supper
(noon till midnight)
28 East 70th Street
(between Madison Ave. & Park Ave.)
(212) BU 8-2700
(212) UN 1-8980

fortable for you. I know of no way of that being done until you do face reality."

But Kinsey himself saw only two possibilities, the extremes of either not working at all or adhering to his customary Spartan schedule. In rejecting middle-ground compromises, he ignored his own advice and failed to face reality, the medical reality of an enlarged heart that could not meet the demands he made of it. He died in 1956 at the age of sixty-two.

One wishes one knew more about the forces that drove him to work himself to death; sixteen hours a day was not uncommon for him and he never took a vacation in his life. But Wardell Pomeroy does not engage in much theorizing and, given Kinsey's defensive remoteness from everyone around him, evidence is scarce. Pomeroy simply describes Kinsey's attitude as a "compulsiveness" and an "obsession" stemming from "the Judaeo-Christian work ethic which had been a basic part of his early conditioning. His family were religious people and hard-working . . . and while Kinsey grew away from the strict religious training of his youth, he could never cast off the primary thing they had taught him—that it was immoral not to work."

The irony is truly incredible. If Pomeroy is correct, and there is no reason to doubt him since he knew Kinsey so well ("I suppose," Pomeroy explains early in his book, "I must have spent more time with Kinsey than anyone in the world except his wife"), then one is justified in believing that it was a sense of morality, a "primary thing" inherited from childhood religious training, that pushed Alfred Kinsey to embrace death. Yet all his work in sex research was in the service of freeing men and women from precisely such oppressive indoctrination. To paraphrase Pomeroy: Kinsey sought to help the individual to cast off the primary thing his parents had taught him —that it was immoral to enjoy intercourse, homosexual and heterosexual, premarital and extramarital.

The notion that sexual behavior could be divided into right ways and wrong ways, good ways and bad ways, was abhorrent to him. As he put it in a letter to a man Pomeroy identifies as Kinsey's "most valuable New York homosexual contact," his goal was "objective exploration, an accumulation of scientific data on human sex behavior," and he was "in no way concerned with modifying human behavior. Others may use our data in their own peculiar ways, as it may serve their religious, social or romantic theories," Kinsey wrote, "but we cannot in any way be concerned with those ends. To do so would disqualify us as scientists and involve us in all of the conflicting arguments of priests and libertines, individualists and busybodying reformers."

Thanks to Wardell Pomeroy and *Dr. Kinsey and the Institute for Sex Research*, the man and his work have been recrystallized for our consideration. Almost twenty-five years have passed since the publication of *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* and almost twenty since *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*, and this time span proves highly instructive. In the face of sensationalized mass-media treatment of sex in our society, with its emphasis on a "sex revolution," it is interesting to see that the human race is far more stable than is commonly realized. The behavior that Kinsey so carefully documented a quarter of a century ago is not appreciably different from the behavior being reported today. And if another 18,000 interviews were taken to match the Kinsey total (with Kinsey himself responsible for 8,000 and Pomeroy for an equal number), there would undoubtedly be differences in percentage points—but the changes would reflect evolutionary, not revolutionary, shifts in sexual practices.

For the most part, this is heartening; it indicates that men and women are not subject to every swing of the sex-publicist's pendulum and that they do not rashly subscribe to every new erotic idea that appears in print. Thus, contrary to predictions of sermonizers, this country does not seem to be on its way to orgiastic decay.

But it is less heartening to realize that myths give way very slowly to validated knowledge. It seems difficult to believe that nineteen years after Kinsey denied the existence of a vaginal as distinct from a clitoral orgasm—a fact documented beyond contradiction by Masters and Johnson—the debate still goes wearily on. Similarly Kinsey's attack on the notion that the female was any less a sexual being than the male continues to be resisted.

It was, of course, Kinsey's volume on the female that unleashed the full fury of his enemies. In retrospect, it seems inevitable. Of all the sacred myths, that of the pure and passive female was the most cherished—and what reality could be more anxiety-producing, particularly for men, than the existence of the earthy female?

One of the most serious consequences to follow in the wake of the volume on female sexual behavior was the loss of financial support from the Rockefeller Foundation. In what Pomeroy reveals as a disgraceful abdication of responsibility, the Foundation, with Dean Rusk as president, decided to give no further grants to the Institute for Sex Research. Instead, Pomeroy notes, it gave "one of the largest grants it had ever made, $525,000, to Harry Emerson Fosdick's Union Theological

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Deluxe

3 CAPITALS TOUR

Amsterdam — London — Paris
featuring

floriade

The World Horticultural Exhibition

See Amsterdam and visit the floral exhibits of Floriade, focal point of the world of horticulture, held only once every dozen years. Tour the nursery and garden centers of the Dutch countryside. In London, enjoy sightseeing and leisure time for shopping and theater. Sightsee in Paris, take a Seine River luncheon cruise, visit fabulous Versailles. Three worlds of Europe in one exciting, first-class tour!

INCLUSIVE FEATURES

- ★ Round-trip transatlantic jet transportation.
- ★ Transfers and porterage of luggage in Europe.
- ★ Continental breakfast and table d'hote dinner daily.
- ★ Tips and taxes at all hotels and restaurants.
- ★ First-class and deluxe hotels with private bath.

15 days

DEPARTURES FROM NEW YORK ON
July 6 ● August 3 ● September 14

VIA KLM ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

$789.00
SHARE BASIS

$859.00
SINGLE ROOM

SPONSORED BY
HORTICULTURE
America's Oldest Gardening Magazine

NOTE: Departures can be arranged from other cities and on other dates for groups of 15 or more. If your club or association would like to arrange a special departure, please contact: ROGAL ASSOCIATES
97 Union St., Newton Ctr., Mass. 02159 (617) 965-0700

RESERVATION FORM

TO: FLORIADE
c/o Horticulture Magazine
300 Massachusetts Avenue
Boston, Mass. 02115

I would like to join your
3 CAPITALS TOUR

☐ Send detailed brochure

I enclose deposit of $.....
for ..... person(s). (Deposit of $100 per person required to hold reservations.)

SR

NAME: .....

STREET ADDRESS: .....

CITY: ..... STATE: ..... ZIP: .....

HOME PHONE: ..... AREA CODE: .....

Make check or money order payable to:
HORTICULTURE MAGAZINE

Date Desired:
1st choice: .....
2nd choice: .....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Innocent Island

Somewhere in the Atlantic, not very far from Nassau and Freeport, there's an island where wild horses still run free. ✖ An island with absolutely great people on it. And one of Dick Wilson's great golf courses, with hardly any people on it. ✖ An island where the beach is so long it disappears out of sight. Into a forest so cool and quiet and haunting you can't shake it out of your mind. ✖ An island with maybe the most delightful hotel in the Bahamas. And maybe the most delightful guests in the world. ✖ You really should read our brochure.

Treasure Cay Beach Hotel and Villas
Abaco, Bahamas
See your travel agent, or mail the coupon.

Treasure Cay Beach Hotel & Villas O
P.O. Box 3941, Main Office,
Miami, Florida 33101.

Gentlemen: Please send your brochure.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Treasure Cay Beach Hotel is represented by Hetland & Stevens, Inc.

The quintessence of life.

Is the Da Vinci Hotel in San Juan. . . endlessly interesting, vital, with Mediterranean charm, essential to your change-of-pace condition. Proximity is close to endless delights. . . the beach, sun, rum, shopping, nightlife; dining in our Italian trattoria, "La Locanda". Create some vivid remembrances. . .at the Da Vinci. . . it's just a "little bit Latin".

A SWISS CHALET HOTEL

Contact your Travel Agent, or Robert F. Warner, Inc.

DA VINCI HOTEL
SAN JUAN PUERTO RICO

Seminary, one of the primary critics of Kinsey's research."

When one considers that Kinsey was not weaving his own theories, that he was recording objective facts reported by thousands of men and women, and that these facts were the message that he was conveying, the Foundation's actions bring to mind a parallel from the ancient past: the messenger who came bearing bad news was killed.

There is no doubt in Pomeroy's mind that the Foundation's rejection actually "hastened Kinsey's death."

His work endures. Long after the voices of his critics have been stilled, Kinsey's volumes continue to inform the society in which he lived. And implicit in his work is an attitude that one of his former students comments on. "His whole emphasis was, as the motto of his biology text for high-school students states: 'Look at the World! Be glad that you are alive in it!' "

George Krupp is a practicing psychoanalyst who is also engaged in research.

THE HOUSE OF LIFE:
Rachel Carson at Work

by Paul Brooks

Houghton Mifflin, 350 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by David McCord

■ Any man or woman whose outlook and inlook are the richer for having read Rachel Carson, richer still for the tone of her clear voice above the groundswell of the sea, will wish to enter this "House of Life." But not, I think, until the visitor has left will he or she quite realize the paradox of Rachel Carson, what a lonely and reserved, dynamic and outgiving, courageous, self-reliant, and most modest human being that she was.

It was David Brower, Sierra Club leader and conservationist, who said of Miss Carson, some time after he had introduced her to the redwoods of the Muir Woods in 1963, "She did her homework, she minded her English, and she cared." This says it all for all that matters most. It needs no working over. What does perhaps need saying, to the uninitiated, is: Read this book if it is the first or last wise thing you do in 1972. Few writers in our time have left real crystals in the sun. These crystals are alive.

The House (the title was suggested by the Greek word for "habitation"—"ecology") has had a first-rate architect as guide: Paul Brooks, Miss Carson's editor for *The Edge of the Sea* and *Silent Spring*—it was he who gave the enormously important title to the latter—is a well-known conservationist as well as publisher, and a distinguished writer in the field of nature and the wilderness. He understood his author, and she trusted him. What Mr. Brooks has produced is not a personal biography, which Rachel Carson would have deplored, but a strong, unsentimental yet affectionate study of a professional biologist who had the genius, the passion, and the sensitive ear to write exquisite prose. Perhaps Mr. Brooks takes her prose style (and its importance) a little too much for granted. But certainly he has offered his readers a brilliant selection of Miss Carson's work, including some early unpublished material and a stunning germinal stream of letters flowing down the years. Even her most ardent followers will discover again Miss Carson's marvelous feeling for verbs ("The tides address the sense of hearing") and her rare, rare gift of the catenary rhythm in great writing: the tidal slack and flow of words—as when she describes how the sea takes sterile chemical elements dissolved in water "and welds them with the torch of sunlight into the stuff of life." A bit careless in her first book, she learned to hear her echoes: not to repeat immediately a word used strongly or unusually, which is one mark of a stylist.

Before all that prodigious homework which preceded Miss Carson's *Under the Sea-Wind, The Sea Around Us, The Edge of the Sea,* and *Silent Spring,* there were drudging years of groundwork, beginning with her junior year in Pennsylvania College for Women, when she switched her studies from English to zoology. Probably the only mouthful of scientific jargon above her name in print is the title of her master's thesis at Johns Hopkins: "The Development of the Pronephros During the Embryonic and Early Larval Life of the Catfish (*Inctalurus Punctatus*)." As Mr. Brooks says, "She used words to reveal the poetry—which is to say the essential truth and meaning—at the core of any scientific fact."

Born in Pennsylvania in 1907, youngest of three children, Rachel Carson grew up on an unworked farm and never saw the sea till she was grown. Her mother—musical, bookish, and a schoolteacher—was unquestionably a life-long influence. Rachel knew from earliest childhood that one day she would write. She never married; one judges that her mother never urged her to. Likely, Rachel's art and science were enough. While she was teaching part time at the University of Maryland and the Johns Hopkins Summer School, her father died. The next year she became a biologist for the Bureau of Fisheries in Washington (later the Fish and Wildlife Service). By the time she resigned in 1952 Miss Carson had been editor-in-chief there for three years.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A sail on the *Albatross III* out of Woods Hole to Georges Bank appears to have been her only deep-sea voyage. Nevertheless she speaks eloquently of islands, though largely from the shore. Apart from ". . . roaring seaward, and I go," a line from *Locksley Hall* which turned her to the sea, one does not find her quoting poetry, though she wrote it as a girl. Rachel seemed to love the dark—exploring on the open beach, tracking spiders with a flashlight in the woodpile. And she was a born bird-watcher—a fact quite hard to square with a passionate love of cats!

Although her first book sold fewer than 1,600 copies in six years, her next, *The Sea Around Us*, published in 1951, was a critical and popular success. "I retire to my secret cave," she remarked about her writing, "emerging when I have a decent batch of manuscript finished." But this time she was met with sudden fame and all the joys and headaches that go with it. More than a third of the last part of *The House of Life* deals fully, fairly, and dramatically with the well-known history of *Silent Spring*, a work that alerted the average American to the dangers of pesticides. Written while the author faced death by cancer, this book is a heroic undertaking and a miracle of achievement.

Somewhere within *Saint-Watching*, Phyllis McGinley, looking upward, nominates Wesley, Gandhi, and Florence Nightingale for canonization. I wish she would add Rachel Carson, who lived every minute in the light of Henry Beston's words: "Do no dishonor to the earth, lest you dishonor the spirit of man." She left us more than her books.

David McCord's selected poems for children, *Mrs. Bidery's Spidery Garden*, will be published in London this fall.

It is an extraordinary thing to watch the sand come to life if one happens to be wading where there is a large colony of the mole crabs. One moment it may seem uninhabited. Then, in that fleeting instant when the water of a receding wave flows seaward like a thin stream of liquid glass, there are suddenly hundreds of little gnome-like faces peering through the sandy floor—beady-eyed, long-whiskered faces set in bodies so nearly the color of their background that they can barely be seen. And then, almost instantly, the faces fade back into invisibility, as though a host of strange little troglodytes had momentarily looked out through the curtains of their hidden world and as abruptly retired within it.

from "The Edge of the Sea"

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Tell Me, Where Is Fantasy Bred?

by ZENA SUTHERLAND

Most of the readers of this column are interested in children's books either because they are concerned with an individual child's reading or with the reading needs of a group of children. We're happy to report that Gayna Monroe, a graduate student at Texas Christian in Fort Worth, is interested because she likes to read children's books. "I've got a question," she writes. "Isn't anyone writing good fantasy any more? I'm referring basically to about the 8-12 level, which is where I usually find it. I suppose one can't expect to suddenly discover a new E. Nesbit. . . . Is Andre Norton totally into sci fi now and off fantasy? . . . I must agree with an article by Roald Dahl that there are too many how-to and science and nature books and not enough fantasy."

Well, now, Mrs. Monroe, the answer to your question is yes, some authors are writing good fantasy—assuming we both define fantasy the same way. To me, it is fiction in which the events or characters or even the setting have aspects that cannot exist—if we go by man's experience. Thus in science fiction there are stories in which, given our knowledge of space flight and planetary conditions, all the action that takes place on another planet *could* happen—whereas in science fantasy, an android and a tentacled, bug-eyed monster may vie for the love of a computer. So I don't quite understand the question about Andre Norton: her books seem to me science fiction, fantasy division. Don't they overlap?

Eleanor Cameron, whose stories about the Mushroom Planet are among the most popular fanciful tales in series, says in her book *The Green and Burning Tree* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $6.95): "If we do not quibble over fineness of categories, we then avoid the danger of becoming one of the company of scholars . . . who seem to care less about experiencing the truth and beauty of a tale than in being 'correct' in putting it into this compartment or that."

I don't mean to quibble, only to point out that we can, by making delimiting judgments about boundaries, narrow a field. And if you narrow the definition of "fantasy" you may lose some good books. At any rate, if we agree that fantasy is impossible fiction, and that good fantasy is impossible fiction made believable, there are signs that fantasy lives and thrives. For one thing, the Newbery Medal has just been awarded to Robert O'Brien for his fanciful *Mrs. Frisby and the Rats of NIMH* (Atheneum, $5.95), and one of the Honor Books was *The Tombs of Atuan*, by Ursula Le Guin (Atheneum, $5.50). Lloyd Alexander's romantic adventure-fantasies have brought him the Newbery Medal and the National Book Award. You like animal fantasies? There's Russell Hoban, E. B. White, George Selden, Michael Bond. Shifts in space and time? Madeleine L'Engle or Penelope Farmer. Imaginary lands? Carol Kendall's tales of the Land Between the Mountains or the kingdom in Natalie Babbitt's *The Search for Delicious* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.50). From the rip-roaring tall tales of Ben Stahl to the quiet sensitivity of Philippa Pearce, there is an abundance of good writing, and I've just mentioned a few of the best contemporary authors.

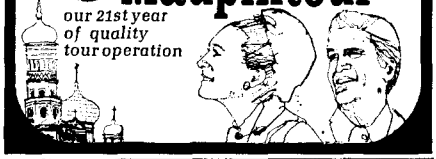
Perhaps Roald Dahl doesn't get to see all these books? Maybe in Round Two I'll offer a rebuttal to the idea that there are too many informational books. Oh, yes. Andre Norton is still writing fantasy: *Dragon Magic* (Crowell, $4.50) will be published in April, and it has four separate tales-within-a-tale for you, me, and the other children.

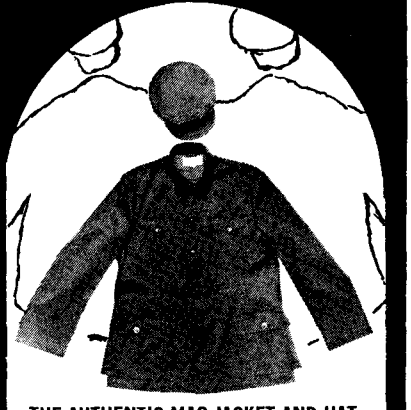
Adam's ABC. *By Dale Fife. Illustrated by Don Robertson. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. 60 pp. $4.50.* An alphabet book that describes a day in a black child's life begins with Adam and his friends Arthur and Albert, moves on to little BROTHER, the storm CLOUDS in the morning sky, and ends with Adam's YAWN as he goes to bed to snore, "Zzzz. . . ." The stress is on blackness: black children, black cloud, black-spotted dog, elephant made of ebony, and so on, to the day that ends with black tire tracks and dark umbrellas. Not outstanding as an alphabet book, but welcome because of the orientation and the urban setting. Ages 4-7.

Shiver, Gobble and Snore. *By Marie Winn. Illustrated by Whitney Darrow, Jr. Simon & Schuster. 42 pp. $3.50.* A brief and simple story for the read-aloud audience is illustrated with cartoon-style drawings and introduces the concept of society's need for a set of rules. Three friends flee from the despotic reign of a king whose laws are arbitrary and discriminatory; at first they enjoy complete freedom, but they soon discover that they must have some laws in order to live in amity. Lightened by humor, the story is adequately told and effective in conveying its message. Ages 5-7.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAUPINTOUR
THE UNHURRIED HOLIDAYS
USSR
EASTERN EUROPE
CHOICE of 17 adventure tours, fully all-inclusive and escorted, feature Russia and/or one or several Eastern Europe countries, Siberia, Central Asia, Samarkand or Balkans, Dalmatia or add Scandinavia. Also the Berlins, Middle Europe. From 15 days to a Grand 68 days.
ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT for Maupintour's detailed 52-page EASTERN EUROPE brochure or write Maupintour, 900 Massachusetts St., Lawrence, Kansas 66044. Telephone 913/843-1211.
Maupintour
our 21st year of quality tour operation





THE AUTHENTIC MAO JACKET AND HAT
It's the real thing: for Gals and Guys, imported direct from the Chinese mainland. Comfortable! Audacious! . . . for formal or informal wear. Choose washable cotton in Navy, Dark Green or Natural Sailcloth. Specify size.
Jacket $19.95. Hat $3.95. Add 85¢ postage.
Cal. res. add 5% tax. Satisfaction guaranteed.
In The Altogether
Write for free catalog.
Ghirardelli Square/900 North Point/Dept. SR32
San Francisco 94109

THE ORIENT FOR YOUNG ADULTS
Travel with a group of your own age.
Departs June 25th
22 days of fantastic sights and sounds in 6 Asian countries
Led by psychologist-teacher couple
$634 land portion Color brochure:
DON PERSSON
Box 14653 Long Beach, California 90814

TRAVEL
Van's European Student Tours
In fifth year—for all ages—itineraries through twelve countries—small groups—first class hotels—luxury land motor coaches—chaperones are professional educators. 1 month, $875—2 months, $1475 (all inclusive). For brochure call or write Anne MacMillan, B.A., 171 Vose Avenue, South Orange, New Jersey 07079. 201-762-3846.

Baby. *By Fran Manushkin. Illustrated by Ronald Himler. Harper & Row. 31 pp. $3.50.* No children will ever learn the facts of life from this story, nor will it assuage the dethronement pangs of a child who just acquired a baby brother or sister. But *Baby* just may amuse the lap-sitter who can appreciate the silliness and tenderness of a fanciful tale in which an unborn child is capriciously resisting the blandishments of the entire family. Framed panels, one or two per page, show a rambunctious embryo (superimposed on mother's abdomen) hopping around, refusing to be born. Finally the offer of future kisses makes recalcitrant Baby decide to emerge, after which she is kissed thoroughly by all and grows up to be a girl who "learned to walk and talk and paint yellow flowers—but who always liked kissing best." Ages 5-8.

Mary of Mile 18. *Written and illustrated by Ann Blades. Tundra. 38 pp. $5.95.* Too small to be found on a map, Mile 18 is nevertheless a real place, a small Canadian Mennonite community in which the author-artist taught school. While there is merely a thread of plot (Father says Mary may not keep a pup that is half-wolf but changes his mind when the pup's warning keeps the henhouse safe from a coyote), the book gives an affective albeit modest picture of the solitude, the bitter cold, and the family solidarity of Mile 18's isolated dwellers through a Canadian winter. The paintings have a naïve simplicity that has earned the very young artist an exhibition in a Vancouver gallery. Ages 7-9.

What Made You You? *Written and illustrated by Jeanne Bendick. McGraw-Hill. 48 pp. $4.95.* How do you explain genetic coding without getting into the intricacies of the double helix, of transfer RNA, nucleotides, or even chromosomes? Jeanne Bendick does it very nicely by simply describing for the young reader how genes carry hereditary traits and by emphasizing the continuity in families and the love that is part of human conception. In discussing copulation, conception, gestation, and birth, the text is direct in tone and restrained in coverage, always stressing the unique quality of each human being. Ages 8-10.

The Tunnel of Hugsy Goode. *By Eleanor Estes. Illustrated by Edward Ardizzone. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 244 pp. $5.25.* In 1964, Eleanor Estes wrote *The Alley*, a charming story about an enclave of faculty families in the heart of Brooklyn. At long last, the Alley lives again, although a new generation of children replaces Hugsy Goode and his friends. Hugsy's firm conviction that there is a complicated set of tunnels underneath the Alley is believed implicitly by two boys, who keep their digging a secret from their families—and find that it is true! Not only a tunnel, but some mysterious voices and old bones. Everything has a logical explanation; the writing bubbles with fun and affection; the characters come alive and are delectably drawn by both author and artist. Ages 9-11.

A Choice of Magic. *By Ruth Manning-Sanders. Illustrated by Robin Jacques. Dutton. 319 pp. $6.50.* Delicate illustrations mirror the romantic mood of an anthology in which four new stories have been added to tales chosen by Ruth Manning-Sanders from her earlier collections. The tales are from various parts of the world, primarily European, and they constitute as discriminating, flavorful, and varied a collection of folk and fairy tales as the most devoted reader of the genre could wish. Ages 9-11.

When Hitler Stole Pink Rabbit. *Written and illustrated by Judith Kerr. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. 191 pp. $4.95.* Perhaps because Papa was a journalist, he suspected that the Nazis might win the election, and so he left Germany and took his family to Switzerland. From there they went to Paris, where little Anna learned

from "Baby"

to speak French perfectly and to feel quite at home; then to England, where Papa's story had been accepted as a movie script. This tale of a refugee family is based on the author's childhood experiences and, although anti-Semitism in Germany and financial depression everywhere are a somber backdrop, the book is warm and cozy, filled with the small, homely details of events that are important in a child's life. Ages 9-12.

The Stanley Cup. *By Brian McFarlane. Scribners. 192 pp. $6.95.* If you're already a hockey fan, you will find this irresistible; if you're not a hockey fan, *The Stanley Cup* may convert you. Brian McFarlane has been a hockey player and a sportscaster in the United States and Canada; he knows the game and its history thoroughly, and he has a tart sense of humor plus a vigorous writing style. In describing the early days of Stanley Cup play, he tells some rough, tough tales of turn-of-the-century hockey and the free-wheeling teams that grew into the highly organized league and Cup play of today. And, of course, details of recent Cup years' competition will arouse nostalgia and/or wrath from sin bin buffs. Ages 12 up.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Rebuttal from Professor Schlesinger

Sidney Lens's letter in Book Forum Feb. 26, only offers further evidence of his carelessness and incompetence as an historian.

Let me first take up his specific points:

a) Mr. Lens's reference to Elias Boudinot in *The Forging of the American Empire* appears in his discussion of the conditions of the Cherokee Nation in "the 1820s." He writes: "A white theological graduate, Elias Boudinot, who traveled through their territory, was surprised that 'they have advanced so far and so rapidly in civilization.'" There was, of course, a white Elias Boudinot, who died in 1821 at the age of eighty-one. He was a lawyer who served in the Continental Congress and was later director of the United States Mint. Though he wrote about the Bible in his later life, he was not a "theological graduate" nor, obviously, did he travel through the Cherokee country in the 1820s. He founded a mission school in Cornwall, Conn., where a Cherokee named Galagina (not, as Mr. Lens says, "Buck Watie") went in 1818 and, in gratitude, assumed the name of his benefactor. This was the only Elias Boudinot active in the 1820s.

b) Mr. Lens writes of Thomas Hart Benton, whom he refers to in his letter, with perhaps undue familiarity, as "Tom": "The job [of commander-in-chief in the Mexican War] was first given to sixty-four-year-old Senator Benton." Polk would like to have given the job to Benton; but political opposition prevented him from doing so.

c) This has to do with the phoney quotation that Mr. Lens three times attributes to President Truman. Professor Ambrose, in the letter in the February *Progressive* cited by Mr. Lens, at least had the grace to admit that Truman never said what he and Mr. Lens carelessly wrote that he said and to "apologize" for "a serious error." For Mr. Lens to claim that exposure of an invented quotation is a "bit of nit-picking" is incredible, particularly coming from someone who aspires to be a scholar.

d) On the question of Jackson's Indian policy, I continue to prefer the judgment of F. P. Prucha, the most careful modern student of the subject (in his *American Indian Policy in the Formative Years*) to that of Mr. Lens.

As for Mr. Lens's questions, I obviously do not think, nor have I ever written, that the United States moved into Hawaii, Samoa, Guam, etc., to guarantee rights of self-determination. In most of these cases, the United States acted on the belief that, if it did not move in, the British, Germans, Russians or somebody else would do so, and we felt, often wrongly, that this would be a threat to American security. We certainly did not move in because of the vast markets and investment possibilities of Hawaii, Samoa, Guam, etc.

This brings us to what Mr. Lens calls his "central thesis"—that *"the central thrust* has been to seize land and to find markets for U.S. surpluses and goods and capital." Perhaps Mr. Lens would like to explain the fact that during the years of territorial expansion, the United States, far from suffering from a superabundance of capital, was a capital-importing, not a capital-exporting nation. And I would ask him again to consider whether, if the United States had never been a capitalist nation at all but rather a communist state like the USSR, he really thinks it would not have expanded across the continent, murdered Indians, fought Mexico, tried to dominate Latin America, and demanded the removal of hostile nuclear missiles from Cuba? Perhaps disparity of power and supposed strategic necessities may be more basic causes of expansionism than the search for capital outlets.

The shortest answer to the cliché adopted by Mr. Lens that American insistence on the Open Door caused the Cold War is to note that the American politician who talked most about the Cold War in the years after the Second World War was not Truman nor Acheson nor any of those wicked fellows but the leading opponent of their policies—Henry A. Wallace. In his famous Madison Square Garden speech of Sept. 12, 1946, the speech that led to his dismissal from the Truman Cabinet, Wallace said: "We cannot permit the door to be closed against our trade in Eastern Europe any more than we can in China. . . . We must insist on an open door for trade throughout the world." This speech makes abundantly clear the lack of connection after the war between economic views about the Open Door and the belief (shared by democratic socialists in Europe like Ernest Bevin, Leon Blum, Ernst Reuter, Paul Henri Spaak and, in time, Pietro Nenni) that Stalinism posed a grave threat to democratic societies.

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.
New York, N.Y.

A Year Off

In my review of the Walpole-Mann correspondence [*SR*, Feb. 26] a slight error appeared, which needs to be corrected. Walpole left on his Grand Tour in 1739—*not* 1738—became acquainted with Mann in Florence, and began to correspond with him in 1740, thus sustaining their friendship for forty-six years, until Mann's death ended it in 1786.

Robert Halsband,
Riverside, Calif.

Just a small criticism of Stanley A. Bosworth's review of George L. Jackson's book, *Blood in My Eye* [*SR*, Feb. 26]: he erred when he stated that George's younger brother was shot and killed on August 7, 1971. The courtroom shootout (for which Angela Davis is about to stand trial) took place in August of *1970*. George, himself, was *not* killed "just two weeks later," but about a *year* later.

Karen M. Dickes,
Birmingham, Ala.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 G (*Of Mice and Men*), 2J, 3E, 4K, 5L (*Phaedo*), 6B (*Farewell to Arms*), 7A (*Moby Dick*), 8D, 9I 10 H (*Quo Vadis?*), 11 C, 12 F.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted, personal services, literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, $1.70 per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers; Phone Numbers count as two words. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times $1.30 per word each insertion; 26 times $1.40 per word each insertion; 13 times $1.50 per word each insertion; 6 times $1.60 per word each insertion. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Cassettes, tapes. Ambassador Office Service, 10 East 49th Street, NYC, 10017. PLaza 5-1127.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. REASONABLE. Confidential. Professional. Any subject, media, style. Word/International Incorporated, 707 Alworth, Duluth, Minnesota 55802.

RESEARCH. writing, translations expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Box T-820.

WORDS! WORDS! WORDS! Speeches, articles, novels. Robert Hogrogian. 201-489-0637.

PROFESSIONAL AUTHOR. provable major credits, will write, rewrite, research, edit. Any subject, media, style. Confidential. Box 337, Atlantic Beach, N. Y. 11509.

REPORTS. MANUSCRIPTS. writing, editing, typing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team! RC Research, 11 Ontario, Oakpark, Illinois 60302.

LIBRARY INFORMATION. Research by professional librarians. All fields. Photocopies. Box D-918.

CREATIVE WRITING-Research-Collaboration-and Editing. Experienced and published staff members. Ellis Research Associates, 135 Ridge Crest Drive, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501.

BOOKS

FIRST EDITIONS. rare books: Catalogues for year $1.00 (refundable). Libraries purchased. Minkoff, Rowe Road, RFD 3, Great Barrington, Massachusetts 01230.

GOOD USED BOOKS—Wide variety, intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too! History, fiction, social sciences, literature, miscellaneous subjects. Write for lists. Editions, Desk SR, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412.

SAVE TO 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Reader's Service, 1060 Twin Silo Lane, Huntingdon Valley, Pennsylvania 19006.

HOW TO KEEP YOUR VOLKSWAGEN ALIVE—All models. $6.00. Papyrus Booksellers, 2915 Broadway, NYC, 10025.

BIG PUBLISHERS' OVERSTOCK catalogue, free. Bookseller, Box 54R, Sherman, Connecticut 06784.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS SUPPLIED. Kendall Gaisser, Booksellers, 1242 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio 43609.

LAST WHOLE EARTH CATALOGUE $5.35.
BUYING COUNTRY PROPERTY $6.25. Bookpost, 2770A Broadway, NYC, 10025.

FOREIGN BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP. 700 Madison Avenue (62nd Street), NYC, 10021, where French books are sold exclusively. List sent on request.

(Continued on page 112)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 111)

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Scores of beautiful designs. Personalizing and Special designing. ANTIOCH BOOKPLATE, Box 28A, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

OUT-OF-PRINT

CINEMA CATALOGUE MONTHLY 50¢ (coins). Dels, 17303-G Gard, Artesia, California 90701.

NAME THE BOOK. We'll get it! Free search service. CHICAGO BOOK MART, P.O. Box 613-B, Chicago Heights, Illinois 60411.

SEARCH WITHOUT OBLIGATION. Catalogue $1.00, refundable. A-to-Z Book Service, P.O. Box 813S, North Miami, Florida 33161.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT. Satisfaction guaranteed. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 1-S, Pacific Palisades, California 90272.

LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Large stock, free search. Dabney Co., Box 31061-R, Washington, D.C. 20031.

ART

COLLECT FINE ORIGINAL ETCHINGS and lithographs by the world's great artists including Rembrandt, Picasso, Rouault, Soyer, Landau and Florsheim. Free illustrated catalogue and Master Print Supplement. (Mail 25¢ for handling.) Associated American Artists, Studio 8, 663 Fifth Avenue, NYC, 10022.

"GETTING STARTED IN STAINED GLASS." 30¢. Whittemore, Box D2065, Hanover, Massachusetts 02339.

POSTERS OF PAST-1,000. Catalogue 25¢. Pioneer, Harriman, Tennessee 37748.

RECORD MART

ANY RECORD, ANY TAPE at lowest discount prices. Enroll in Saturnian Record Club. $1 lifetime membership fee brings you a Free Schwann catalogue and forms for immediate ordering of any record at unmatchably low prices. No minimum, no limit. Write Saturnian Record Club, Box SR, 507 5th Avenue, NYC, 10017.

FREE 162-PAGE CATALOGUE offers over 1,000 fine recordings of Renaissance, Baroque, Classical, Romantic and Modern music. All late stereo recordings. Highest quality at budget label prices. Available only by mail from MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY, Box 932-SR, New York, N.Y. 10023.

MAHLER SCHOLAR? In league with Grieg? Boyce your choice? They're alive and well and appear frequently in "Masterpieces in the Mail," offering LP treasures at bargain prices. For free subscription write: Dept. SRC, The Record Hunter, 507 5th Avenue, NYC, 10017.

SHOW ALBUMS—Rare, Out-of-Print LPs. Large list 25¢. Broadway/Hollywood Recordings, Georgetown, Connecticut 06829.

"HARD TO GET" records—all speeds. Record Exchange, 842 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019.

SCOTCH TAPES. Cassettes-cartridges-reels. Catalogue 10¢. Tower, Lafayette Hill, Pennsylvania 19444.

RARE, COMPLETE OPERAS. Unusual tapes available. Stanley Cory, Box 1123, Malibu, California 90265.

GOLDEN AGE RADIO. Complete taped shows. Box 8404-R, St. Louis, Missouri 63132.

UNRELEASED SHOWS-MOVIES—Catalogue contains never released LIVE Broadway performances, Hollywood musical numbers cut from films, plus more! Send 50¢. HF Tracks, Apt. 9F, 404 East 55th Street, NYC, 10022.

RADIO YESTERYEAR! Biggest and best in the industry we created! Over 11,000 of those great old-time radio shows. ANY program you remember; drama, bands, serials, comedy, etc. Available on tape, cassettes, cartridges and LP records. Highest fidelity possible with professional duplicators. Send for our FREE catalogue. RADIO YESTERYEAR, Box H2, Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y. 10520.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS — Excellent modern German instruments by Sperrhake. Beautiful cabinetry, moderate prices. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Maryland 20034.

KITS! Build dulcimers, guitars, balalaikas, thumb pianos, harps. From $2.95. Finished dulcimers from $19.95. 8665 West 13th Avenue, Denver, Colorado 80215.

SABATHIL TWO-MANUAL HARPSICHORD, 16-8-8-4. Like new. $2,800. Richard Cummins, 2331 Denniston, S.W., Roanoke, Virginia 24015.

HAVE YOU EVER heard anyone say his piano was better than a Bechstein? Piano Imports, John Wanamaker Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19101.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS—Professional instruments in kit form, Burton Jacks (patented), $195 to $650. Write Herbert W. Burton, 917 "O" Street, Box 80222 (S), Lincoln, Nebraska 68501.

UNCOMMON MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. Historical woodwinds, brass. Lutes, gambas, harps, dulcimers, kanteles, balalaikas, bouzoukis, fine guitars. Catalogue $1, refundable. Classical Instruments, Gateway Building, New Orleans, Louisiana 70130.

SASSMAN HARPSICHORDS. Kastenbau construction. Meticulous craftsmanship. Brochures. Gregoire Harpsichord Distributors, Charlemont, Massachusetts 01339.

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N.Y.

HARPSICHORDS with the most beautiful sound, from North America's leading makers. For brochure send 25¢ to SABATHIL & SON, 1084 Homer, Vancouver, B.C., Canada, or John Allen, 500 Glenway, Bristol, Virginia 24201.

EASY TO PLAY AND MAKE. Quality instruments and kits: Dulcimers (kits $20 up), Psalteries, Banjos, Thumb Pianos; books, records. HERE, Inc., #S, 410 Cedar Avenue, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55404.

HARPSICHORDS AND CLAVICHORDS—New Flemish harpsichord, curved bentside, uncompromising classic construction and detail, $355. Other kits from $125. Send for free brochure. Zuckermann Harpsichords, Inc., Dept. S, 160 Sixth Avenue, New York, 10013.

MUSIC

PLAY STRING QUARTETS—under tutelage Chicago Symphony Quartet July 17th-28th. Undergraduate-graduate credit available. Write: Dean Suppan, University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201.

PERIODICALS

INTELLECTUAL PRODUCTS NEWSLETTER. Unique monthly providing practical continuing, financial production and marketing advice to creative professionals. Turn your game, system, service or materials into profitable reality. Free sample issue. 3 months' trial subscription $10. Meridian House, 21 Charles Street, Westport, Connecticut 06880.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK DATED MAGAZINES! Send needs. Midtown, Box 917-SR, Maywood, N.J. 07607.

COLOR SLIDES

35mm COLOR SLIDES. 10,671 individually sold, described encyclopedia-catalogue. 10¢. Wolfe Worldwide, Dept. 7-32, Los Angeles, California 90025.

SUMMER INSTITUTES

ESALEN-AT-ASPEN. July. Gestalt, encounter, self-awareness, psychosynthesis. Box 361, Aspen, Colorado 81611.

TEACHER INSTITUTES

MONTESSORI TEACHER TRAINING. Beautiful campus. Largest U.S. training program. Nationally recognized Montessori Certificate plus graduate credit. Help answer increased need for Montessori teachers. Write: MMTTC, 1010 West Chicago Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60622.

TEACHER INSTITUTES

MONTESSORI INSTITUTE OF ATLANTA teacher training course for teaching children 2½-7 years now accepting applications for September 1972. Accreditation and diploma granted: Association Montessori Internationale. Write P.O. Box 52602, Atlanta, Georgia 30305.

MONTESSORI INTERNATIONAL Teacher Training Course in MIAMI offers A.M.I. diploma—worldwide recognition. Write: Director of Admissions, SOUTHERN MONTESSORI INSTITUTE, 1517 Brickell Avenue, Miami, Florida 33129.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

SUMMER SESSION for bright students with messy scholarship past. Under thirty students. Innovative program of Vermont approved secondary school. Beautiful area. Community, nature, gardening, work, livestock, recreation and learning. AC 802-685-2239.

BURNHAM-BY-THE-SEA. Newport, Rhode Island. Coed Summer Program for students 12-18 on beautiful ocean-front estates. All subjects. Small classes. Reading skills, study habits, typing. Music, art, drama. Olympic pool. All sports. Informal activities. 23rd summer. Bulletin. George Waldo Emerson, 57-R Henshaw Avenue, Northampton, Massachusetts 01060.

THOREAU-TRANSCENDENTALISM; Two seminars at Concord, Massachusetts. June 26th to July 14th and July 17th to August 4th respectively. Graduate or advanced undergraduate credit. Full information from Professor Walter Harding, State University of New York College of Arts and Science, Geneseo, New York 14454.

SCHOOLS

MORE THAN COURSES AND CLASSROOMS — Would your son or daughter gain from having small classes and personal attention—meeting students from many states and countries—participating in many sports and activities—developing strong educational habits and interests to prepare for college? Write for "More Than Courses and Classrooms," an interesting statement about American residential schools, and a listing of schools, nationwide. There are still some openings, and opportunities for financial aid if needed. COMMITTEE ON BOARDING SCHOOLS, National Association of Independent Schools/Secondary School Admission Test Board, Box B, 32 South Street, Baltimore, Maryland 21202.

VERSHIRE SCHOOL—Coed secondary school combining pioneering (our 4th year), scholarship, adventure, work, creativity. Staff background Foreign Service, business, education, Peace Corps. Blending also Peace Corps approaches (study in Mexico, Europe) and imagination with desirable traditional goals. Near Dartmouth. Magnificent scenery. Thirty horses and indoor riding ring . . . all very secondary to warm, outstanding education. Vershire, Vermont 05079. 802-685-4547.

TREEHAVEN OF TUCSON—Warm Western atmosphere. Coed ranch-camp. Nursery-8th grade. Tutoring/enrichment courses optional. School September-May. International clientele. Boarding-day. Horses. Nondiscriminatory. Catalogue. Accredited. Florence C. Schneider, Ph.D., Box 6146, Tucson, Arizona 85716.

MAJOR IN THE PERFORMING ARTS—Unique boarding and day school opportunity for students interested in Music, Dance and Theatre as part of their secondary education. Full college preparatory curriculum provided in conjunction with arts major. Individual musical instruction by faculty provided by famed New England Conservatory of Music. Dance Instruction (modern and classical) offered in conjunction with apprentice opportunities with Boston Ballet and Concert Dance Company. Suburban campus accessible to Boston's artistic resources. SUMMER SCHOOL AVAILABLE. Write for free catalogue. Walnut Hill School, 68 Highland Street, Natick, Massachusetts 01760.

COEDUCATIONAL COLLEGE PREP emphasis, with advanced placement opportunities. Boarding and day. Grades 9-12 and postgraduate. Excellent sports program; dramatics, chorus, community service projects. In Wyoming Valley. Scholarships available. Founded 1844. Write: Dean of Admissions, Box S, Wyoming Seminary, Kingston, Pennsylvania 18704.

KENTS HILL SCHOOL. Coed. Grades 9-12. P.G. 14 miles West of Augusta in Belgrade Lake area. Accredited college prep. 147th year. Outstanding faculty. All sports. Superb ski program—4 slopes, 2 tows and 30 metre jump. Headmaster, D. S. Jacobs, Kents Hill School, Kents Hill, Maine 04349.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCHOOLS

INTERLOCHEN ARTS ACADEMY. Accredited, coed college prep boarding school for students in grades 9-12. Specialized education in Art, Dance, Drama, Music. Full academic program. Distinguished resident and visiting faculty. Affiliated with National Music Camp. Catalogue: Director of Admissions, Room 307, Interlochen Arts Academy, Interlochen, Michigan 49643.

THE ARTS ARE . . . THE NEWPORT SCHOOL. College Preparatory. Coed boarding and day. Arts—integral part of academic curriculum. Drama—Modern Dance—Ballet—Music—Opera History—Filmmaking—Photography—Printmaking—Ceramics—Painting—Sculpture. Master classes and lecture-demonstrations. Museum tours and visiting artists. Sports and social programs. Ocean-front campus. Sidney S. Gorham, III, Headmaster, Box 471-S, Newport, R.I. 02840. Tel: 401-847-0400.

KEMPER HALL. Coed boarding 1-9. Girls boarding 10-12. Lively; responsive young minds in a stable, wholesome environment. College prep; small classes, faculty-student ratio 1:9. Strong fine arts, variety of sports. On Lake Michigan. Cultural trips to Chicago and Milwaukee. Established 1869. Write: Admissions, Box SR, Kemper Hall, Kenosha, Wisconsin 53141.

CUSHING ACADEMY. Nondenominational. Coeducational since 1875. Grades 9-12. College prep. Classes average 12. Trimester basis. Senior seminars. Scholarships. Honor societies. Teams in major sports. Skiing, riding and tennis. Drama, Film and Art Festivals. Field trips. Choir, modern dance. Write: R. D. Klarsch, Admissions Director, Box S, Ashburnham, Massachusetts 01430. Tel: 617-827-5911.

COLLEGES

GERMANY—FRANCE—SPAIN—ENGLAND—SCHILLER COLLEGE, Liberal Arts. See "STUDIES ABROAD."

COLLEGE DROP-OUTS: We concentrate on the educational redevelopment of selected students, including poor achievers, with unrealized learning potential. Racially nondiscriminatory admission policy. Educational Development Center, 41 Seminary Street, Berea, Ohio 44017, Dept. SR.

NEW ENGLAND COLLEGE IN OLD ENGLAND—Arundel campus in Arundel, Sussex, England. Four year Liberal Arts programs available. Transfers accepted for year abroad. 4-1-4 Academic Calendar. Coed. New England College accredited by NEAC&SS. Write Director of Admissions, Box R, New England College, Henniker, N.H. 03242.

CHRISTIAN Liberal Arts education, modern preprofessional programs. Calvin College, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49506.

COLLEGE SOPHOMORES: Major in Urban Studies, live September-May in London, and receive your B.A. or B.S. in 15 months. Interdisciplinary course, field trips to the continent. Begin June 1972, graduate August 1973—save one academic year. Coeducational. Enrollment limited. Financial aid available. Dean, Box S, Institute of Urban Studies, Bradford College, Bradford, Massachusetts 01830.

ADULT DEGREE PROGRAM for well-informed, highly motivated adults 26 and over wishing to complete liberal arts undergraduate education. Two-week resident periods on Goddard campus alternate with six-month independent study projects carried on at home under faculty supervision. Program leads to Goddard Bachelor of Arts degree. Write Box S, Adult Degree Program, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667.

CHAPMAN COLLEGE. See ad under Studies Abroad.

COLLEGE ADMISSIONS AND TRANSFERS—Specializing in difficult cases—undergraduates, college transfers, medical, law, veterinarian, graduate. College Admissions Center of N.Y., 102-30 Queens Boulevard, Forest Hills, N.Y. 11375. Write/call James Adams, 212-BR 5-2900.

FOR THE GOURMET

WINEMAKING KIT—$4.98. Free catalogue and recipes. Jim Dandy Wine Supplies, Box 30230X, Cincinnati, Ohio 45230.

WINE LOVERS—Free "Guide to Serving and Storing of Wines" with annual subscription to WINE PRESS, monthly newsletter devoted to wine. Mail $4.98, P.O. Box 584, Merrick, N.Y. 11566.

PERSONALS

SPRING TAILORING: superior, colorful, lightweight, firm, handwoven Irish natural-fiber sheep's-wool tweeds . . . pre-devaluation price. Carol Brown, Putney, Vermont 05346.

FASCINATING IDEA: FREE exchange of authoritatively appraised Mayan, Pre-Columbian and Oceanic art collection. Prominent museums now exhibiting some objects. Will barter part or whole of my collection for your land, raw or developed. No cash required in exchange. Box F-534.

INDOOR PLANT and tree care specialist. Any problem. 212-675-3704.

HONORARY DOCTORATES. $10. Large, beautiful, non-valid. Many titles. Free brochure. Millard Fillmore Institute, Box 2211-A, San Francisco, California 94126.

LEARN CHESS TODAY. Al Horowitz, N.Y. Times Editor, 3 times U.S. Open Champion is your teacher. You get regulation board, chessmen, 12" LP. Guaranteed! $6.95 ppd. Music Minus One, 43 West 61st Street, NYC, 10023.

YOUR INTERPERSONAL speech-communication skills evaluated. Ethical, revealing. Full information. FEEDBACK, 6432 North Ridge, Chicago, Illinois 60626.

AUTOGRAPHS WANTED: letters, documents, manuscripts bought, sold. Catalogues issued. Thomas M. Fassett, 140 Rockingham Street, Rochester, N.Y. 14620.

RELIGIOUS HUMANISM, a quarterly honoring the rational and the spiritual. Free brochures. Humanist Center, SR, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS. CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut 06069.

RUBBER GARMENTS in fashion shades of LATEX and STARSHEEN (Continental) rubber. Illustrated catalogue $4.00 airmail from Kastley Limited, P.O. Box 24, Blackburn, Lancs., England.

DOMES—Built or complete frame kit. All sizes. Brochure, Box 75B, Lacomb, Oregon 97354.

FLORIDA'S FINEST CITRUS. Shipping 47 states, Canada, Europe. Free brochure. Airport Fruit Shipper, Miami International Airport, Miami, Florida 33159.

SLEEP-LEARNING Equipment—Alpha devices. Strange catalogue free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-SR, Olympia, Washington.

POETS! CREATIVE PERSONS! We live! Come! Contribute, compete, read, enjoy! Poetry contest rules, 25¢. Subscription $7. Sample copy $1. North American Mentor Magazine, Fennimore, Wisconsin 53809.

TOP CASH PAID FOR LETTERS and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 77th Street, NYC, 10021. 212-628-1666.

GENUINE BUCKSKIN JACKETS and hundreds of unique leather items. Send 50¢ for buckskin money poke and big color catalogue. Berman Buckskin Company, Dept. 37, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55401.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import $10.95 up; Purcell from $6. Student Special, Corelli $6; Recorder Instruction Kit, Soprano Recorder, Method Book, three 7" LP Instruction Records, boxed, $8.95, add sales tax and shipping $1.50. Recorder Music Methods. Guitar Music. Free catalogue. 3-2-D, HARGAIL, 28 West 38th Street, NYC, 10018.

FLEMING BOTTLE CUTTER KIT. Quickly makes attractive glasses, bowls, candleholders, etc. Complete instructions. Recycle at home, club, scouts. $9.95 postpaid. The Environmentals Company, Box 96S, Ashburnham, Massachusetts 01430.

OLIVETTI LETTERA 36 TYPEWRITER, office/portable electric. Brand new, original carton and guarantee. $125. Call 212-683-9148.

FREE CATALOGUE: Low direct prices. Diamonds, Sapphires, Silks, Cosmetics, Crystal, Hunting, Fishing, Camping Supplies. Herter's Inc., Dept. CS, Waseca, Minnesota 56093.

PERSONALS

WFUNA "WORLD HEALTH DAY" FIRST DAY COVER. To accompany this commemorative United Nations stamp issue on the general theme of heart disease, a talented New York artist, Edgar Stareck, has created a striking modern design for its cachet. Cover in size 6¾" only. For order forms giving prices and full information, please send stamped, addressed envelope to WFUNA, Room C-104, United Nations, New York, N.Y. 10017. Sales also to be made at WFUNA sales counter, Lower Concourse, General Assembly Building, United Nations, First Avenue and 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. commencing March 23rd through April 7th.

PLAY ALONG RECORDS! Classical/Jazz. Famous Music Minus One LPs. Free 64 page catalogue. Write MMO, 43 West 61st Street, NYC, 10023.

WORLD'S LARGEST CROSSWORD PUZZLE! Over 4,000 words . . . 2' square wall decoration. Answer book! Send $3.98. Sincerely Yours, Box 532, Bronxville, N.Y. 10708.

WE COPY AND RESTORE old photos and documents. Repro Associates, Sonith Building, Pine and Daly Streets, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 14, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, N.Y. 14619.

CUMMINGTON COMMUNITY OF THE ARTS, Cummington, Massachusetts, is a small summer community of individuals pursuing creative work. Write Christopher Horton, 71 Lovely Street, Unionville, Connecticut 06085.

ILLUMINATING GIANT MAGNIFIER—Examine paintings. Read fine print on car maps, boating charts, camping maps. Chrome plated flashlight handle takes 2 standard "C" batteries. $4.95. N.Y. residents add 7% tax. Edward Alfano, 2148 East 38th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11234.

100% RECYCLED STATIONERY—Write for free sample or send $4.95 for 100 personalized sheets and 50 envelopes. Save-a-Tree Stationery, Dept. SR13, 159-00 Riverside Drive West, NYC, 10032.

PATCHES & APPLIQUE (over 200), posters (over 275, many antiwar), buttons (135), bumperstickers (50) and other peace items. Wholesale and retail. Catalogue with pictures 25¢ (refund 1st order). BIG-LITTLE STORE, 1077 Mission, San Francisco, California 94103.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, Inc., 790 Madison Avenue (at 67th), New York, 10021. 212-RE 4-3902. Established 1887.

LEARN TO CONTROL your Alpha and Theta brain waves. Relax, Meditate, Create. Money-back guarantee. For free literature: Phenomenological Systems, Inc., Department S, 72 Otis Street, San Francisco, California 94103.

KODACOLOR PRICE-BREAKOUT—Perfect prints, 8 or 12-shot rolls, $2; 20-shot rolls, $3; 36-shot rolls, $5. Money-back guarantee. We pay postage both ways! Send $$ and film; write for mailer. Mystic Color Lab, Box S-144, Mystic, Connecticut 06355.

ALPHAPHONE™ headset—brain-wave trainer. Free literature. Aquarius Electronics, Box 627-C, Mendocino, California 95460.

THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION: Can it account for the human intellect? $2.00. OPTIONS, Box 39-S, Phoenix, Maryland 21131.

YOGA (physical, mental, spiritual) correspondence course, Swami Kriyananda. Detailed, authoritative. 14 biweekly lessons: $30 or $5.00 monthly. Information ANANDA-D, Nevada City, California 95959.

SITUATIONS WANTED

1971 HARVARD LAW GRADUATE, bored by practice, seeks challenging opportunity. Box F-953.

YOUNG, INTELLIGENT COUPLE, college bred, desire summer domestic situation. Box F-968.

(Continued on page 114)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SITUATIONS WANTED

(Continued from page 113)

NATIONALLY PUBLISHED BOOK WRITER and editor, tired of urban flim-flam, seeks editorship of independent, no-nonsense weekly newspaper in New York-New Jersey area. Box E-542.

FEMALE PEDIATRICIAN, age 64, widow, wishes to retire from active practice. Needs modest income. Experienced traveler, some knowledge French, German, Spanish. Excellent health, superb references. Open to all suggestions including position with family who travel or live abroad. Box F-955.

INTERRACIAL TEACHING COUPLE seeking teaching positions in Special Education, Primary or Kindergarten. Experienced. Available August, 1972. Box F-962.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

CAMP DIRECTOR-MANAGER. Unique situation small philanthropic natural science camp, highly motivated young teenagers. Box F-583.

TEACHING POSITIONS In Foreign Countries. New 100 page guide contains information about organizations seeking teachers. Includes requirements, geographic areas, addresses for application forms. Guaranteed satisfaction. $2.50 plus 50¢ postage and handling. Foreign Countries, Box 514-K9, Ames, Iowa 50010.

JOBS IN ALASKA—Handbook to adventure. All occupations. $3.25. JIA, Box 1565, Anchorage, 99501.

AUSTRALIA NEEDS YOU—Latest information describing government assisted passage, citizenship requirements, passport, visa, employment, business, teaching, etc. plus forms $1.00. Employment directories: U.S. businesses there $1.50. Australian businesses $1.50. All three $2.00. Australian Services, Box 1032DB, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

SUMMER-EUROPE. Leaders for student groups, experienced traveling in Europe; teachers preferred. Also assistants; partial scholarships. Call evenings 212-781-8027 or Box F-985S.

VERMONT CALLING! Couple wanted to help manage one of the greatest little Inns in all New England. Must have hotel experience. Must be willing to do all the things we do—which is a little bit of everything. Most important—must have what it takes, to take over when we're not around. Salary is open. Full maintenance provided. And you'll live in an atmosphere right out of a picture book. Write, in confidence, to: Innkeepers, P.O. Box 300, Chester, Vermont 05143.

ACADEMIC POSITIONS—U.S. and Foreign. All levels and subjects. Come in or send $1.00 (printing and handling) for list of hundreds of positions. Private School and College Bureau (Since 1925). Suites 422-24, 342 Madison Avenue, Dept. SR, NYC. 212-0X 7-4341.

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 889-R, Belmont, California 94002.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU!!! Government assisted passage. 1972 government information and forms. Most complete information available. $1.00. Reports on Employment, Business, Taxes, Education, Teaching, Housing, Ranching, Maps, etc. AUSTCO, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

OVERSEAS OPPORTUNITIES . . . Higher pay! Free Transportation! Complete information including Directory of 135 companies hiring thousands of Americans overseas . . . all occupations! Send $1.00. International Opportunities, Box 29232-MS, Indianapolis, Indiana 46229.

SUMMER JOBS—Over 100,000 summer jobs (also 8,000 permanent) open right NOW in U.S. and Overseas. (Also foreign teaching.) Gives specific job data, salaries, addresses, etc. Hurry! Jobs are filled early. Used and approved since 1952. Regular price $7.00. Special—rush $5.00 now for new 1972 "Summer Job Directory." Resume manual $1.00 or FREE with order. Summer Job Center, 173-SR North 9th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11211. (Add 50¢ regular mail, add $1.50 first class.)

"AUSTRALIAN OPPORTUNITIES HANDBOOK"—Latest information about Government Paid Transportation, Employment, Business, Farming, Housing, Education . . . plus "Employers' List" and Forms. Send $1.00. International Services, Box 19107-MT, Washington, D.C. 20036.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

FACULTY MEMBER IN TEACHER EDUCATION. Department of Health, Physical Education and Recreation. Doctorate in Physical Education (preferred). Major responsibilities in curriculum, instruction and supervision with additional specialization in one of the following: Supervision and Instruction; Motor Learning, Sports Sociology; or, Sports Psychology. Qualifications: evidence of commitment to individually prescribed and humanistically implemented instruction; evidence of experience in urban public schools and university teacher education programs; evidence of research and development competencies. The University is an Equal Opportunity Employer and subscribes to the Affirmative Action Program. Rank and Salary competitive commensurate with qualifications. Send request for additional information to: Dr. Bruce J. Noble, 242 Trees Hall, University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15213.

EUROPEAN-FOREIGN EMPLOYMENT—Detailed report on currently available jobs—Europe, Australia, Africa. $3.00. Eurojob Report, Box 52643-R, Lafayette, Louisiana 70501.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—faculty needed for private independent schools, all states, all subjects and levels; also administrators, department heads, etc.; also business managers, fund raisers, housemothers; nurses, etc.; beginners, experienced; initial details, no obligation. SCHOOL SERVICE BUREAU, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut 06095.

WORLDWIDE POSITIONS AVAILABLE. Enjoy high pay, travel allowance, paid overtime!! Write: Global Employment, Box 706P94, Orinda, California 94563.

TEACHERS. ADMINISTRATORS. Leading school, college placement sources. $3.00. EIS, Box 105, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts 02167.

OVERSEAS JOBS DIRECTORY. High pay. Adventure. $1.00. Transworld, Box 90802-K, International Airport, Los Angeles, California 90009.

ECOLE BILINGUE OF BOSTON seeks bilingual director experienced in primary education. Resume to Dr. Robert McKeon, 120 Packard Avenue, Medford, Massachusetts 02155.

JOBS EUROPE guaranteed and salaried. England, Belgium and Switzerland, year-round. Trainees (general help) 1st class hotels, restaurants, supermarkets, hospitals, department stores, holiday camps. For details and application send $1.00, with a stamped self-addressed business size envelope to: Princeton Research, Box 44188, Panorama City, California 91402.

ANCHORAGE, ALASKA—Information: wages, rents, etc. $3.00. Foote Enterprises, Box 143, Anchorage, 99501.

JOBS! OVERSEAS-U.S.A. Year-round and Summer Jobs. Jobs with Money, Challenge, Opportunity, Travel. All occupations and trades. Write: JOBSCOPE, Box 746, (SR), Woodbridge, California 95258.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

CONNECTICUT—WESTPORT. Overlooking water, mooring beach rights. A Colonial raised ranch, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, paneled family room, large living room, fireplace, huge covered deck. In 60's. By owner, 203-227-6491.

VERMONT. All-season chalets, village homes. Choice acreage. Free brochure. ROLAND BEERS & ASSOCIATES, Manchester, 05254.

CONVERTED MILL. Connecticut. 2 bedrooms, fireplace, old beams, wide floor boards, waterfall, pond. Taxes $430. Approximately 1½ hours mid-Manhattan. $62,000, principals only. Weekdays 212-753-0808.

NOVA SCOTIA—Farmhouse overlooking Bay of Fundy. $7,000. Also lot 1¼ acres. $950. SR Box F-932.

WESTCHESTER—25 minutes, MANHATTAN. Substantial brick Georgian, 6 bedrooms, 1/3 green wild acre. $85,000. 914-668-2835.

FOR SALE—Finest Home in the Caribbean—Located near Ocho Rios, Jamaica, West Indies. Private beach, large pool, lighted tennis court. 4 large bedrooms each with bath on ground level. Staff of four with best chef on the island. Rented part time at $1,500 per week. Ideal for VIP entertaining. For sale at only $375,000. For more information write: SR Box F-949 or call 612-535-5222, Ext. 15.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

QUOGUE, LONG ISLAND (in the Hamptons)—Big, old, funky summer house on 1 acre with over 30 trees and shrubs. 10 bedrooms, 4 large brick fireplaces, 3 porches, all appliances. Living and dining rooms are 50' x 22' expanse. Entire house, except baths, kitchen, pantry, all dark, stained, varnished wood. Plumbing, wiring in good, restored condition. Everything painted, varnished and well-maintained. $75,000 firm. SR Box E-753.

For Sale—Furnished

ST. CROIX, V.I.—2 bedrooms, 2 baths, furnished villa with gallery, over studio apartment. Sea view. Estate Ruby. Low 60's. Box 238, Southport, Connecticut 06490.

For Rent

CUERNAVACA—2 spacious houses, 2 bedrooms, conveniences, gardens. 6 months only. $125. Great bargains! Rogers, CIDOC, Apt. 479.

For Rent—Furnished

TOBAGO COTTAGES—All sizes, locations, and rental rates. Cottage Owners Association, Box 194, Tobago, W.I.

SMALL SEMINARS, large families or several friends could enjoy this charming Cuernavaca, Mexico casa, with pool, garden, view and congenial staff. Available April, June, July, mid-September to mid-December. SR Box F-542.

ST. JOHN, VIRGIN ISLANDS—New, panoramic, waterfront. Privacy. Summer rates. Daniel Sullivan, Cruz Bay, 00830. 809-776-6444.

NEAR GENEVA, SWITZERLAND—Two houses for rent September through May. 3 and 4 bedrooms. Modern facilities, completely furnished. Picturesque setting in French village on lake shore. Accessible to fine libraries, excellent skiing Reasonable. SR Box F-982.

HIGH IN THE COLORADO ROCKIES—Completely furnished house, all utilities, sleeps 9. Private tennis court. Snowmass-at-Aspen. Available from July 1st to August 15th, minimum one week. Aspen Music Festival, golf, riding, hiking, fishing. Write! M.J., 254 Bronwood Avenue, Los Angeles, 90049.

CAPE COD, NORTH TRURO—Heated 3-bedroom house, sleeps 8. Overlooking bay, Provincetown harbor view, private, convenient, charming. May $250. June or September $500. SR Box F-952.

ST. JOHN, VIRGIN ISLANDS—cottage, 9 acres, breathtaking views. Weekly. SR Box T-851.

For Summer Rental

ADIRONDACKS: Simple 5-bedroom and 2-bedroom housekeeping, on small, wild lake. 617-876-6428.

SQUAM LAKE, NEW HAMPSHIRE—Pleasant house, unsurpassed panoramic view, beach, privacy. SR Box F-933.

CAPE MAY, N.J.—Spacious Victorian home overlooking ocean. Large fenced yard. By month or season. SR F-912.

BELGRADE LAKES, MAINE: Secluded, spacious, lakeside cabin. Conveniences. 201-647-2292.

LAKES REGION, N.H.—Two shorefront cottages, private lake, 200 acre farm land, trout brook. 212-EN 2-6557, 212-CI 6-5461.

FIRE ISLAND. Secluded oceanfront contemporary. Incredible views. 4-6 weeks. Call 914-271-8414, or write SR Box F-984.

MAINE PENINSULA—Fully furnished house, sleeps 8-10; sailing, swimming, tennis, golf. Available June-July. J. H. Kennedy, 2215 Albans Road, Houston, Texas 77005.

LARGE, RESTORED VERMONT FARMHOUSE. Spectacular views. $1,000. July or August. Box F-977.

ON SHEEPSCOT RIVER, MAINE—3 bedrooms, 2 baths, modern kitchen. $600 a month, June and/or July. F. C. Bradley, 888 Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOUSE WANTED

For Summer Rental

WANTED—5 bedroom house, fully equipped. Near lake. Idaho, Washington, Wyoming, Montana. July 1st-Labor Day. SR Box F-983.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

RENT-FREE VACATIONS. Write Holiday Home Exchange, Box 555, Grants, N.M. 87020.

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent-free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 663 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10022.

SAILBOAT WANTED. 26'-30', April 21st-29th. Bahamas/Caribbean for Vermont chalet, summer/winter, Killington area. 603-664-5563.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

For Rent—Furnished

FLORENCE, ITALY—Large apartment overlooking Arno. Excellent apartment building centrally located. Six months-yearly rental. Available September. SR Box F-911.

APARTMENT WANTED

Furnished

CULTURED MALE—elderly welfare client—seeks cozy Manhattan apartment. Box F-967.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

CALIFORNIA'S GOLD COAST—Del Mar—surf view acreage. 15 acres, zoned multiresidential and commercial. 15 minutes to beautiful San Diego Bay, Beaches, Boating, Horsemen's Paradise. Best climate in United States. Property is 5 minutes to UCSD campus, Gulf General Atomic, new VA Hospital and many new industries, and beautiful La Jolla. Surf, Ocean and Torrey Pines State Park Views—UNIQUE. These parcels are available separately or together. Write or call for information and brochure. McKellar & Wyer, Inc., Realtors, 1202 Camino Del Mar, Del Mar, California 92014, Phone Area 714-755-9318, Mr. Robinson.

VERMONT REAL ESTATE. All types. Free Catalogue. Eben Brown, Broker, South Royalton, Vermont 05068.

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . Low as $3.50 acre! Vacationing, Homesteading, Investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands available throughout U.S., send $1.00. Surplus Lands, Box 19107-MW, Washington, D.C. 20036.

CONDOMINIUMS—St. Croix, U.S. Virgins, Caribbean. 1-2-3 bedrooms. Ft. Louis Augusta Development Corporation, P.O. Box 1481, Christiansted, St. Croix, U.S.V.I. 00820, phone 809-773-2575.

RANDOLPH, VERMONT—40 acres with 2,000' frontage paved town road, near I-89. Great views. Excellent investment at $16,500. Frank Punderson Agency, 8 South Main, Rutland, Vermont. 802-775-2552.

NEW MEXICO. Spectacular 3-level "A" frame, 7 acres, near Santa Fe. $45,000. Owner. 505-757-6242 evenings.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . low as $1.00 acre! Vacationing, Investment, Homesteading! All provinces! "Opportunities in Canadian Land" includes complete purchase information! Send $1.00. Canadian International, Box 29193-MV, Indianapolis, Indiana 46229.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL AND SPECTACULAR homes in San Diego County, located approximately 4 miles southwest of Rancho Santa Fe, is now available because the owner has moved to the East. This new contemporary designed residence contains approximately 3,900 square feet on 4 different levels, consisting of a recreation room which is located on the lower level along with a full bath, a fireplace and a kitchenette, a main floor consisting of a living room with 22 foot ceilings, a dining room with stained glass windows and an adjoining patio and kitchen with every modern convenience, a master bedroom on its own private floor with a spacious bath, dressing room, fireplace, and two balconies from which one can see the ocean to the west and the mountains to the south and east. Finally, on the top floor there are 2 bedrooms and a bath along with 2 studies which could be converted into 2 bedrooms.

THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

A RECESSED LIGHTED TENNIS COURT with dressing rooms is located a short distance from the house and to the south are stables large enough for boarding three horses but which are readily expandable.

THERE IS ALSO A SMALL HOUSE consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

THERE ARE 17 ACRES which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate well worth the asking price of $585,000 which is the owner's investment in this property. Liberal financing is available. ROBERT K. SMITH, Realtor, 7911 Herschel Avenue, La Jolla, California 92037. 714-459-4471.

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks H. Barron, Kent Mitchell, Realtors, Hyde Park, Vermont 05655. 802-888-4287/2433.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

INTERESTED IN OWNING A FRANCHISE?—Business of your own, or full or part time money-making opportunities? Find out what's available. Send name for FREE 5 month subscription to Salesman's Opportunity Magazine, Dept. 903-D, 1460 Hancock Center, Chicago, 60611.

FOR LEASE OR SALE: Country inn in upstate New York. 2 dining rooms, 3 bars, 50 guest rooms and apartment for operators. $315,000 gross income in 1971. Ideal for couple who enjoy life in college town. Write Box F-958.

OFFICE AT HOME? Send for Home Office Report monthly newsletter. 3-month trial, $1.00. 17SR Scarsdale Farm, Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583.

SAILING SCHOOLS

THE SCHOONER, "NATHANIEL BOWDITCH," offers new horizons for your school, camp, or youth organization. Available for Field Trips, Project Weeks, Seminars, or Courses from Maine to Miami, including the Bahamas. Accommodations for 24 students and staff. $150 student, week, all inclusive. American Practical Navigators, Inc., Box 205, South Brooksville, Maine 04617.

CAMPS

DRAMA. MUSICAL COMEDY. Dance, Art, TV, Filmmaking—Public Performances, sports. One of nation's foremost summer training centers, Lake Sunapee, N.H. Coeducational, 11-19. 8 weeks, $1,150. Beginners Showcase, Dept. 14G, 240 East 76th Street, NYC, 10021, 212-249-9288.

D-ARROW WILDERNESS TRIP CAMP—Eastern Maine, Canada. 70 boys, 11-17, 6 groups. 7 weeks. Survival, ecology. Quaker leadership. Lake, white water, mountains, wilderness Quebec trip for seniors. A.C.A. accredited. Special Group for girls—4 weeks. George S. Darrow, 780 Millbrook Lane, Haverford, Pennsylvania 19041.

SCIENCE EXPLORING FOR BOYS ages 10-15 at Spruce Mountain Camp. Bryant Pond, Maine. Field and mountain trips, ham radio, photography, plants, animals, astronomy, weather, geology, ecology. Exciting concept of science recreation. Mt. Katahdin outpost camp. SAFARI I wilderness program, SAFARI II in Canadian Rockies. Catalogue: William T. Harty, 12 Highland Street, West Medway, Massachusetts 02053.

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS—Join us for an ADVENTURE IN THE ARTS in July at Roger Williams College, Bristol, Rhode Island 02809—right on Narragansett Bay. Art, Music, Drama, Crafts. Write: Mrs. C. R. Sanderson.

CAMPS

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Arts & Music Center for Children, Elmer 24, New Jersey 08318. (Opening for drama specialist.)

BROWN LEDGE—Mallett's Bay, Vermont, "One of America's finest camps." Girls 10-18. Free daily riding for all. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, jumping. Sailing, racing tactics; water skiing, drama, swimming, tennis, golf, archery, riflery, crafts, trips. No extras! "The Complete and Different Camp." For booklet, state age and write to winter office: Miss Barbara Brown Winslow. 155 Dodds Court, Box C, Burlington, Vermont 05401.

JOIN A MARINE ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION. Come help excavate an ancient sunken ship. Our professional staff will teach you how. Live aboard ship and on our land base in Bahamas and Florida Keys. Send for brochure: UNDER SEA ACADEMY, 1060-S Wildlife Road, New Kensington, Pennsylvania 15068. 412-335-8844.

KINIYA — a camp for girls, 6-17, on a bay of Lake Champlain in Vermont. Excellent riding, own stables, miles of lovely trails on camp property, dressage, jumping, hunting. Responsible, experienced staff. All camp activities including water skiing, sailing, tennis, drama and dance. Outpost camp for overnights in Stowe. Special program for older girls includes 3 weeks in Ireland, 3 weeks in Vermont. A happy relaxing summer. Mr. & Mrs. J. R. Williams, Camp Kiniya, Milton, Vermont 05468. Tel. 802-893-7849.

CAMP CONSULTANTS: Since 1939 we have helped parents in selecting the right Private Camps and Summer Schools. No charge at any time. Visit, telephone or write in detail. The Advisory Service, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC, 10036. 212-736-1660.

JUDGMENT RIDGE — Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8-16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding ($150 extra). 36 horses . . . beginning to advanced programs. Swimming, guitar, art, pottery, sports, farming, hiking, construction. Individualized programs, regular to pioneer. A.C.A. accredited. 100 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547.

INVITATION TO ADVENTURE INC. Wilderness Trip Camp. Program for boys 10 to 16. 3 or 5 weeks. Canoe trips Maine to Canada. Mountain hiking, rock climbing. Canadian bicycle trip. A.C.A. accredited. Kenneth Walker, Box 296, Wilton, Connecticut 06897. 203-762-7911.

EXPLORERS' CARAVAN—Travel-camping and outdoor adventure for high school youth. Choice of two programs: travel and interesting outdoor experiences; or, challenging and rugged wilderness adventures. 6 and 8 weeks. Small coed groups. Dr. R. S. Stultz, RD 1, Jamesville, N.Y. 13078.

INTERNATIONAL GROUPS—7½ weeks. Towering Pines for Boys—Woodland for Girls, Eagle River, Wisconsin. J. M. Jordan, 242 Bristol, Northfield, Illinois 60093.

CAPE COD SEA CAMPS. Boys and girls, 7-17, resident and day. 190 acres, private beach, pool and lake. 60-boat fleet. Older campers may specialize. Full range of activities. Separate Junior Camp. Counselor-camper ratio 1:6. 51st season. Member A.C.A. Also pre-season Sailing and post-season Wrestling Camps. Write: MONOMOY-WONO, Box J, East Brewster, Massachusetts 02640.

LES CHALETS FRANCAIS, Deer Isle, Maine. Happy, productive summer for girls 5-18. Congenial, creative fun. A-1 staff, excellent facilities. Elective program; majors in FRENCH, ballet, music, art, drama, riding, tennis, sailing, swimming. Mrs. Elsa S. James, 1024 Westview Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19119.

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMPS. Boys. Private forest, lakes, trout stream. Mountain and wilderness canoe trips. Riflery. Nurses. 47th year. "One of the best." Box 2385, Fayetteville, N.Y. 13066.

AMHERST MUSIC CENTER. Sebago Lake Region, Raymond, Maine. A vacation-with-music study. Coed, ages 12-20. Full or half session: July 1st-August 19th. Orchestra, concert band, chorus, chamber music. Seminars in voice, keyboard. Opera Workshop. Academic music. Recreation program. Brochure: Dr. J. C. Schuler, 47 Braeburn Road, South Deerfield, Massachusetts 01373.

ADVENTURE NORTH—A canoe base north of Dryden, Ontario, designed to give the teen-aged young man an experience in wilderness living stressing skills nurturing self-reliance, leadership and environmental awareness. Lance Robinson, 147 Central, Highland Park, Illinois 60035.

(Continued on page 116)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 115)

VACATIONS

SUN VALLEY, IDAHO—Luxurious, split-level, 3 bedroom, fully-equipped condominium available for seasonal or weekly rental, $75 day. Also for summer months, $600 month. Ideally situated, center of village, shuttle bus to lifts, free use of heated pool. Call Janie Coleman, 208-726-5321.

MONTEGO BAY—Large new villa, superior furnishings, 3 bedrooms, 3 baths. Large pool, beach privileges, ocean view. Staff 3. Six persons weekly $650 to April 15th. $400 to December 15th. SR Box F-533.

A TREASURE by the sea. Unique oceanside resort apartments. Leisure living in tropical tranquillity—or exciting sport fishing and imaginative underwater exploring. Interested? Sunburst South Resort, Box 145, Islamorada, Florida Keys, 33036.

WYOMING WILDERNESS—Small, secluded guest ranch south of Jackson Hole. Quiet, relaxed, personable. Family rates. Box Y Ranch, Box 1172B, Jackson Hole, Wyoming 83001.

FAMILIES: BLISSFUL VERMONT VACATIONS on Lake Champlain resort. Color Brochure. TYLER PLACE, Box 33, Highgate Springs, Vermont 05460.

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

LUXURY HOUSEBOAT FOR RENT—N.Y. area. Reid & Adams, 212-679-2475.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $14-$24; 4 persons $20-$24. Reserve by mail or phone.

WE'LL TRADE our four-color brochure for your name and address. High Hampton Inn and Country Club, Dept. S, Cashiers, North Carolina 28717. A mountain resort with superb scenery. 18-hole golf course. Tennis. Fishing. Lakes. Open early May through late October. Phone 704-451-2020.

RELAXED ISLAND TROPADISE. Endless beach, pool. Caribe Adventure Inn, 158S, Sanibel Island, Florida 33957.

WESTERN ADVENTURE on authentic ranch. Fun for all ages. Operating stock ranch 50 miles north of Yellowstone Park. Riding, fishing, pack trips. All ranch activities. Paul Christensen, 63 Ranch, Box R676, Livingston, Montana 59047.

SCHOONER TIMBERWIND SAILS MAINE COAST. Your week includes island hopping, new friends, wonderful food and exciting sailing. $150 weekly—no extras. For brochure: Schooner Timberwind, Box 2478, Rockport, Maine 04856.

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box O, Luquillo, P.R.

A COOL, CLEAN TEN MILES AT SEA . . . serene island, quiet, fourteen-guest inn, June-September. The Golden Gull, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

MIJAS, COSTA DEL SOL—Writer's villa, fully furnished, sleeps six, 2 baths, with housekeeper/cook, gardener, maid. Pool, own gardens. For rent any periods August, 1972 through May, 1973. Rents, including wages, from $105 per week. Details, photos: Harbledown, Mijas, Malaga, Spain.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND. Escape to island pleasure for charm, beauty and friendliness. Lovely old harbor towns, breathtaking scenery, cameo beaches, whispering ocean, towering cliffs, amiable living, all sports. Hotels, cottages, efficiencies, motels, guest houses. Tell us your needs, arrival, length of stay. Martha's Vineyard Information, Vineyard Haven 4, Massachusetts 02568.

WINDJAMMER VACATION—Sail from Rockland, Maine to picturesque islands and harbors in Penobscot Bay. $140 weekly. Brochure. Schooner RICHARD ROBBINS, West Bath, Maine. Phone 207-443-3805.

VACATIONS

UNCROWDED, UNSPOILED, WOODED Connecticut campsites. Swimming. Box 432, Watertown, Connecticut 06795.

MAINE. Bogtrotters, botanists, birders, other boarders. Roam, read, relax by the sea. The Bucks, Craignair, Spruce Head, Maine 04859.

IDAHO WILDERNESS. Small family ranch in remote Selway-Bitterroot Wilderness. No roads. Ride horseback or fly in. Guests welcome June through September. Off-season address: Selway Lodge, Box D-802, Aspen, Colorado 81611.

FAVORITE HIDEAWAY IN PATAGONIA . . . where Saturday Review readers . . . and SR editors go. Circle Z Ranch, Patagonia, Arizona 85624. Brochure.

HOTEL ON SMALL ISLAND—Pool, superb beaches, remote, peaceful. $25 double. Write Sportsman's House, Vieques Island, Puerto Rico 00765. 809-741-3751.

GASCON RANCH. Rociada, New Mexico. Southwestern hospitality midst Alpine surroundings.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE. Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut. 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

RAFT TRIPS THROUGH GRAND CANYON—Outdoor adventure on the Colorado River. Write for brochure. Arizona River Runners, Box 2021X, Marble Canyon, Arizona 86036. 602-645-3107.

CARIBBEAN SEA — Idyllic beach. Superb snorkeling. Cabana efficiencies. CARIBE PLAYA, Patillas, Puerto Rico.

SWAN'S ISLAND, MAINE—Quaint lobster village. Houses to rent. Joyce, 207-526-2794.

RAINBOW BEND FISHING CLUB for all ages seeking simplicity in natural surroundings. Folder. Box 2447, Marathon Shores, Florida 33052. 304-743-6740.

MONTEGA BAY, JAMAICA—Completely furnished, air conditioned 1-bedroom garden apartment overlooking Caribbean. $150 week through April 15th, $75 week through December 15th. Box 113, Gwynedd, Pennsylvania 19436. 215-MI 6-3391.

COMPUTERIZATION CAN'T CONQUER CLAREMONT—88th (or 89th) season June 1st-October 15th. Claremont Hotel & Cottages, Southwest Harbor, Maine 04679. 207-244-6636. (Before May 1st: 207-846-5387.)

EXPERIENCE two glorious weeks of nothingness! Rosalea's Hotel, Harper, Kansas 67058.

NANTUCKET. Island of Enchantment, 30 miles at sea, less than one hour by air from New York or Boston. Sand beaches, warm water swimming, surfing, golf, your favorite sports, varied evening entertainment. Well-equipped boat basin. Modern accommodations. Excellent restaurants. Advance reservations recommended for August. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 45 Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

PARADISE ADVENTURE—Take 2 weeks in July or August with a fortunate few, to learn and enjoy scuba diving, sailing, water skiing, cruising the fabulous Grenadines and much, much more. Luxurious hotel and yacht accommodations, all facilities, instruction and activities included in price. Airmail for details: PARADISE ADVENTURE, Box 444, Dept. R, St. Georges, Grenada, W.I.

COLORADO ROCKIES—Family tent camping vacation bordering the Snowmass Wilderness. Everything provided. Box 446, Aspen, Colorado 81611.

ECHO VALLEY — Secluded housekeeping cabins near Mount Rushmore. Keystone, South Dakota 57751.

FABULOUS MARCO ISLAND, FLORIDA efficiency apartment near Naples-on-the-Gulf. Furnished, garden-type, sleeps 3; air conditioned, kitchenette, cablevision, pool. On 3 mile beach. Excellent fishing, golf, shelling, restaurants, stores. After April 29th only $80 weekly, $270 monthly! Contact Norman Myers, Box 906, Burlington, Vermont. Tel. 802-862-5757 or 802-864-4100.

JAMAICA, W.I.—Vacation villa for 8. Beautifully furnished, fully staffed. Walk to golf and beach. Write P.O. Box 41, Summit, N.J. 07901.

WORKSHOPS

TELEVISION AS ABSTRACT ART—Workshop in creative videotape and film. Includes electronic image creation and distortion, laser produced designs, off-beat color effects, computer animation, etc. June 12th-July 14th. Six credits. Write: Summer Session, Creighton University, Omaha, Nebraska 68131.

EXPLORE AND CREATE through Mime, Movement, Myths. Unique summer workshops; total theatre, art expression. Small group. Ph.D., professional staff. Center for Creative Living, N.H. Brochure: Box 458, Newton Centre, Massachusetts 02159.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

WEST COAST Summer Humanities Workshop—coed, for high school students—Claremont Men's College, June 25th-July 22nd. Box 25, Inglewood, California 90306.

SUMMER WORKSHOP: Mime, Opera, Acting. June 18th-July 29th. $490. Write Valley Studio, Spring Green, Wisconsin 53588.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY—FRANCE—SPAIN—ENGLAND. SCHILLER COLLEGE—See "Studies Abroad." Liberal arts, language, theatre.

SPAIN—BARCELONA. Accredited program in English and Spanish, June 19th-July 28th. Write Professor Modesto Diaz, California State College, Fullerton, 92631.

DRAMA STUDENTS. 17 to 22. American Repertory Theatre in Europe offers eight weeks practical onstage and backstage experience. Intensive classes, rehearsals. Productions presented in English in Italy, France, Switzerland. Based on campus American School in Switzerland, Lugano. Experienced American drama faculty. Drama references required. Brochure: W. Rea, 326 East 69th Street, New York City, N.Y. 10021. 212-988-5462.

SUMMER ABROAD: Age groups 14-18, 17-22, 10-14. 4-6 weeks, from $595. Language-study-travel. Sports and camp; underwater archaeology. Programs in France, Spain, Switzerland, Austria, Mexico. Cost includes flights, much sightseeing, festivities. European Language Institute, SR, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10017.

HIGH SCHOOL SPANISH PROGRAM — One month in beautiful hacienda in Colima, Mexico. Write: Richard Hancock, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma 73069.

COLLEGE CREDIT. Italian Study tour $875. June 12th-July 13th. College Humanities Consortium, Hampton, Virginia 23368.

SUMMER ON A GREEK ISLAND Aegina Arts Centre happens on the Greek island of Aegina offering workshops in music, painting, poetry, theatre, photography, dance, archaeology, Greek. World-famous lecturers. Surrounded by sun, sea, wine, and friends of all ages. One month tuition $300. AEGINA ARTS CENTRE, 136 West 52nd Street, NYC, 10019. 212-LT 1-1150.

LONDON THEATRE WORKSHOP, 1972. Exciting vacation/study at Imperial College of London University. Theatre, Action Seminars, Cinema. Students and non-students. $545 July 29th-August 26th. Box 7124, Wauwatosa, Wisconsin 53213.

MEXICO: PHOTOGRAPHY WORKSHOPS. Guadalajara, Guanajuato, Cuernavaca, Oaxaca. Write: Box 6356, Carmel, California 93921.

SUMMER SESSIONS AT SEA. World Campus Afloat accredited study cruises to South Pacific and Asia. Workshops, seminars, classes and travel for educators, businessmen, other adult groups. Brochure: Chapman College, CC13, Orange, California 92666, or phone 714-633-8821, Ext. 317.

AIMS-International—European summer study and travel. Ages 15-20, programs of language study or comparative cultures and lifestyles. Chaperoned; Academic Credit. Write: Registrar, AIMS-International, 1053 31st Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20007.

GUADALAJARA: Crafts, Spanish, travel — all ages. Academic credit courses, K-12. Five-week study program; weekend trips; six days in Mexico City. Family residence. Winter prep school program, K-12 NAIS, Advanced Placement, 100% U.S. college acceptance. Butler Institute, Vallarta y Atenas 123, Guadalajara, Mexico.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

IRELAND OFFERS exceptional academic experiences for international college students. Write Institute of Irish Studies, U.S. Office, Franconia, N.H. 03580.

MEXICO: Two University anthropology professors, students 14-18. 7th year. Box 4486, Stockton, California 95204.

PARIS AMERICAN ACADEMY—Languages and all Fine Arts. Summer In France, July 1st-August 12th. Group affinity rate for travel. (Enclose 3 international mailing coupons.) 9 Rue Des Ursulines, Paris 5.

DALARO, SWEDEN. July 9th-August 5th. Seaside resort near Stockholm. Swedish politics, social issues, city planning, avant-garde music. College credit courses, excursions. Information: I.S.I., 3110 Octavia, San Francisco, California 94123. 415-771-2683.

JAPAN-RUSSIA. June 16th-July 12th. Four graduate-undergraduate credits. Address Dr. Rosella Linskie, University of Nevada, Reno 89507.

SUMMER STUDY-TRAVEL SESSIONS in Mexico for high school, college students, adults. Spanish, Latin American studies, Mexican Arts and Crafts. Heated, filtered swimming pool. Fully accredited. Only $315 five weeks, including room and board private home. Write: David Simmons, Instituto de Estudios Iberoamericanos, Apartado 358, Saltillo, Coahuila, Mexico.

YEATS INTERNATIONAL SUMMER SCHOOL. Sligo, Ireland. August 12th-26th. Write: SR Box F-981.

STUDIES ABROAD

HEIDELBERG - BERLIN - PARIS - MADRID - LONDON. SCHILLER COLLEGE—Liberal Arts; B.A., M.A. *curricula; academic year programs. American credit system.* Special programs: music, theatre, fine arts. International business administration. Graduate, undergraduate, and high school summer courses. Write: Schiller College U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73118. (Phone: 405-842-5979) or 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany.

ROME, ITALY American coeducational college preparatory school, grades 9-12 and postgraduate. Superior college admissions record. Students profit by intimate association with Roman ambiance. Frequent course related excursions throughout Italy. Write St. Stephen's School, Via Lungro 1, Rome, Italy 00178.

HUMANITIES IN BRITAIN. summer studytour, celebrity faculty. Concord Academy, Concord, Massachusetts 01742.

STUDY IN GERMANY at Marquette University's residential center in Hildesheim. Travel throughout Germany on two excursions. Earn 9 college credits. June 8th to August 22nd, 1972. Write for detailed brochure: Marquette University, Summer Sessions, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53233.

ACADEMIC YEAR IN SPAIN — University Programs: Undergraduate, B.A., M.A. TOTAL, $1,985. (Semester $1,385.) Summer $485. FELLOWSHIPS, AYS, 67 Orchard Ridge, Chappaqua, N.Y. 10514. 914-238-4306.

STUDY PROGRAMS IN FRANCE—French, Dance, Music, Art-History, Painting, Cuisine, Sculpture, Theatre, Photography, Cinema. 1. Academic year, two semesters. 2. Interim program, January 4th-February 1st. 3. Summer in France, July 1st-August 12th. 4. Christmas in Paris and London, December 23rd-January 2nd. Eminent artist/professors. Write airmail (3 International coupons) to: PARIS AMERICAN ACADEMY, 9 Rue Des Ursulines, Paris 5, France.

COLUMBUS INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE of Spain—A 2-year liberal arts college in cooperation with the city of Seville. Freshman Sophomore Curriculum, American *Faculty, Dormitory Boarding Plan. Tuition $1,050 yearly,* credits transferable. Write Columbus International College, Capitan Vigueras, 1, Seville, Spain.

STUDY AT SEA. World Campus Afloat Semester sails September and February to exotic ports round the world. Accredited. Financial aid available. Write: Chapman College, Box CC17, Orange, California 92666.

AMERICAN JUNIOR COLLEGE OF BARCELONA — Intensive two-year bicultural study in Spain. Credits transferable. Write: Jean Pinkham, 1525 41st Place, Des Moines, Iowa 50311.

LIBERAL ARTS IN ROME. Temple University's College of Liberal Arts offers full credit courses at its Rome campus for the academic year, '72-'73. Contact: Temple Abroad, Mr. Tarr, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19122. 215-787-8444.

TRAVEL

VOYAGE TO DARKNESS—Unique invitation to view July 10th solar eclipse off Nova Scotia coast from decks of luxury liner, Olympia. Seminars in eclipse photography, meteorology, navigation and astronomy. Following eclipse, Olympia sails to Gaspe and Sydney for tours of scenic attractions. Sails July 8th-15th. Brochure: Eclipse 72, Box 1972, Englewood, N.J. 07631.

EUROPE TODAY. Coeducational tour for secondary school students. Cruise through Greek Isles. Climb in the Alps. Sightsee in London, Paris, Florence, Salzburg. John Paine, Noble and Greenough School, Dedham, Massachusetts 02026.

NEW YORK CITY. HOTEL BEDFORD. 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . air conditioning and TV . . . ideal for families . . . Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write for brochure. 118 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

MUSIC FESTIVALS—Distinguished musician, Robert Lawrence, *leads small de luxe group to Festivals of Vienna,* Leninorad and Glyndebourne. 21-day tour starts June 15th. $1,575 includes air fare from New York. VISION TRAVEL, 29 East 61st Street, New York, 10021. 212-751-6780.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.75. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21Z Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

FOR STUDENT TRAVEL or Study or Camping or Summer Ski Camp . . . small groups . . . leisurely pace . . . lively, flexible programs . . . leaders of caliber, taste and wit . . . Itineraries in Western Europe, Israel, Scandinavia, Russia, Greece, Yugoslavia, Africa. 15th year. Students Abroad, Gertrude Lang, Mark Parets, Directors, 771-S West End Avenue, NYC, N.Y. 10025. 212-928-7878.

SAILING VACATION ABOARD popular sailing ship MAVERICK in the Virgin Islands. $215 all inclusive. Free folder WESTINDIAMAN CRUISES, 95 Idlebrook Lane, Box S, Matawan, N.J. 07747. Phone 201-566-6416.

GRAND TOUR OF EUROPE—unmatched, personally escorted—$628. Professor Berg, Saint Mary's College, California 94575.

BICYCLING-HIKING-CAMPING trips through the countrysides of the world for 14-17 year olds. Europe, New England, West Coast, Canadian Rockies, Nova Scotia. Free Brochure. Student Hosteling Program of New England, Inc., Rochester, Vermont 05767.

STUDYTRAVEL—Adults. Unusual Summer Experiences. Safari to South Africa, East Africa and Israel, Around the World—off the beaten tourist trail. (Iran, Turkey, USSR, Malaysia, Indonesia.) FRIENDS WORLD COLLEGE, Westbury, N.Y. 11590. 516-248-2619.

WILDERNESS EXPEDITIONS. mountain climbing, human relations, T-groups, college credit. Box F-803.

AFRICA-PYGMIES. Zulus, Swazi safari. August 15th. $2,550.
NEPAL-EVEREST de luxe trek. November 15th. CAPERS 400 CLUB, 960 Larrabee, Los Angeles, 90069.

COWEN-LADD TOURS for secondary school students. Eighth summer of trips to Europe, Scandinavia, and Russia. Climbing, bicycling, kayaking, camping as well as Europe's major cities. Small groups, young leaders. Write: Mrs. P. R. Walker, 86 Spring Road, North Kingstown, R.I. 02852.

THIS AD + $7.00 per person, double occupancy entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$10.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

BE GUESTS OF THE ENGLISH in their gracious Country Houses. Tour our homes with a Hertz car or be driven by your host. Details from English Private Homes, The Old Orchard, Long Compton, Warwickshire, England.

TRAVEL WISE—A B C's OF TRAVEL. Emphasis on Europe. Suggests what to wear, unusual things to see or do. Increases trip enjoyment. $2.95 from Travelwise, Box 7686-S, Dallas, Texas 75209.

TRAVEL

LIVELY FRENCH FAMILY welcomes guests. Ultramodernized house, outstanding cuisine. $175 week. Thevenin, Solignac, Haute Vienne, France.

GOING ABROAD THIS SUMMER? Go The Experiment Way: travel with 11 American students to one of 34 countries; learn a language, if you wish, or improve one you know; live with a native family; see the country with people who call it home. Special projects and academic credit available. Interested? Write: The Experiment in International Living, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346. Indicate age and year in school.

SOUTH AMERICA—"Green Hell Tour" of the Amazon Jungle. 18 days $565 land portion. "Central America by Motorcoach." 15 days $435 land portion. Write for brochures. Amazon Explorers, Department SR, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

SHOOT THE RAPIDS of the Colorado River and jeep the back country. A quality experience in Utah's Canyonlands National Park. Free brochure. Tag-A-Long Tours, Box 1206H, Moab, Utah 84532.

EUROPE — AN UNREGIMENTED TOUR! Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequoia, Pasadena, California.

HOTEL TUDOR. New York at back-home prices. Singles from $12, doubles from $15. On N.Y.'s fashionable East Side. Near UN, theatres, Empire State, Radio City and famous 5th Avenue shops. Comfortable rooms with TV, phones, air conditioning. Cocktail lounge and English Pub. Write for brochure. 304 East 42nd Street, New York, 10017. 212-YU 6-8800.

VISITING ENGLAND? Stay in historic house near Stratford-upon-Avon. Relaxing atmosphere. Write The Old Rectory, Ipsley, Redditch, Worcestershire.

UNIQUE. 20-day East African Safari combining luxury private camping with fine lodges. Departures June 28th, August 9th, September 6th via scheduled airlines. Plus 6 departures 1973. Cost $2,170 per person. Call/write for brochure. LINDEN TRAVEL BUREAU, INC., Mount Elgon Safaris, 136 East 57th Street, NYC, 10022. 212-421-3320.

EUROPE THIS SUMMER? Ages 22-35. Looking for a low-cost coed trip combining a magnificent ten country itinerary with loads of free time, theatre tickets, fine hotels and all meals? Eight weeks, $1,675; six weeks, $1,475; four weeks, $1,150; WITH NO EXTRAS. Dr. S. M. Lutnick, 313 Post Avenue, Westbury, N.Y. 11590. 516-WA 1-7898.

RUSSIA-SCANDINAVIA. 5 weeks. $350 inclusive. London departures. Small group camping travel (ages 18-30). Also Europe, Africa. Experienced. Write: Whole Earth Expeditions, Ltd., Box 1497, Kansas City, Missouri 64141.

SINGLES CRUISES & TOURS—Bachelor Party, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, 10022.

FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS and Graduates. Stay in a Soviet youth center. Or sail with Breton fishermen; ski in August at Mont Blanc; make bicycle trip in Denmark; climb glacier-covered Alps; hike with Czech students; speak French in France or Spanish in Spain all summer; live with European family. Music festivals, theatres. Exceptional summer travel plans in Western Europe—Russia—Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia. 21st year. Write: George R. Shumlin, Putney Student Travel, Putney, Vermont 05346.

EUROPE—Unparalleled itineraries. Experienced leadership. POWELL TOURS, 402 Carrillo, Ojai, California 93023.

AFRICAN TENTING SAFARIS—This summer! With Darsi Ruysenaar (20 years' experience East Africa). Ages 15+, 20+. Coed. Write Box 582, Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563. 516-599-1071 and 516-248-2616.

SHANNON RIVER BARGE CRUISES. Sail, swim, fish or laze on deck. Individuals or groups (6+) welcome. Weaver Boats, Duke Lane, Dublin, Ireland or Stateside phone 209-477-5984.

BE YOUR OWN GUIDE in London with CITYSCOPE. Colorful map shows places of interest; color-keyed cards have descriptions. Folds to pocket size. $1.95. Cityscope, 29 East 61st Street, New York, 10021.

MUSIC FESTIVAL TOURS to Europe depart June, July, August; three/four weeks. Plaza Travel Service, Hotel Plaza, NYC, 10019.

BULGARIA-RUSSIA-SIBERIA—August, $1,090. Happy Travellers, Ojai, California 93023.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1981

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Easily angered (comp.)	2 14 22 35 44 88 99 114 148 165 201
B. Accepting without hesitation or examination	20 40 150 59 66 93 116 133 144 175 192 209 48
C. Cause of impairment, ruin, etc.	136 189 204 207 119 159
D. Jefferson appointed him Secretary of War in 1807	161 187 8 28 63 101
E. Haphazard, chance	111 139 147 155 168 199
F. Brings into close association or connection	200 23 56 76 98 131 163 179 193 9
G. Characteristic disposition or temperament	30 49 64 75 130 154
H. Impudence, temerity	177 68 92 115 126 215 1 38 45 185
I. Having a backward motion or direction	42 54 79 120 129 82 153 174 109 142
J. Little by little	152 176 6 70 127 137 188 211
K. Advocacy, defense, support	72 156 197 205 15 96 112 4 21 170 190 60
L. Where the horses are when the race is about to start (3 wds.)	89 103 132 196 212 113 24 33 46
M. A system of graphic symbols for specialized use, other than writing	106 41 53 78 191 10 61 108
N. Annoying; distressing	146 162 26 34 52 158 181
O. Disapproval; absence of esteem	58 102 118 124 214 51 94 167
P. In a forceful and expressive manner	183 16 100 186 73 149 84 195 25 36
Q. Comment critically	97 122 171 213 17 81 182 5 178 85
R. Most favorable conditions, degrees, amounts, etc.	105 110 210 39 169 31
S. A bishop must be "not greedy of _____." (2 wds.; I Timothy 3:3)	166 104 67 69 180 12 74 140 134 125 87
T. Am. poet (1879-1955; "Sunday Morning")	135 11 83 77 202 62 141
U. Throws into disorder; disturbs the composure of	151 128 27 71 143 164
V. Coaxes	95 121 19 47 86 7 194
W. Caused to become blocked or obscured	138 37 29 13 50 80 43
X. The take from a sure thing (2 wds.)	3 107 65 117 173 91 90 57 18
Y. Cliché provincial college	32 157 145 206 172 203
Z. Eng. novelist (1847-1912; "Dracula")	55 198 160 123 208 184

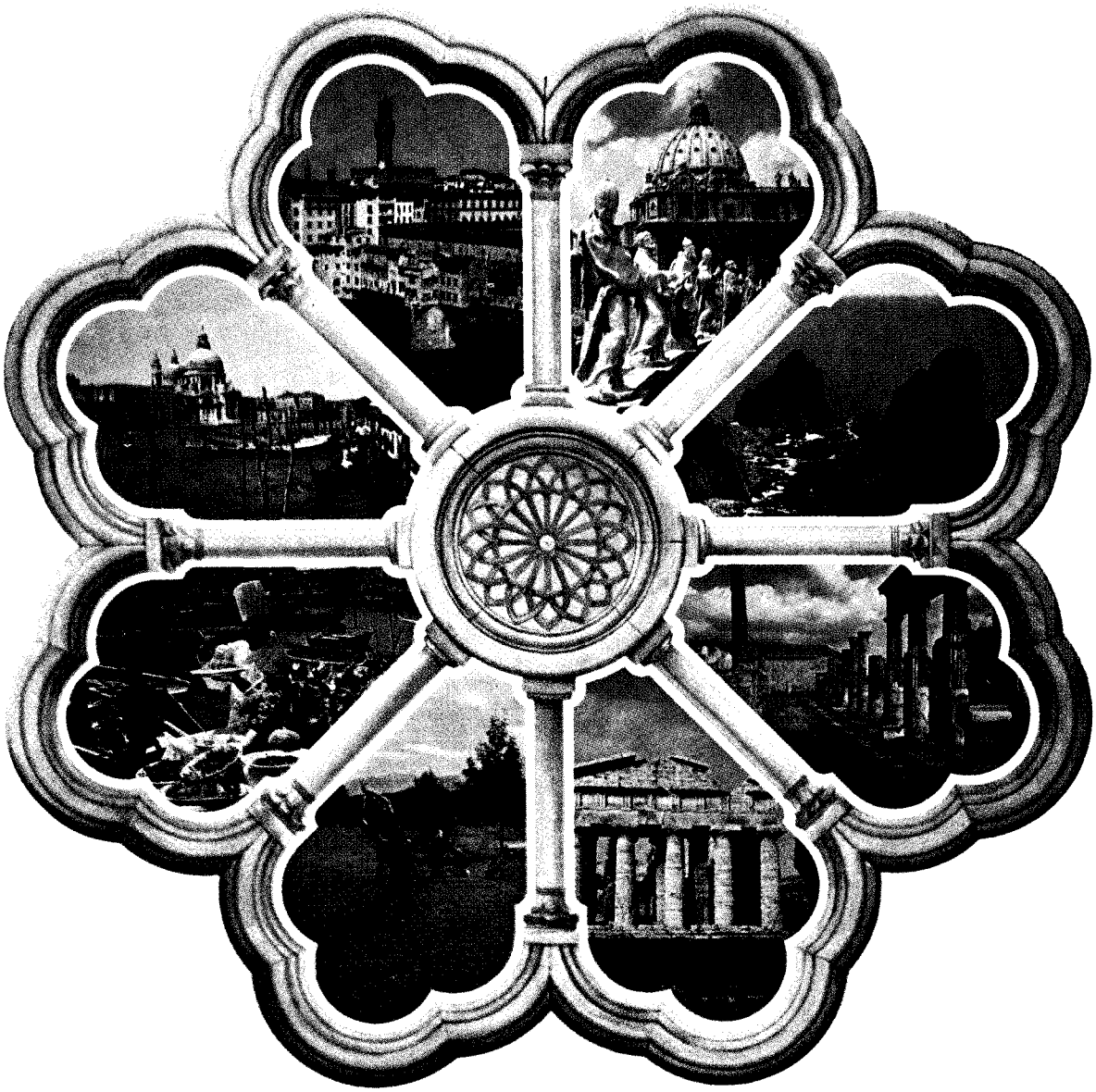
DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

					1 H	2 A	3 X		4 K	5 Q	6 J	7 V	8 D	9 F	10 M	11 T	12 S
	13 W	14 A		15 K	16 P	17 Q	18 X		19 V	20 B	21 K	22 A		23 F	24 L	25 P	26 N
27 U		28 D	29 W		30 G	31 R	32 Y	33 L		34 N	35 A	36 P	37 W	38 H		39 R	40 B
	41 M	42 I	43 W	44 A	45 H		46 L	47 V		48 B	49 G	50 W		51 O	52 N	53 M	54 I
55 Z		56 F	57 X	58 O		59 B	60 K	61 M	62 T		63 D	64 G	65 X	66 B	67 S	68 H	
69 S	70 J	71 U		72 K	73 P	74 S	75 G	76 F	77 T	78 M	79 I	80 W	81 Q		82 I	83 T	84 P
85 Q	86 V	87 S	88 A	89 L	90 X		91 X	92 H		93 B	94 O	95 V	96 K	97 Q	98 F		99 A
100 P	101 D	102 O	103 L	104 S	105 R	106 M		107 X	108 M	109 I		110 R	111 E	112 K	113 L	114 A	115 H
116 B	117 X		118 O	119 C	120 I	121 V	122 Q	123 Z		124 O	125 S	126 H	127 J		128 U	129 I	130 G
131 F	132 L	133 B	134 S	135 T		136 C	137 J	138 W	139 E	140 S	141 T	142 I		143 U	144 B		145 Y
146 N	147 E		148 A	149 P	150 B	151 U	152 J	153 I	154 G	155 E		156 K	157 Y	158 N		159 C	160 Z
	161 D	162 N	163 F	164 U	165 A		166 S	167 O	168 E	169 R		170 K	171 Q	172 Y		173 X	174 I
175 B	176 J	177 H	178 Q		179 F	180 S	181 N		182 Q	183 P	184 Z	185 H		186 P	187 D	188 J	189 C
190 K	191 M	192 B	193 F	194 V		195 P	196 L	197 K	198 Z		199 E	200 F	201 A	202 T		203 Y	204 C
205 K		206 Y		207 C	208 Z	209 B	210 R	211 J	212 L	213 Q	214 O	215 H					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



italy

where hospitality is an art

The art of welcoming you in the universal language of her culture: masterpiece cities to be admired stone by stone, music, folklore, fine handicraft work.

The art of making you fall in love with her sunsets, her sparkling sea, her exquisite cuisine.

The art of making you feel at ease with the efficient services of a modern country: excellent air, rail and sea connections, 2,800 miles of super highways, 35% discount on gasoline and free road service offered by ENIT and the Automobile Club, special railroad tourist rates, admission passes to all national museums, impeccable hotel organization.

The art of making you smile with the warmth, the joy of living, that is so typically Italian.

ENIT

For information
ITALIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL OFFICE
(E.N.I.T.)
630 Fifth Avenue - New York, N.Y. 10020
500 North Michigan Avenue - Chicago, Illinois 60611
St. Francis Hotel, Post Street, San Francisco 94119, Cal.
3, Place Ville Marie, Suite 22 - Montreal 113 (Canada)
and all travel Agencies.

Information request coupon
For free illustrative material on Italy, please send this coupon to the nearest ENIT office.

Name .....

Address .....

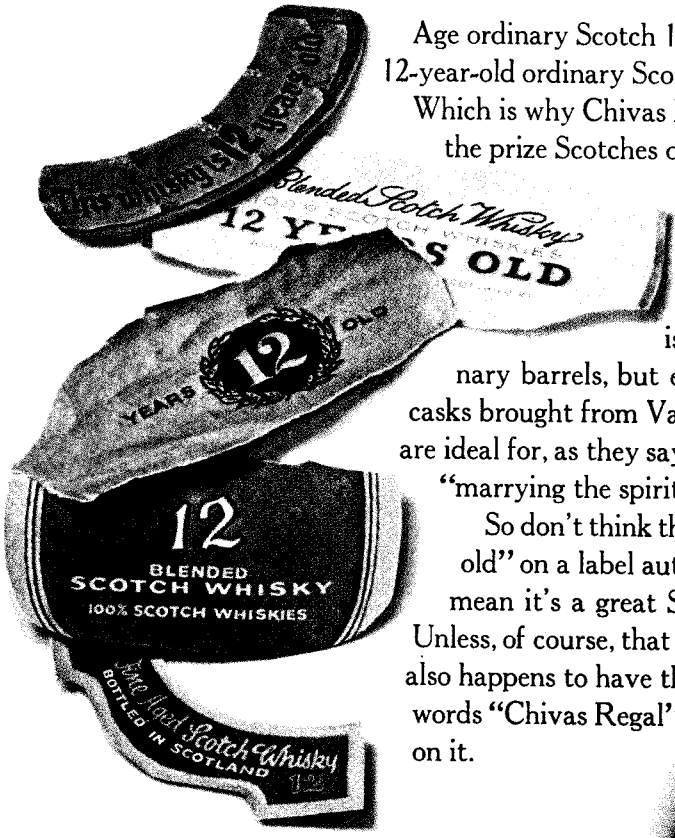
City ..... State .....

Specify the city or region in which you are particularly interested

UB

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's not just how long you age it. It's what you age.

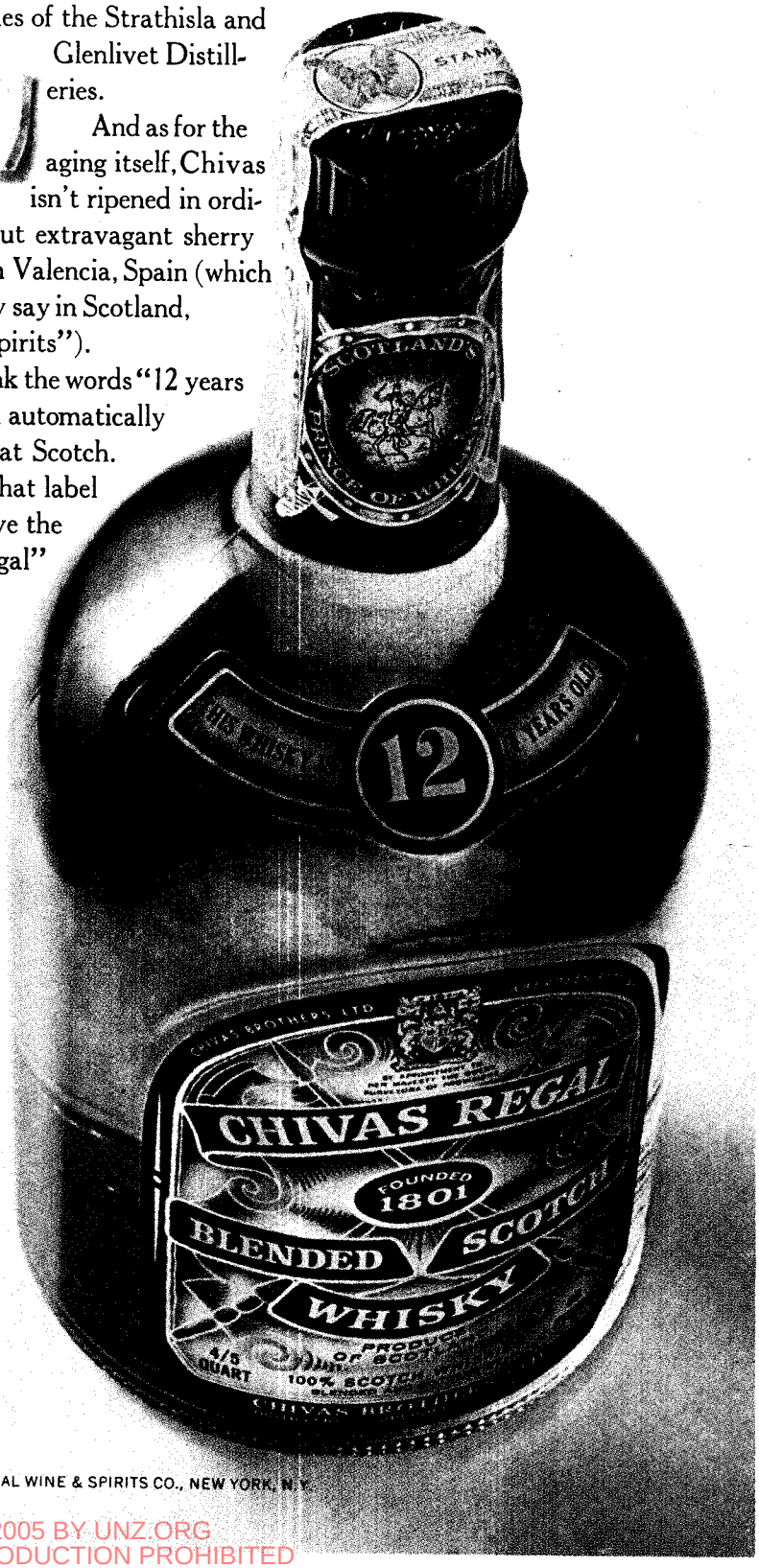


Age ordinary Scotch 12 years and you have nothing more than 12-year-old ordinary Scotch.

Which is why Chivas Regal, since 1786, has been made with the prize Scotches of the Strathisla and Glenlivet Distilleries.

And as for the aging itself, Chivas isn't ripened in ordinary barrels, but extravagant sherry casks brought from Valencia, Spain (which are ideal for, as they say in Scotland, "marrying the spirits").

So don't think the words "12 years old" on a label automatically mean it's a great Scotch. Unless, of course, that label also happens to have the words "Chivas Regal" on it.



12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF · GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED